



CHILDHOOD,

THE

SPRINGTIME

OF

LIFE,

AS SEEN IN

BEAUTIFUL GEMS OF POETRY AND PROSE

BY THE

WORLD'S BEST AUTHORS.

Fully Illustrated.

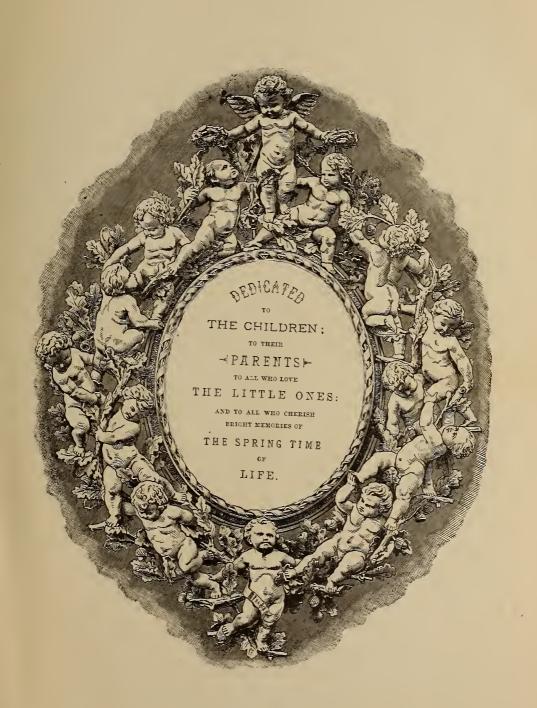
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Take	heed how y	e offend one of these little	ones;	for I	say	unto	you	their
angels do	always behol	d the face of my Father.	Toone	Christ				

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

—John Milton.

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising three weeks.

—Robert Souther.

Sweet childish days, that were as long

As twenty days are now.

-Wm. Wordsworth.

Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them.

—John Locke.

A sweet new blossom of Humanity, Fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on earth.

-Gerald Massey.

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us. $-Charles\ Dickens$.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

—M. F. Tupper.

Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.

—R. H. Dana.

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth, What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?

-Mrs. Norton.

Childhood has no forebodings; but then it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.—George Eliot.

They are idols of hearts and of households;

They are angels of God in disguise.

—C. M. Dickinson.

Oh, banish the tears of children! Continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.

—Jean Paul Richter.

In the man whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fibre of memory which can be touched to gentle issue. —George Eliot.



THE ODE OF INFANCY

H, little child!

Stretched on thy mother's knees, with steadfast gaze And innocent aspect mild,

Viewing this novel scene in mute amaze,

Following the moving light, thy mother's smile,

And storing up the while

New precious knowledge till thou com'st to be

Sage it may be, or clown— Soaring or sinking down,

To topmost heights of weal or depths of misery; How shall I dare to mark thy innocent look,

And write, as in a book,
Thy infinite possibilities of life;
What fate awaits thee in the coming strife,
What joys, what triumphs in the growing years,
What depths of woe and tears?

I see thee lie
Safe in thy silken cradle, sunk in down,
Within thy father's palace-chambers fair;
Thy guarded slumbers breathing tempered air;
The soft eyes, full of yearning, watching by;
Caressing arms waiting thy waking cry;
All luxury and state which can assuage
Life's painful heritage;
The prayers of a people swell for thee
Up to the careless skies which cover all.
And yet it may be thine to fall
Far from thy loved and native land,
And end thy imperfect, innocent life-tale here,
Forsaken on a savage desert strand,
Pierced thro' and thro' by some barbarian spear.

Pale, worn with hunger, and large hollow eyes,
Upon the frozen way-side laid
Stiffening in thy dead mother's cold embrace.
I hear thy piteous cries
When the sot flings thee down with limbs that
bleed—
Flings thee, and takes no heed;
Wake, helpless, born to misery, girt round
With vice and sin and shame, in sight and
sound.
Poor life, foredoomed, already sunk and lost;
Too often sent to tread the ways of death
With childish failing breath;
Yet ofttimes holding power

I see thy tiny face

To bloom, a virgin flower,
Upon the untrodden heights closed to the multitude,

Among the wise and good.

Or with brown face thou comest and limb,

Naked, on the warm soil that bears the palm;

THE ODE OF INFANCY.

Or haply the young heir of all the dim And half-forgotten realms whose ruins stand Sown lion-haunted on the deathlike calm Which wraps the Egyptian or Assyrian sand Reared 'midst the dust of empires; or art now As through all history thou wert, the child Of savage parents, rude and wild, Springing and falling, born to eat and breed And wither under burning skies a weed, 'Midst poison fangs and death and cruel men With hearts that ape the tigers; or art born In the old, old empire, which hath long outworn God and the hopes of man, and yet coheres, Propped by its own far-reaching bulk, as when It did emerge from savagery and grew, Oh, child! as yet may you, To worldly strength, and knowledge, and dead lore Of wisdom fled before, And dull content, and soulless hopes and fears.

Wherever thou mayest be,
To me thou art wonderful and strange to see—
Busied with trifles, rapt with simple toys,
As men with graver joys.
I hear thy lisping accents slowly reach
The miracle of speech;
I mark thy innocent smile;
I treasure up each baby wile
Which smooths the brow of thought, the heart
of care.

Thou royal scion, born to be the heir
Of all the unrecorded days, since first
Man rose to his full being, once blest, and then
accurst!

In weal and woe and ill
Thou art a miracle still.
From snow-bound hut to equatorial strand,
Above thee still regarding angels stand;
Whilst thy brief life-tale passes like a dream
Across Creation's glass.
Dark powers of ill press thee on either side,
As now thy swift years pass,
Revealing on thy young soul's tablets white
The eternal characters of Right;
Or sometimes with the growing years grown strong
The unhallowed signs of wrong.

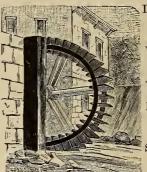
Oh, little child! thou bringest with thee still, As Moses, parting from the fiery hill, Some dim reflection in thine eyes, Some sense of Godhead, some indefinite wonder As of one drifted here unwillingly; Who knows no speech of ours, and yet doth keep Some dumb remembrance of a gracious home Which lights his waking hours and fills his sleep

With precious visions which unbidden come; Some golden link which nought of earth can sunder.

Some glimpse of a more glorious land and sea!

Oh, precious vision fleeting past!
Oh, age too fair to last!
For soon new gifts and powers are thine,
And growing springs and summers bring
Boyhood or girlhood hastening,
And nerve the agile limb, and teach,
With the new gift of speech,
The wonders that stand round on every side,
And Life's imperial portals opening gradually
wide.

OUR BABY.



ID you ever see our baby?
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright.
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,
And to me
All her little ways are witty;
And when she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city

You don't think so—never saw her,
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering;
Little dancing feet come pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do,

If you could!

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,

Sweet as she.

Is as sweet and bright a blossom, Is a treasure to her bosom, Is as cheering and endearing As my rose.

Heavenly Father, spare them to us

Till life's close.

-Mrs. Gage.

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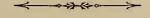


THE TWO YEAR PLD.

OW deeply winning are the ways
Of Children in their Infant days!
The eye that scans the speaker through;
Th' inquiry if "the tale be true?"
The dumb show, where the word oft fails,
Yet quite as much as speech avails;
The pressure of the soft fond cheek,
That doth such confidence bespeak;
How truly we may here behold
The Infant mind of "two year old!"

In some, whilst still upon the knee,
The spirit struggles to be free;
Mark too the temper's ruffled skein,
As yet held but by snaffle rein;
The energy that speaks command,
The action done as soon as planned;
The "tug of war" in every way
That may ensure the mastery;
And this, perhaps we may be told,
Is unregenerate "two year old."

O mothers! watch with trembling joy
The dawning of your Infant boy;
The mind that's formed without a plan,
Will never make a "perfect man;"
Think not that coming years will swell
The stock which is not grafted well;
The sapling which receives no care
Is little better than a tare:
Then soon as buds of ill unfold,
Suppress them in your "two year old."



THE BABE.



AKED on parents' knees a new-born child, Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled; So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep, Thou then may'st smile while all around thee weep.

-From the Sanscrit of Calidasa by SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE "SWEETEST SPOT."



HE sweetest spot in the house to me

Is the spot which holds my treasure wee.

What is my treasure? Come and see—

Only a blue-eyed baby.
Only a bundle of dimples and

Dropped in my arms from somewhere above; A white-winged, cooing, and nestling dove, Or—a bundle of mischief, maybe.

Now creeping here, now creeping there, Calling me hither and everywhere; Playing with sunbeams on the floor, Cooing-"a-gooing" over and o'er; Climbing up and clambering down, Bumping and bruising his tiny crown; Sticking his toes through the dainty socks, Soiling and tearing his dainty frocks; Falling and crying and catching his breath, Till mamma is frightened almost to death; Laughing and shouting in frolic and play, Having a world of his nonsense to say; Showing the dimples in cheek and in chin, Where frolic and mischief peep out and in; Asking for kisses and getting them, too, On cheek and on chin and on eyes so blue; Ready for play when the sunbeams rise, Ready for sleep with the twilight skics; And the sweetest spot in the house, you see, Is the spot which holds my treasure wee— My blue-eyed baby, my bundle of love, My white-winged, cooing, and nestling dove; And long may he find his haven of rest In his mother's arms, his mother's breast. MARY D. BRINE.

THIS BABY OF OURS.

HERE is not a blossom of beautiful May,

Silver of daisy or daffodil gay, Nor the rosy bloom of apple-tree flowers,

Fair as the face of this baby of ours.

You can never find on a bright June day A bit of fair sky so cheery and gay, Nor the haze on the hill in noon-day hours, Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours.

There's not a murmur of wakening bird, The clearest, sweetest, that ever was heard In the tender hush of the dawn's still hours, Sweet as the voice of this baby of ours.

There is no gossamer silk of tasseled corn, No flimsiest thread of the shy wood-fern, Not even the cobweb spread over the flowers, Fine as the hair of this baby of ours.

There is no fairy shell by the sounding sea No wild-rose that nods on the windy lea, No blush of the sun through April's soft showers

Pink as the palms of this baby of ours.

May the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray, For many a long and sunshiny day, Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers This wee bit darling—this baby of ours.

GRADLE SONG.



LEEP, baby, sleep! for the night draweth nigh;
The daylight is fading from earth and from

sky;

Through rifts in the azure the stars will soon peep,

While the breeze whispers softly, oh, sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep! mother sits by thy side, And rocks thee so gently, her joy and her pride. 'Tis time you were shutting your bonnie blue eye, There's nothing to fear, darling, sleep and by-bye.

May angels watch o'er thee, through dark and through light;

God's tender care keep thee, we live in His sight; We'll trust Him, my darling, by night and by day;

The hand that has made us, will guard us alway.

Sleep, baby, sleep! now the sand-man is here; He stolc in quite softly, his purpose is clear; Through the ivory gate into dream-land she goes—

Now rest thee, my darling, sweet be thy repose.



INFLUENCE OF EARLY TRAINING.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love:
A resting-place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men;
Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest;
A delight, but redolent of care; honey sweet, but lacking not the bitter;

INFLUENCE OF EARLY TRAINING.

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The seared and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come;
Even so mayest thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil,
For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions;
Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of Reason,
Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh Education.
Patience is the first great lesson; he may learn it at the breast;
And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the cradle:
Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling;
Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he will not forget it afterwards;
When old and gray will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin.

M. F. TUPPER.

CHILDREN.



HE smallest are near to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun. Were I only for a time almighty and powerful, I would create a little world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mild-

est sun, a world where I would have nothing but lovely little children, and these little things I would never suffer to grow up, but only to play eternally. If a seraph were worthy of heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell for a while in my infant world, and no angel, so long as he saw their innocence, could lose his own.

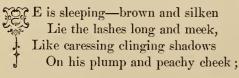
JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

THE CHILD-POET.

YOU have watched a child playing, in those wondrous years when belief is not bound to the eyes and ears, and vision divine is so clear and unmarred, that each baker of pies in the dirt is a bard! Give a knife and a shingle, he fits out a fleet, and, on that little mudpuddle over the street, his invention, in purest good faith, will make sail round the globe with a puff of his breath for a gale, will visit, in barely ten minutes, all climes, and find North-western passages hundreds of times. Or, suppose the young poet fresh stored with delights from that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights, he will turn to a crony and cry, "Jack, let's play that I am a Genius!" Jacky straightway makes Aladdin's lamp out of a stone, and for hours they enjoy each his own supernatural powers.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WOMAN'S CROWN.



And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears—oh, undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child!

A FATHER'S WISH.





ITTLE sportive beauty, say,
Must thy childish joys decay?
Every thought where life is new,
Is as fresh as morning dew;

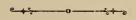
Fancy on its buoyant wing,
Seeks the breast of laughing Spring;
And the young heart takes delight
In each natural sound and sight.
Might thy childhood almost past
Blissful age! forever last,
Mingling with expanded sense
Spotless truth and innocence;
Like the painted bow above,
Full of promise, peace, and love!
Like a bark upon the sea,—
Such is Childhood's memory,
Leaving on the infant mind
Not a trace of grief behind;

Like a sky of summer blue,
Such is childhood's onward view,
All as vague and all as bright
Beaming with unclouded light.
Thy mind knows not an anxious doubt,
It never heard of sin.
'Tis heedless of the world without,
Wrapt in its world within.

With flaxen hair and bright blue eyes
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would some spell devise
To keep my favorite still a child.
I know that soon a riper grace
Will rest upon thy maiden face;
But then thou wilt not be
The same fair child to me,
That came on winged feet
My well-known steps to greet.

With flaxen hair and bright blue eyes
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would fain some spell devise
To keep my fairy still a child.

LORD PORCHESTER



MY BARY.



NOTHER little wave upon the sea of life;

Another soul to save amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet to walk the dusty road;

To choose where two paths meet, the narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands to work for good or ill; Two more little eyes, another little will.

Another heart to love, receiving love again; And as the baby came, a thing of joy and pain.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A BABY.



URRAH! Light
upon the world
again! It's a
glorious world!
magnificent!
quite too beautiful to leave; and,
besides, I would
rather stay, if
only to thank
Goda little longer

for this glorious light, this pure air that can echo back my loudest hurrah. And then, my boy—but haven't I told you? Why, sir, I've got a boy. A BOY! ha, ha! I shout it out to you—A BOY; fourteen pounds, and the mother a great deal better than could be expected! And, I say, sir, it's mine! Hurrah, and hallelujah forever! O, sir, such legs, such arms, and such a head! and O, good heavens! he has his mother's lips! I can kiss them forever! and then, sir, look at his feet, his hands, his chin, his eyes, his everything in fact, so, "so perfectly O. K.!" Give me joy, sir; no you needn't, cither! I am full now; I run over; and they say that I ran over a number of old women, half killed the mother, pulled the doctor by the nose, and upset a 'pothecary shop in the corner; and then, didn't I ring the tca-bell? Didn't I blow the horn? Didn't I dance, shout, laugh, and cry, The women they had to tie altogether? me up. I don't believe that; but who is going to shut his mouth when he has a live baby? You should have heard his lungs, sir, at the first mouthful of fresh air; such A little tone in his voice, but not pain; excess of joy, sir, from too great sensation. The air-bath was so sudden, you know.

Think of all this beautiful machinery starting off at once in full motion; all his thousand outside feelers answering to the touch of cool air; the flutter and crash at the ear, and that curious contrivance, the eye, looking out wonderingly and bewildered on the great world, so glorious to his unworn perceptions. His network of nerves, his wheels and pulleys, his air pumps and valves, his engines and reservoirs; and within all, that beautiful fountain, with its jets and running streams, dashing and coursing through the whole length and breadth, without stint or pause, making altogether, sir, exactly fourteen. Did I ever talk brown to you, sir, or blue, or any other of the Devil's colors? You say I have. Beg your pardon, sir, but you are mistaken in the individual. I am this day, sir, multiplied by two; I am duplicate; I am number one of an indefinite series, and there's my continuation. And you observe, sir, it is not a block, nor a blockhead, nor a painting, nor a bust, nor a fragment of anything, however beautiful; but a combination of all the arts and sciences in one; painting, sculpture, music, (hear him cry!) mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics, (see him kick!) geography, and the use of the globes, (see him nurse!) and withal, he is a perpetual motion, a timepiece that will never run down. And who wound it up? But words are but a mouthing and a mockery. * * * * *

When a man is nearly crushed under obligations, it is presumed he is unable to speak; but he may bend over very carefully for fear of falling, nod in a small way and say nothing, and then if he is of sufficient presence of mind to lay a hand upon his heart, and look down at an angle of forty-five degrees with a motion

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A BABY.

of the lips, muttered poetry, showing the wish and the inability, it will be (well done) very gracefully expressive.

With my boy in his first integuments, I assume that position, make the nod aforesaid, and leave you the poetry unmuttered.

KNICKERBOCKER.



PHILIP MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes, Philip, my king! Round whom the enshadowing purple lies Of babyhood's royal dignities: Lay on my neck thy tiny hand, With Love's invisible sceptre laden; I am thine Esther to command Till thou shalt find a queen hand-maiden, Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing, Philip, my king! When those beautiful lips 'gin suing, And, some gentle heart's bars undoing, Thou dost enter, love-crown'd, and there Sittest, love-glorified !-Rule kindly, Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair; For we that love, ah! we love so blindly, Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow, Philip, my king! The spirit that there lies sleeping now May rise like a giant and make men bow As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers. My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer Let me behold thee in future years! Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer, Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day, Philip, my king!

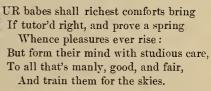
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray; Rebels within thee and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious, "Philip, the king!"

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

OUR BABES.



<>→.*.~**>**-----

While they our wisest hours engage, They'll jcy our youth, support our age, And crown our hoary hairs; They'll grow in virtue every day, And thus our fondest loves repay, And recompense our cares. COTTON.

-:0:---THE DEAREST BABY.



OUTH and North, East and West, Where is the baby That I love best?

A little papoose Under the trees? A Chinese beauty Beyond the seas?

'An English child Among the mills? A Switzer baby

Between the hills? A dark-eyed darling

in Southern vales? An Iceland baby In Northern gales?

What nonsense talk The dearest baby

To speak of these! Is on my knees. Mrs. M. F. Buttz.



TWO YEARS OLD.



LAYING on the carpet
near me
Is a little cherub girl;
And her presence, much
I fear me,
Sets my senses in a
whirl;
For a book is near me
' lying,

Full of grave philosophizing,
And I own I'm vainly trying
There my thoughts to hold;
But in spite of my essaying,
They will evermore be straying,
To that cherub near me playing
Only two years old.

With her hair so long and flaxen,
And her sunny eyes of blue,
And her cheek so plump and waxen,
She is charming to the view.
Then her voice, to all who hear it,
Breathes a sweet entrancing spirit.
Oh, to be forever near it,
Is a joy untold;
For 'tis ever sweetly telling
To my heart, with rapture swelling,
Of affection inly dwelling—
Only two years old.

With a new delight I'm hearing,
All her sweet attempts at words
In their melody endearing,
Sweeter far than any birds;
And the musical mistaking
Which her baby lips are making,
For my heart a charm is waking
Firmer in its hold
Than the charm so rich and glowing,
From the Roman's lip o'erflowing;
Then she gives a look so knowing,
Only two years old.

Now her ripe and honeyed kisses, (Honeyed, ripe, for me alone,) Thrill my soul with varied blisses Venus never yet hath known.
When her twining arms are round me,
All domestic joy hath crowned me,
And a fervent spell hath bound me,
Never to grow old.
O, there's not, this side of Aiden,
Aught with loveliness so laden,
As my little cherub maiden
Only two years old.

MY BIRD.

···>

And folded, O, so lovingly!

Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest.

This beautiful mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
Come to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,

The blood its crimson hue from mine;

This life, which I have dared invoke

Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room,

I tremble with delicious fear;

The future, with its light and gloom,

Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O, my God! one earnest prayer;
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

EMILY JUDSON (Fanny Forrester).



THOUGHTS WHILE SHE ROCKS THE CRADLE.

Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomable mystery!
But he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks

And curious riddles as any sphynx! Warped by colic and wet by tears, Punctured by pins and tortured by fears, Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know
Where the summers go!
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

THOUGHTS WHILE SHE ROCKS THE CRADLE.

Who can tell what the baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way,
Out from the shores of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shores of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony!

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
And what does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white.
Seeking ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his joy, and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her gentle embrace Presses his hand and buries his face Deep where the heart throbs sink and swell With a tenderness she can never tell?

Though she murmur the words of all the birds—Words she has learned to murmur so well!

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!

I can sec the shadows creep

Over his eyes in soft eclipse,

Out in his little finger tips,

Softly sinking down he goes,

Down he goes, down he goes, See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

LADY ANNIE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

~>~>~



ALOW, my babe, ly stil and slcipe!

It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:

If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad, Thy maining maks my heart ful sad. Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy, Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve, And with his sugred wordes to muve, His faynings fals, and flattering cheire To me that time did not appeire: But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while, And when thou wakest, sweitly smile: But smile not, as thy father did, To cozen maids: nay, God forbid! Bot yett I feirc, thou wilt gae neire Thy father's hart and face to beire.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him doth stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him trae.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change her for a new:
If gude or faire, of her have care,
For women's banning's wondrous sair.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when carcs doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and slcipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maides be warn'd by mee
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us than they care not how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe, It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

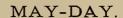
ANGELS UNAWARES.

H, each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears;
And we are walking all our hours
With "Angels Unawares."

R. EDMONSTONE.

OW, the bright Morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from his green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, beauteous May! thou dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale both boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.



UEEN of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray;
In Nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on Earth's expectant breast,
To Earth and Heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark! how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be,
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains
All hold holiday;
And Love, the Life of living things—
Love waves his torch, and claps his wings
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!



₩ OUR BABY.



HEN the morning,
half in shadow,
Ran along the hill
and meadow,
And with milk-white
fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted;
Opening over ruins
hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And outshaking from
the bushes
Singing larks and

pleasant thrushes;

That's the time our little baby, Strayed from Paradise, it may be, Came with cycs like heaven above her, Oh we could not choose but love her!

Not enough of earth for sinning,
Always gentle, always winning,
Never needing our reproving,
Ever lively, ever loving;
Starry eyes and sunset tresses,
White arms, made for light caresses,
Lips, that knew no word of doubting,
Often kissing, never pouting;
Beauty even in completeness,
Overfull of childish sweetness;
That's the way our little baby,
Far too pure for earth, it may be,
Seemed to us, who while about her
Deemed we could not do without her.

When the morning, half in shadow, Ran along the hill and meadow, And with milk-white fingers parted Crimson roses, golden hearted; Opening over ruins hoary Every purple morning-glory, And outshaking from the bushes Singing larks and pleasant thrushes; That's the time our little baby, Pining here for heaven, it may be, Turning from our bitter weeping, Closed her eyes as when in sleeping, And her white hands on her bosom Folded like a summer blossom. Now the litter she doth lie on Strewed with roses, bear to Zion,

Go, as past a pleasant meadow,
Through the valley of the shadow;
Take her softly, holy angels,
Past the ranks of God's evangels;
Past the saints and martyrs holy
To the Earth-born, meek and lowly,
We would have our precious blossom
Softly laid in Jesus' bosom. Phebe Carv.



THE CHRISTENING.



RRAYED — a half-angelic sight—

In vests of pure baptismal white,

The mother to the Font doth bring

The little helpless, nameless thing

With hushes soft, and mild caressing,
At once to get—a name and

blessing

Close by the babe the priest doth stand,
The cleansing water at his hand
Which must assoil the soul within
From every stain of Adam's sin.
The infant eyes the mystic sceues,
Nor knows what all this wonder means;
And now he smiles, as if to say,
"I am a Christian made this day;"
Now frighted clings to nurse's hold,
Shrinking from the water cold,
Whose virtues, rightly understood,
Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.
Strange words—The World, The Flesh, The
Devil—

Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
But we must silently adore
Mysterious truths, and not explore.
Enough for him, in after-times,
When he shall read these artless rhymes.
If, looking back upon this day
With quiet conscience, he can say,
"I have in part redeemed the pledge
Of my baptismal privilege;
And more and more will strive to flee
All which my sponsors kind did then renounce
for me."

CHARLES LAMB.

THE INPANT.

like a sailor by the tempest hurled Ashore, the babe is shipwrecked on the world; Naked he lies, and ready to expire, Helpless of all that human wants require; Exposed upon inhospitable earth From the first moment of his hapless birth. Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room, (Too sure presages of his future doom). But flocks, and herds, and ev'ry savage beast, By more indulgent Nature are increased. They want no rattle for their froward mood, No nurse to reconcile 'em to their food With broken words: nor winter blasts they fear, Nor change their habits with the changing year: Nor for their safety citadels prepare; Nor forge the wicked instruments of War: Unlabored Earth her bounteous treasures grants, And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

JOHN DRYDEN.



SUFFER THEM TO COME.

UFFER that little children come to Me,
Forbid them not." Emboldened by His words,
The mothers onward press; but finding vain
The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To stranger's hands; the innocents alarmed
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink trembling till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of Jesus, beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms
And, cowering, lay their heads upon His breast.

JAMES GRAHAME.

CHILDHOOD.

OW is the May of life. Careering round, Joy wings his feet, joy lifts him from the ground, Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say, When the rich casket shone in bright array, "These are my jewels!" Well of such as he, When Jesus spake, well might His language be, "Suffer these little ones to come to Me!"

SAMUEL RODGERS.

→"THESE & ARE & MY& JEWELS." ←



author of the words. "These are my jewels," whose portrait appears on another page, was the youngest

daughter of Scipio Africanus the Elder and Amelia, his wife. She was born one hundred and eighty-nine years before Christ. No details have reached us of her early life. In her twentieth year she married Tiberius Gracehus. The union was a happy one, and they were blessed with many noble children. The public duties of Tiberius claimed his time, so that the care of the household and the education of the family devolved wholly upon Cornelia, and she acquitted herself of the duties in a manner which had elicited the admiration of the world. She maintained in herself and transmitted to her sons the grand and severe virtues of her father. She had inherited from Scipio a love of the arts and for literature, and her letters which were extant in the time of Quintilian—two hundred years afterward -were often cited with praise by him and by Cicero. The reply of Cornelia to a wealthy lady of Campania who requested to see her jewels, is the most memorable incident of her career. Adroitly turning the conversation upon subjects likely to interest and detain her visitor, till her boys came home from school, she said, as they entered the room, "These are my jewels!" Probably no character was ever so clearly drawn in so few words; no delineation can possibly add to it; if nothing were known of Cornelia but this one speech, the historian would still find it a sufficient basis upon which to construct the whole character. The three obscure lines in which Valerius Maximus narrates the anecdote, have pro-

ORNELIA, the bably been as often translated, as widely repeated, and as deeply reflected upon, as any other three which have been left us by the writers of antiquity.

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

-

HE darkness falls, the wind is high, Dense black clouds fill the western sky; The storm will soon begin. The thunders roar, the lightnings flash, I hear the great round rain-drops dash— Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side; Their forms within my arms I hide-No other arms as sure. The storm may rage with fury wild, With trusting faith each little child With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near-They'll go from this warm shelter here, Out in the world's wild din. The rain will fall, the cold winds blow; I'll sit alone and long to know, Are all the children in?

Will they have shelters then secure, Where hearts are waiting strong and sure, And love is true when tried? Or will they find a broken reed, When strength of heart they so much need To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best; I'll shield them now, and leave the rest In His most righteous hand. Sometimes the souls He loves are riven By tempests wild, and thus are driven Nearer the better land.

If He should call me home before The children go, on that blest shore, Afar from care and sin, I know that I shall watch and wait Till He, the Keeper of the gate, Lets all the children in.

MRS. S. T. PERRY.



" ... (S . W. 7. M. A



→#DEHTH-IN-THE-CRADIE.#≪

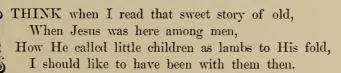


WEET flower! no sooner blown than blighted—
Sweet voice! no sooner heard than lost—
Young wanderer! in thy morn benighted—
Fair barque! scarce launched ere tempest-tost!
Oh! who would wail thy brief career
With lamentation's selfish tear?
Oh! who would stay thy upward flight
Unto thy native land of light?
Who to this world of sin and pain
Thy spotless spirit would enchain?

Sweet flower! transplanted to a clime
Where never come the blights of Time—
Sweet voice! which now shall join the hymn
Of the undying seraphim.
Young wanderer! who hast reached thy rest
With everlasting glory blest.
Fair barque! that wrecked on life's dark sea,
Hast anchored in eternity.
To toils so long, so hard, as mine,
Be such a recompense as thine!

REV. W. B. CLARKE.

CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.



I wish that His hand had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

MRS. J. LUKE.

LETTER TO A NEW BORN CHILD.



OU are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world; long may you continue in it in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends, to

answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of Derry, can already imagine in you; and in the meantime, may you have a nurse with a tuneable voice, who may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophic disposition; the gaities and follies of life have no attraction for you; its sorrows you kindly commiserate! but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendor. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months, to observe the Bishop of Bristol's first rule of conversation, Silence, though tempted to transgress it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects around you. As you advance further in life this philosophic temper will, by degrees, wear off; the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to show great partiality for some very good aunts, who will con-

tribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, that is not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affection, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex. Oh! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you, (with a pious care to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible,) that you have a fine little brother "come to put your nose out of joint?" There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good; and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute (though it has occasioned abundance) that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised. The men unenvied shine in public; but it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and, if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but, as I dare say, you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well. In the meantime, I will only assure you that all here rejoice in your existence extremely; and that I am, my very young correspondent, most affectionately yours, &c.

CATHERINE TALBOT.

As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his hand.

BIBLE.

TO FERDINAND SEYMOUR.







OSY child, with
forehead fair,
Coral lip, and shining hair,
In whose mirthful,
clever eyes
Such a world of
gladness lies;
As thy loose curls
idly straying

O'er thy mother's cheek, while playing, Blend her soft lock's shadowy twine With the glittering light of thine—Who shall say, who gazes now, Which is fairest, she or thou?

In sweet contrast are ye met,

Such as heart could ne'er forget; Thou art brilliant as a flower, Crimsoning in the sunny hour; Merry as a singing bird, In the green wood sweetly heard; Restless as if fluttering wings Bore thee on thy wanderings; Ignorant of all distress, Full of childhood's carelessness. She is gentle; she hath known Something of the echoed tone Sorrow leaves, where'er it goes, In this world of many woes. On her brow such shadows are As the faint cloud gives the star, Veiling its most holy light, Though it still be pure and bright; And the color in her cheek To the hue on thine is weak, Save when flushed with sweet surprise, Sudden welcomes light her eyes; And her softly chiselled face (But for living, moving grace) Looks like one of those which beam In th' Italian painter's dream,— Some beloved Madonna, bending O'er the infant she is tending: Holy, bright, and undefiled Mother of the Heaven-born child; Who, though painted strangely fair, Seems but made for holy prayer, Pity, tears, and sweet appeal, And fondness such as angels feel:

Baffling earthly passion's sigh With serenest majesty!

Oh! may those enshrouded years
Whose fair dawn alone appears,—
May that brightly budding life,
Knowing yet nor sin nor strife,—
Bring its store of hoped-for joy,
Mother, to thy laughing boy!
And the good thou dost impart
Lie deep-treasured in his heart,
That, when he at length shall strive
In the bad world where we live,
Thy sweet name may still be blest,
As one who taught his soul true rest!

CAROLINE NORTON.

TO H. C.

TWO YEARS OLD.

THOU whose fancies from afar are brought; Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel, And fittest to unutterable thought

The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol,
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream—
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest, Lord of thy house and hospitality; And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest But when she sat within the touch of thee. O too industrious folly! O vain and causeless melancholy! Nature will either end thee quite; Or, lengthening out thy season of delight, Preserve for thee, by individual right, A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks. What hast thou to do with sorrow, Or the injuries of to-morrow? Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth, Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks, Or to be trailed along the soiling earth; A gem that glitters while it lives, And no forewarning gives, But, at the touch of wrongs, without a strife, Slips in a moment out of life. WM. WORDSWORTH.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

LITTLE feet; that such long years

Must wander on through hopes and fears;

Must ache and bleed beneath the load;

I, nearer to the wayside inn,

Where toil shall cease and rest begin, Am weary thinking of your road.

O, little hands! that weak or strong, Have still to serve or rule so long, Have still so long to give or ask; I, who so much with book and pen Have toiled among my fellow-men, Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts! that throb and beat

With much impatient, feverish heat,

Such limitless and strong desires; Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,

With passions into ashes turned, Now covers and conceals its fires.

O, little souls; as pure and white,
As crystalline, as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source
divine:

Refracted through the mist of years,

How red my setting sun appears; How lurid looks this sun of

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

ACH day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,

I steal away from my husband, Asleep in his easy-chair,

And watch from the open doorway Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,

With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—Yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.



N His moral tillage, God cultivates many flowers seemingly only for their exquisite beauty and fragrance. For when bathed in soft sunshine they have burst into blossom, then the Divine hand gathers them from the earthly fields to be kept in crystal vases in the deathless mansions above. Thus little children die—some in the sweet bud, some in the fuller blossom; but never too early to make heaven fairer and swecter with their immortal bloom.

Verily, to the eye of Faith, nothing is fairer than the death of young children. Sight and sense, indeed, recoil from it. The flower that, like a breathing rose, filled heart and home with an exquisite delight, alas! we are stricken with sore anguish to find its stem broken and the blossom gone. But unto Faith, eagle-eyed beyond mental vision, and winged to mount like a singing lark over the fading rainbow unto the blue heaven, even this is touchingly lovely.

The child's earthly ministry was well done, for the rose does its work as grandly in blossom as the vine with its fruit. And having helped to sanctify and lift heavenward the very hearts that broke at its farewell, it has gone from this troublesome sphere,—ere the winds chilled or the rains stained it, leaving the world it blessed and the skies through which it passed still sweet with its lingering fragrance,—to its glory as an ever-unfolding flower in the blessed garden of God. Surely, prolonged life on earth hath no boon like this! For such mortal loveliness to put on immortality—to rise from the carnal with so little memory of earth that the mother's cradle seemed to have been rocked in the house of many mansions—to have no experience of a wearied mind and chilled affections, but from a child's joyous heart growing up in the power of an archangelic intellect—to be raptured as a blessed babe through the gates of Paradise—ah! this is better than to watch as an old prophet for the car of fire in the Valley of Jordan.

CHARLES WADSWORTH, D. D.



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

VERY woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

HERE are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes
For her new-born infant before her lies.
Oh, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows;
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

HENRY WARE.

Punch.

CHRIST BLESSING FITTLE CHILDREN.



HEN were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

"But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—
MATTHEW xix. 13, 14.

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

"And said, Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—MATTHEW xviii. 1-4.

The errand upon earth was well nigh done.

A little more, and that dread passer-on—
Time, that not even at the Cross stood still—
Must come, with Calvary's ninth hour. And Christ
Turn'd tow'rd Jerusalem. Galilee was sweet
With its fair Mount, that was the step of heaven—
(Whereon He had but just now stood, and through
The door flung open to the throne of God,
Drank strength in the transfiguring light)—and
here

Dwelt Mary, holy mother; and 'twas here
His childhood had been passed; and here the life
E'en Christ must learn to love, to be "like us,"
Had been most sweet to him. But not where life
So gently beautiful is known—oh, not
Where Nature with her calm rebuke is heard—
Could the Great Wrong be done! in Mammon's
mart—

The crowded city, where the small, still voice Is, like the leaf's low whisper, overborne— Where the dark shadow, which before us falls When we are turning from the light away, Scems at another's feet and not our own— Where, 'mid the multitude's bewildering shout, Anguish may moan unheeded and even Lama sabacthani go up unheard— There, only, could the Son of God be slain! And when to His disciples Jesus said "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem," Then turned His path from peaceful Galilee. Thence—to the scourge, the buffet, and the scorn, Gethsemane's last conflict, and the Cross— The meek first step to Calvary was there!

And Christ passed over Jordan, to the coast
Of populous Judea; and there came
Multitudes to Him, listening as He taught,
And wondering at His miracles; for lo!
His calm word healed all sicknesses; the blind
Rose up and gazed upon the luminous brow
Whose glory had shone through their darkened

The dumb spoke; the leper became clean;
And devils were cast out which had defied
The word of His disciples. With new awe,
Touched with compassionating love, looked these
Upon their Master now; for, near at hand,
They felt the shadow of His coming hour.
And though His face shone, with the strength new
given

By the celestial sacrament of light
Upon the Mount administered, they still
Trembled, as men, for One who, as a man,
Must pass through death—death of such agony
As for a world's transgressions might atone—
Whose bitter cup even the Son of God
Must shrink from with a prayer that it might pass!

Christ had told o'er His sorrows, to the end. They knew what must befall. In silence sad, Listened the Twelve, while jeered the Pharisee, And tempted Him the Scribe—for so must He To His last victory come; but eager still, Looked they where they might minister to Him, Or, watchfully, from that dark path of woe, Pluck out the needless thorn.

The eventide

Found Him among His questioners—the same; Patient and meek as in the morning hour— And while the Scribes, with His mild answers foiled.

Sat by and reasoned in their hearts, behold
There was a stir in the closc multitude,
And voices pleaded to come nigh; and, straight,
The crowd divided, and a mother came,
Holding her babe before her, and on Christ
Fixing her moist eyes steadfastly. He turned,
Benignant, as she tremblingly came near;
And the sad earnestness His face had worn
While He disputed with the crafty scribes,
Was touched with the foreshadowing of a smile.
And, lo! another, and another still,
Led by this sweet encouragement to come,
Pressed where the first had made her trusting way;
And soon, a fair young company they stood—

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

A band, who (by a lamp of love, new lit, And fed by oil of tenderness from Heaven-By recognition, instinct as the eye To know, 'mid clouds, the twinkle of a star-By mother's love) knew what most holiest be, And where to bring their children to be blest. And as Christ looked upon them, where they stood, And each would lay her infant in His arms. To see it there, and know that He had borne Her burden on His bosom, there rose up Some of the Twelve; and, mindful of the night, And of the trials of the weary day, They came between, and bade them to depart, And trouble not the Master. Then did Christ Reproving His disciples, call again The mothers they had turned from Him away, And, leaning gently tow'rd them as they came, Tenderly took the babes into His arms, And laid His hand upon their foreheads fair. And blest them, saying: Suffer them to come; For, in my Father's kingdom, such are they. Whoso is humble as a little child, The same is greatest in the courts of heaven. Spotless is infancy, we fondly feel. Angels in heaven are like it, HE hath said. Mothers have dreamed the smile upon the lips Of slumbering babes to be the memory Of a bright world they come from; and that, here, 'Mid the temptations of this fallen star, They bide the trial for a loftier sphere— Ever progressing. Fearfully, if so, Give we, to childhood, guidance for high heaven! But, be this lofty vision as it may, Christ blest them, here. And, oh! if in the hour Of His first steps to Calvary, and 'mid The tempters, who, He knew, had just begun The wrongs that were to lead Him to the cross: If here, 'mid weariness and gathering woe, The heart of Christ turned meltingly to them, And, for a harsh word to these little ones, Though uttered but with sheltering care for Him, He spoke rebukingly to those He loved-If babes thus pure and priceless were to Christ-Holy, indeed, the trust to whom they're given! SACRED ARE THEY! N. P. WILLIS.

THE REPORT OF THE PERSON OF TH

BABY MAY.

HEEKS as soft as July peaches; Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches Poppies paleness; large round eyes Ever great with new surprise;

Minutes filled with shadeless gladness: Minutes just as brimmed with sadness; Happy smiles and wailing cries;

Crows and laughs and tearful eyes; Lights and shadows, swifter born Than on wind-swept autumn corn; Ever some new tiny notion, Making every limb all motion; Catchings up of legs and arms; Throwings back and small alarms; Clutching fingers; straightening jerks; Twining feet whose each toe works; Kickings up and straining risings; Mother's ever new surprisings; Hands all wants and looks all wonder At all things the heavens under; Tiny scorns of mild reprovings That have more of love than lovings; Mischiefs done with such a winning Archness that we prize such sinning; Breakings dire of plates and glasses; Graspings small at all that passes; Pullings off of all that's able To be caught from tray or table; Silences-small meditations Deep as thoughts of cares for nations Breaking into wisest speeches In a tongue that nothing teaches: All the thoughts of whose possessing Must be wooed to light by guessing; Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings That we'd ever have such dreamings; Till from sleep we see thee breaking, And we'd always have thee waking; Wealth for which we know no measure; Pleasure high above all pleasure; Gladness brimming over gladness; Joy in care; delight in sadness; Loveliness beyond completeness; Sweetness distancing all sweetness: Beauty all that beauty may be ;-That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

BOYHOOD.

H, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!

The minutes parting one by one like rays,

That fade upon a summer's eve.

But, oh! what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

Washington Allston.

Thoughts while Hahing the Grave of a Rew-Horn Child.

O w

OOM, gentle flowers! my child would pass to heaven! Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,

O watchful usher at Death's narrow door!

But lo! while you delay to let her forth,

Angels, beyond, stay for her! One long kiss

From lips all pale with agony, and tears, Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life, Held as a welcome to her. Weep! oh mother! But not that from this cup of bitterness A cherub of the sky has turn'd away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart!
My daughter! It is soon to let thee go!
My daughter! With thy birth has gush'd a spring
I knew not of—filling my heart with tears,
And turning with strange tenderness to thee—
A love—oh God! it seems so—that must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me,
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
Drawing me after thee! And so, farewell!

'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows

No place to treasure up its loved and lost

But the foul grave! Thou, who so late wast
sleeping

Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving But it was sent thee with some tender thought. How can I leave thee—here! Alas for man! The herb in its humility may fall And waste into the bright and genial air, While we—by hands that minister'd in life Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms, And the warm sunshine trodden out forever!

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook,
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone;
The birds are never silent that build here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters.
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And far below, seen under arching leaves,
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,

Pointing the living after thee. And this Seems like a comfort; and, replacing now The flowers that have made room for thee, I go To whisper the same peace to her who lies—Robb'd of her child and lonely. 'Tis the work Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer, To bring the heart back from an infant gone. Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot The images from all the silent rooms, And every sight and sound familiar to her Undo its sweetest link—and so at last The fountain—that, once struck, must flow for-

Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring Wakens the birds above thee, we will come, And, standing by thy music-haunted grave, Look on each other cheerfully, and say:—
A child that we have loved has gone to heaven, And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away!

N. P. WILLIS.

ONLY A BOY.

NLY a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
As ever a human frame can be,

And as hard to manage as—ah! ah me!

'Tis hard to tell; Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread, Who can not be driven, but must be led; Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats, And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats, Loses more tops and kites and bats,

Than would stock a store For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways; With his idle hours on busy days; With his queer remarks and odd replies, Sometimes foolish, and sometimes wise; Often brilliant, for one of his size,

As a meteor hurled From a pleasant world.

Only a boy, who will be a man, If nature goes on with her first great plan; If fire or water, or some fatal snare, Conspire not to rob us of this our heir, Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,

Our torment, our joy—"Only a boy."

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.



guilty of an im-

pertinence, nor ignored as though his desire for information were of no consequence, nor misled as if it did not signify whether true or false impressions were made upon his mind.

The child has a right to his individuality, to be himself and no other; to maintain against the world the divine fact for which he stands. And before this fact father, mother, instructor should stand reverently; seeking rather to understand and interpret its significance than to wrest it from its original purpose. It is not necessarily to be inscribed with the family name, nor written over with family traditions. Nature delights in surprise and will not guarantee that the children of her poets shall sing, nor that every Quaker baby shall take kindly to drab color, or have an inherent longing for a scoop bonnet or a broadbrimmed hat.

In the very naming of a child his individuality should be recognized. He should not be invested with the cast-off cognomen of some dead ancestor or historical celebrity, a name musty as the grave-clothes of the original wearer—dolefully redolent of old associations—a ghostly index-finger forever pointing to the past. Let it be something fresh; a new name standing for a new fact, the suggestion of a history yet to be written, a prophecy to be fulfilled. The ass was well enough clothed in his own russet; but when he would put on the skin of the lion, every attribute became contemptible. Commonplace people slip easily through the

HE child has a, world; but when we would find them right to ask ques- heralded by great names, we resent the tions and to be incongruity, and insist upon making them fairly answered; less than they are. George Washington not to be snub- selling peanuts, Julius Cæsar as a bootblack, bed as if he were and Virgil a vender of old clothes, make but a sorry figure:

> We are indebted to our children for constant incentives to noble living; for the perpetual reminder that we do not live to ourselves alone; for their sakes we are admonished to put from us the debasing appetite, the unworthy impulse; to gather into our lives every noble and heroic quality, every tender and attractive grace.

> We owe them gratitude for the dark hours which their presence has brightened, for the helplessness and dependence which have won us from ourselves; for the faith and trust which it is evermore their mission to renew; for their kisses on cheeks wet with tears, and on brows that but for that caressing had furrowed into frowns.-Littell's Living Age.

PAYING HER WAY.

HAT has my darling been doing to-day, To pay for her washing and mending? How can she manage to keep out of debt For so much caressing and tending?

How can I wait till the years shall have flown, And the hands have grown larger and stronger? Who will be able the interest to pay If the debt runs many years longer?

Dear little feet! how they fly to my side! White arms my neck are caressing, Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek, Fair head my shoulder is pressing. Nothing at all from my darling is due, From evil may angels defend her-The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made, For love is a legal tender!

KATE WOODLAND,

THE BAREFOOT BOY.



LESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still,

Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown up man
Only a republican;
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye;
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play, Sleep that wakes in laughing day, Health that mocks the doctor's rules, Knowledge never learned of schools, Of the wild bee's morning chase, Of the wild flower's time and place, Flight of fowl and habitude Of the tenants of the wood; How the tortoise bears his shell. How the woodchuck digs his cell, And the ground mole sinks his well; How the robin feeds her young, How the oriole's nest is hung; Where the whitest lilies blow, Where the freshest berries grow, Where the groundnut trails its vine, Where the wood grape's clusters shine; Of the black wasp's cunning way, Mason of his walls of clay, And the architectural plans Of gray hornet artisans! For, eschewing books and tasks, Nature answers all he asks; Hand in hand with her he walks, Face to face with her he talks, Part and parcel of her joy, Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June, Crowding years in one brief moon, When all things I heard or saw, Me, their master, waited for.

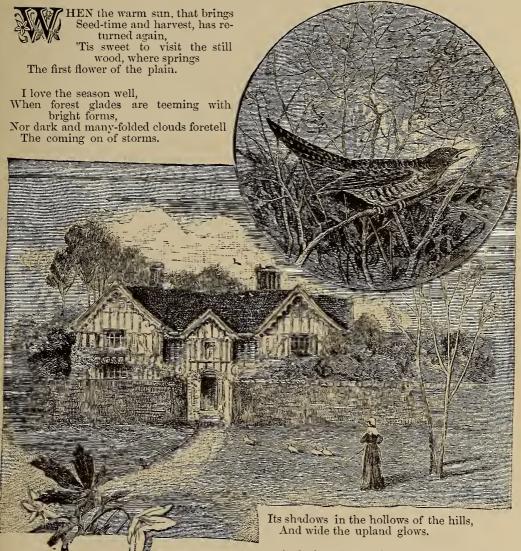
I was rich in flowers and trees. Humming-birds and honey-bees; For my sport the squirrel played, Plied the snouted mole his spade; For my taste the blackberry cone Purpled over hedge and stone; Laughed the brook for my delight Through the day and through the night, Whispering at the garden wall, Talked with me from fall to fall; Mine the sand rimmed pickerel pond, Mine the walnut slope beyond, Mine, on bending orchard trees, Apples of Hesperides! Still, as my horizon grew, Larger grew my riches too; All the world I saw or knew Seemed a complex Chinese toy, Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude;
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man, Live and laugh, as boyhood can! Though the flinty slopes be hard, Stubble-speared the new-mown sward, Every morn shall lead thee through Fresh baptisms of the dew; Every evening from thy feet Shall the cool wind kiss the heat; All too soon these feet must hide In the prison cells of pride, Lose the freedom of the sod, Like a colt's for work be shod, Made to tread the mills of toil, Up and down in ceaseless moil; Happy if their track be found Never on forbidden ground; Happy if they sink not in Quick and treacherous sands of sin. Ah! that thou couldst know the joy, Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

J. G. WHITTIER.

AN APRIL DAY.



From the earth's loosened mould The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives; Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold, The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored
wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves

along

The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope
throws

And when the eve is born, In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn, And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,

And the fair trees look over, side by side, And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

KITTIE IS GONE.



ITTIE is gone. Where? To heaven. An angel came, and took her away. She was a lovely child, gentle as a lamb; the pet of the whole family; the youngest of them all. Butshe

could not stay with us any longer. * * * * If a little voice sweeter and more musical than others were heard, I knew Kittie was near. If my study door opened so gently and slily that no sound could be heard, I knew Kittie was coming. If after an hour's quiet play, a little shadow passed me, and the door opened and shut as no one else could open and shut it, "so as not to disturb papa," I knew Kittie was going. When, in the midst of my composing, I heard a gentle voice saying, "Papa, may I stay with you a little while? I will be very still;" I did not need to look off my work to assure me that it was my little lamb. You staid with me too long, Kittie dear, to leave me so suddenly, and you are too still now. You became my little assistant, my home angel, my youngest and sweetest singing bird, and I miss the little voice that I have heard in an adjoining room, catching up and echoing little snatches of melody as they were being composed. I miss those soft and sweet kisses. I miss the little hand that was always first to be placed on my forehead to "drive away the pain." I miss the sound of those little feet upon the stairs. * * * * I miss you in the garden. I miss you everywhere, but I will try not to miss you in heaven. "Papa, if we are good, will an angel truly come and take us to heaven when we die?" When the question was asked, how little did I think the angel was so near! But he did truly come, and the sweetest flower was transplanted to a more genial clime. "I do wish papa would come." Wait a little while, Kittie, and papa will come. The journey is not long. He will soon be Home.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

BENEFIT OF CHILDREN.

AM fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurors with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen, but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feeling, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart: they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children! THOMAS BINNEY.

AGAINST BOYS.



ERTAIN feeble poetasters are always mourning that they are no longer in the Classical or Commercial Seminary of their younger days, but I believe that there are few honest men

who do not look back upon their school-days with a shudder. I was not a very bad boy myself, I believe, but the comparison of my Now with my Then is certainly not odious. I can now meet a cat without wishing to kill it; I can behold two dogs without yearning to set them by the ears; I can listen to the twitter of a hedge-sparrow without longing for a horse-pistol; I can pass in the street an individual smaller than myself without experiencing an uncontrollable desire to snatch off his cap, and throw it over the wall. When I go to church, I take a church-service in my hand, and not a novel of similar external appearance; I do not distend my pockets with filberts purloined from my host's dinner-table; I do not smoke bits of cane until I am sick; I do not think it ungentlemanly to ride in a 'bus; I am no longer irresistibly attracted to any barrow full of strange delicacies, such as Albert rock or Alicam-pane, and if I were, the fruit of all others I should leave untouched would be exposed slices of cocoanut. Upon the whole, in short, I flatter myself that my relations with society are improved since I was that dreadful being a boy. If all the grown-up people in the world should suddenly fail, what a frightful thing would society become reconstructed by boys !- Chambers' Journal.

A QUESTION.

Who'd give her booby for another?

OFF FOR BOYLAND.

O! All aboard! A traveler
Sets sail for babyland!
Before my eyes there comes a blur;
But still I kiss my hand,
And try to smile as off he goes,
My bonny, winsome boy!
Yes, bon voyage! God only knows
How much I wish thee joy.

Oh! tell me, have you heard of him?

He wore a sailor's hat

All silver-corded round the brim,

And—stranger e'en than that—

A wondrous suit of navy blue,

With pocket deep and wide;

Oh! tell me, sailor, tell me true,

How fares he on the tide?

We've now no baby in the house;
'Twas but this very morn
He doffed his dainty, 'broidered blouse,
With skirts of snowy lawn;
And shook a mass of silken curls
From off his sunny brow;
They fretted him—"so like a girl's,"
Mamma can have them now.

He owned a brand-new pocket-book,
But that he could not find;
A knife and string was all he took,
What did he leave behind?
A heap of blocks with letters gay,
And here and there a toy;
I cannot pick them up to-day,
My heart is with my boy.

A BETTER WAY.

E should gain our object better in the discipline of children, if, instead of finding fault with an action, we set ourselves to produce a better state of feeling without noticing the action.

MARY P. WARE.

WHAT'S A BOY LIKE?



Mhat's a Bon Like?

Like a wasp, like a sprite,
Like a goose, like an eel,
Like a top, like a kite,
Like an owl, like a wheel,
Like the wind, like a snail,
Like a knife, like a crow,
Like a thorn, like a flail,
Like a hawk, like a doe.

Like the sea, like a weed,
Like a watch, like the sun,
Like a cloud, like a seed,
Like a book, like a gun,
Like a smile, like a tree,
Like a lamb, like the moon,
Like a bud, like a bee,
Like a burr, like a tune.

Like a colt, like a whip,
Like a mouse, like a mill,
Like a bell, like a ship,
Like a jay, like a rill,
Like a shower, like a cat,
Like a frog, like a toy,
Like a ball, like a bat,
Most of all—like a boy.

GEORGE COOPER.

Swinging on a Lirch Tree.

SWINGING on a birch tree
To a sleepy tune,
Hummed by all the breezes
In the month of June!
Little leaves a flutter
Sound like dancing drops
Of a brook on pebbles—
Song that never stops.

Up and down we see-saw;
Up into the sky;
How it opens on us,
Like a wide blue eye!
You and I are sailors
Rocking on a mast;
And the world's our vessel:
Ho! she sails so fast!

Blue, blue sea around us;
Not a ship in sight;
They will hang out lanterns
When they pass to-night.
We with ours will follow
Through the midnight deep;
Not a thought of danger,
Though the crew's asleep.

Oh, how still the air is!
There an oriole flew;
What a jolly whistle!
He's a sailor, too.
Yonder is his hammock
In the elm-top high;
One more ballad, messmate;
Sing it as you fly!

Up and down we see-saw:
Down into the grass,
Scented fern and rose-buds,
All a woven mass.
That's the sort of carpet
Fitted for our feet;
Tapestry nor velvet
Is so rich and neat.

Swinging on a birch tree!
This is summer joy,
Fun for all vacation—
Don't you think so, boy?
Up and down to see-saw,
Merry and at ease,
Careless as a brook is,
Idle as the breeze.

LUCY LARCOM.



HOW MAMMA PLAYS.

UST the sweetest thing that the children do
Is to play with mamma, a playing too;
And "Baby is lost," they think is the best,
For mamma plays that with a merry zest.

"My baby's lost!" up and down mamma goes, A-peering about and following her nose, Inside the papers, and under the books, And all in between the covers she looks, "Baby!" calling.

But though in her way is papa's tall hat, She never once thinks to look under that.

She listens, she stops, she hears the wee laugh, And around she flies, the faster by half, "Why, where can he be?" and she opens the clock, She tumbles her basket, she shakes papa's sock, "Baby! Baby!" calling.

While the children all smile at papa's tall hat, Though none of them go and look under that.

A sweet coo calls. Mamma darts everywhere, She feels in her pockets to see if he's there, In every vase on the mantel shelf, She searches sharp for the little elf, "Baby! Baby!" calling. Another coo comes from papa's tall hat, Yet none of them stir an inch toward that. Somewhere he certainly must be, she knows, So up to the China cupboard she goes; The covers she lifts from the sugar-bowls, The sweet, white lumps she rattles and rolls,

"Baby! Baby!" calling.
But though there's a stir near papa's tall hat,
They will not so much as look toward that.

She moves the dishes, but baby is not In the cream-pitcher nor in the tea-pot; And she wrings her hands and stamps on the floor. She shakes the rugs, and she opens the door,

"Baby! Baby!" calling.
They stand with their backs to papa's tall hat,
Though the sweetest murmurs come from that.

The children join in the funny distress,
Till mamma, all sudden, with swift caress,
Makes a pounce right down on the old, tall black hat
And brings out the baby from under that,

"Baby!" calling.

And this is the end of the little play,

The children would like to try every day.

ELLA FARMAN.





I LOVED them so
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came covered with the storm, and pale and cold.
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade Him go.

He claimed the pet—
A little fondling thing that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest—
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down
In those white shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that in after years,
He should know naught of passion, grief or fears
As I had known.

And yet again
That Elder Shepherd came. My heart grew faint.
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint.
Another! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast, I turned away.
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam.
I knelt to pray,

"Is it Thy will?

My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?

Oh! Thou hast many such in heaven."

And a soft voice said: "Nobly hast thou striven,

But—peace, be still."

Oh! how I wept,

And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild

And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child.

Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,

And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried:

For once again that Shepherd laid His hand Upon the noblest of our household band. Like a pale spectre, there He took His stand, Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which He heard my passionate cry:
"Touch not my lamb; for him, oh! let me die!"
"A little while," He said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go:
He had not bidden me farewell, but, oh!
I felt farewell.

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame,
Though could I but have heard him call my name—
"Dear Mother!"—but in heaven 'twill be the same.
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done.
My heart would break.

Oh! with what thrill
I heard Him enter; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that He had robbed me so,
The idol of my soul—he could not go—
O heart! be still!

Came morning, can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking, tears were mine; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.

Alas! "Farewell."

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder, too, sometime,
How it will seem, when, in that happier clime
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep,
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep,
No weary years.

OUR LAMBS.

Ay, it is well;
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide,
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day,
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me.
Heaven is not far away.

The Child and the Mourners.



LITTLE child beneath a tree, Sat and chanted cheerily A little song, a pleasant song, Which was—she sang it all day long—

"When the wind blows the blossoms fall:

But a good God reigns over all."

There pass'd a lady by the way, Moaning in the face of day:

There were tears upon her cheek, Grief in her heart too great to speak; Her husband died but yester-morn, And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopp'd and listen'd to the child That look'd to heaven, and, singing, smiled; And saw not, for her own despair, Another lady, young and fair, Who also passing, stopp'd to hear The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And show'd how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree Listening, soothed and placidly, A youth came by, whose sunken eyes Spake of a load of miseries; And he, arrested like the twain, Stopp'd to listen to the strain.

Death had bow'd the youthful head Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed: Her marriage robes were fitted on, Her fair young face with blushes shone, When the destroyer smote her low, And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listen'd to the song, Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong, Which that child, the livelong day, Chanted to itself in play: "When the wind blows the blossoms fall; But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Soften'd, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conn'd it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were, And not a seraph sitting there— Was seen no more, the sorrowing three Went on their way resignedly, The song still ringing in their ears— Was it the music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know, But in the midst of deepest woe The strain recurr'd, when sorrow grew, To warn them, and console them too: "When the wind blows the blossoms fall; But a good God reigns over all."

CHARLES MACKAY.



Devotion in Childhood.

the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaîd, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

MY BABY



UCH a little break
in the sod!
So tiny to be a
grave!
Oh! how can I render so so on to God
The beautiful gift
he gave!
Must I put you

Must I put you away, my pet— My tender bud unblown—

With the dew of the morning upon you, yet,
And your blossom all unshown?

My heart is near to break,
For the voice I shall not hear,
For the clinging arms around my neck,
And the footsteps drawing near.
The tiny, tottering feet,
Striving for mother's knee,
For the lisping tones so sweet,
And the baby's kiss to me.

For the precious mother-name,
And the touch of the little hand,
O! am I so very much to blame
If I shrink from the sore demand?
How shall I know her voice,
Or the greeting of her eyes,
'Mid the countless cherubs that rejoice,
In the gardens of Paradise?

How shall I know my own,

Where the air is white with wings—
My babe, so soon from my bosom flown,
To the angels' ministerings?

And this is the end of it all!

Of my waiting and my pain—
Only a little funeral pall,
And empty arms again.

O, baby! my heart is sore
For the love that was to be,
For the untried dream of love, now o'er,
'Twixt thee, my child, and me.
Yet over this little head,
Lying so still on my knee,
I thank my God for the bliss of the dead,
For the joy of the soul set free.

'Tis a weary world at best,
This world that she will not know;
Would I waken her out of such perfect rest,
For its sorrow and strife? Ah, no!

Escaped are its thorns and harms;
The only path she hath trod
Is that which leads from the mother's arms
Into the arms of God. —The Evangelist.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

I am

"A married lady of thirty odd."

and butter.

Every morning I see in their beds
A "baker's dozen" of curly heads;
Every morning my slumbers greet
The patter, patter, of twenty-six feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter,
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread

Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long, And thirteen little hands with doing something wrong.

> Till I fain am to do With an energy too,

As did the old woman who lived in a shoe.

And when my poor husband comes home from his
work

Tired and hungry, and fierce as a Turk, What do you think is the picture he sees? A legion of babies, all in a breeze.

> Johnny a crying, And Lucy a sighing,

And worn-out mamma, with her hair all a flying,

Strong and angry Stephen Beating little Nelly; Willie in the pantry

Eating currant jelly;
Charlie strutting round in papa's Sunday coat;
Harry at the glass, with a razor at his throat;
Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy shu

Harry at the glass, with a razor at his throat; Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy shuts the door,

Mitigates their aching with a forty pounder rear; Baby at the coal-hod hurries to begin

Throwing in his mite to the universal din.

Alas! my lord and master, being rather weak of

nerve, he
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning topsyturvy.

And then the frightened little ones all fly to me for shelter,

And so the drama closes 'mid a general helter-skelter.

I'll give you my name, Lest you think me a myth. Yours, very respectfully,

MRS. JOHN SMITH.



HO took him on the other side?" A pair of soft blue eyes, full of tenderness and tears, looked up into "On the mine. other side! What do you mean, my darling?" and I looked wondering

"Baby, I mean. He was so at the child. small and weak, and had to go all alone. Who took him on the other side?" "Angels," I answered, as steadily as I could speak, for the child's question moved me deeply,-"loving angels, who took him up tenderly and laid his head softly on their bosoms, and sang to him sweeter songs than he had ever heard in this world." "But every one will be strange to him. I'm afraid he'll be grieved for mother and nurse and me." "No, dear. The Saviour, who was once a baby in this world, is there; and the angels who are nearest to him take all the little children who leave our side, and love and care for them just as if they were their own. When baby passed through to the other side, one of these angels held him by the hand all the way, and he was not in the least afraid; and when the light of heaven broke upon his eyes, and he saw the new beauty of the new world into which he had entered, his little heart was full of gladness." "You are sure of that?" The grief had almost faded out of the child's countenance. "Yes, dear, very sure. The Lord, who so tenderly loves little children, who took them in his arms and blessed them when he was on earth, who said that 'their angels do always behold the face of my Father,' is more careful of the babes who go to him than the tenderest

mother could possibly be." "I am so glad!" said the child; "and it makes me feel so much better! Dear baby! I didn't know who would take him on the other side."—Children's Hour.

TO ARTHUR, ASLEEP.

TILLY, oh, very stilly, with clasp'd hands, That would hush down the beating of my heart,

.I stand and watch thy slumbers. Round thee now, Like silver clouds flung on a summer sky, The snowy curtains tremble, and betwixt Their loopings—a baptismal scent of heaven— Plashes the sunshine on thy face and hair. O bud of one brief summer, by that smile, Like light on opening roses, do I know The angels are with thee,—that those blue eyes Which break up to me in their sudden joy, (As I have pray'd God's seraphs might some day,) Still watch the radiance of those sapphire hills, From which so late thou'st wandered.

One white hand,

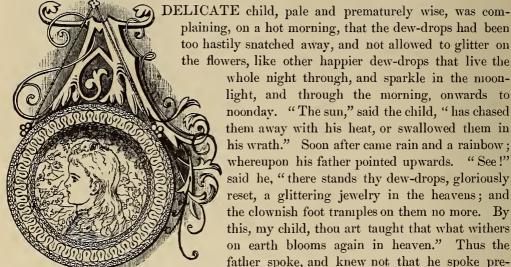
Like an unfolding lily, is crush'd up Amid the clustering curls, whose golden hues Were caught among thy mother's.

Oh, most fair And heaven-like picture that the world can throw Along its changeful canvas,-child asleep! Through my dim tears, I stand to-day and watch Mournful above thy rest; I who have walk'd Out from the gates of childhood, and who wear The "burden and the weariness of life" On heart and forehead.

What of joy or good (Stringing along this hush the future's pearls) Shall shape my prayer for thee, that life may lay Her gold, her myrrh, and incense at thy feet,-Her jewels round thy brow?

Not these-not these-Be my heart's asking. May our Father lead Thy young feet tenderly across the hills To the "far country," and it shall be well,— Well with thee, sweetest, even if thy life Take but the key-note here, and sing the song Upon the purple mountains! So sleep on, Thy smile the loving chorus of my prayer:-"In life or death may God be with the child!" VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Bewdrops Reset.



the flowers, like other happier dew-drops that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning, onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See!" said he, "there stands thy dew-drops, gloriously reset, a glittering jewelry in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By

figuring words; for, soon after, the delicate child with the morning brightness of his earthly wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven. JEAN PAUL RICHTER.



IS THERE ROOM IN ANGEL LAND?

These lines were written after hearing the following touching incident related by a minister: A mother, who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a moment, when little Mary, with childish curiosity to see what it was, took hold of the dish, when it fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother; you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will they have room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt no sacrifice would be too great, could she have saved her child.

Is there room among the angels For the spirit of your child? Will they take your little Mary In their loving arms so mild? Will they ever love me fondly, As my story-books have said? Will they find a home for Mary-Mary, numbered with the dead? Tell me truly, darling mother! Is there room for such as me? Will I gain the home of spirits, And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother, Been to you a constant care, And you will not miss me, mother, When I dwell among the fair; For you have no room for Mary; She was ever in your way; And she fears the good will shun her! Will they, darling mother, say? Tell me—tell me truly—mother, Ere life's closing hour doth come. Do you think that they will keep me, In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother, Not so very-very bad, But that tender love would nourish, And make Mary's heart so glad! Oh! I yearned for pure affection, In this world of bitter woe; And I yearn for bliss immortal, In the land where I must go! Tell me once again, dear mother, Ere you take the parting kiss, Will the angels bid me welcome, To that land of perfect bliss?

66 DOT'S " BABY.



WISH you wouldn't call me Dot, John. I don't like it," said Mrs. Peerybingle, pouting in a way that clearly showed she did like it, very much.

"Why, what else are you," returned John, looking down upon her with a smile, and giving her waist as light a squeeze as his huge hand and arm could give. "A dot and—" here he glanced at the baby, "a dot and carry—I won't say it, for fear I should spoil it; but I was very near a joke. I don't know as ever I was nearer."

He was often near to something or other very clever, by his own account; this lumbering, slow, honest John; this John so heavy, but so light of spirit; so rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good! Oh, Mother Nature, give thy children the true poetry of heart that hid itself in this poor Carrier's breast—he was but a Carrier, by the way—and we can bear to have them talking prose, and leading lives of prose; and bear to bless thee for their company.

It was pleasant to see Dot, with her little figure, and her baby in her arms—a very doll of a baby—glancing with a coquettish thoughtfulness at the fire, and inclining her delicate little head just enough on one side to let it rest in an odd, half-natural, half-affected, wholly nestling and agreeable manner, on the great rugged figure of the Carrier. It was pleasant to see him, with his tender awkwardness, endeavoring to

adapt his rude support to her slight need, and make his burly middle-age a leaningstaff not inappropriate to her blooming youth. It was pleasant to observe how Tilly Slowboy, waiting in the back-ground for the baby, took special cognizance (though in her earliest teens) of this grouping; and stood with her mouth and eyes wide open, and her head thrust forward, taking it in as if it were air. Nor was it less agreeable to observe how John the Carrier, reference being made by Dot to the aforesaid baby, checked his hand when on the point of touching the infant, as if he thought he might crush it; and bending down, surveyed it from a safe distance with a kind of puzzled pride, such as an amiable mastiff might be supposed to show, if he found himself, one day, the father of a young canary.

CHARLES DICKENS.

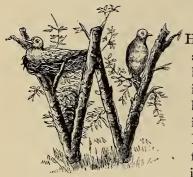
ILL USIONS.

HEN the boys come into my yard for leave to gather horse-chestnuts, I own I enter into Nature's game, and affect to grant the permission reluctantly, feeling that any moment they will find out the imposture of that showy chaff. But this tenderness is quite unnecessary; the enchantments are laid on very thick. Their young life is thatched with them. Bare and grim to tears is the lot of the children in the hovel I saw yesterday; yet not the less they hang it round with frippery romance, like the children of the happiest fortune.

R. W. EMERSON.

ADVANTAGE OF CHILDREN.

ADVANTAGE OF CHILDREN.



HAT would an engine be to a ship if it were lying loose in the hull? It must be fastened to it with bolts

and screws before it can propel the vessel. Now a childless man is like a loose engine. A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such screws and bolts as children.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

EHOLD a seraph soaring
From out our weary world;
In robes of white,
One starlit night,
With spirit-wings unfurled,
He took his flight
To the gates of light,
To make his dwelling there,
Seraphic songs outpouring
Upon the silent air.

Oh, how he loved thee, mother,
Thy bosom was his bed;
'Twas sweet to rest
On thy soft breast
The little weary head;
To feel thee press
With fond caress
The bright and radiant brow,
But the blessed "Elder Brother"
Will cherish "baby" now.

Life lay, untrod, before him,
The future all unknown;
How might the years
Have flowed with tears,

Till laughter changed to moan!
How might the strife
Of human life
Have brought his soul to harm!
But now a shield is o'er him—
The Everlasting Arm!

The paths of bliss unbounded
His feet already tread—
The heavenly fields
Whose harvest yields
The true and living bread.
On fruitful hills
By placid rills
The lambs of Jesus feed;
By heaven's wealth surrounded,
What can he ever need?

Dear weeping father, mother,
How could he longer wait
When Jesus calls?
From jasper walls
Swung wide the golden gate.
But he will stand
At God's right hand,
To wait and watch for you;
And there will be another
To bid you "welcome" too.

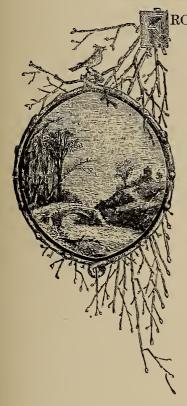
And so he left you, winging
His upward flight afar,
Till, through the night,
There shone the light
Of one more radiant star!
Through countless years
No bitter tears
Shall dim those lustrous eyes;
No sighs shall mar the singing
Beneath those cloudless skies!

THE POOR MAN'S RICHES.

I remember a great man coming into my house at Waltham, and, seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor." But he straight received this answer, "Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."

BISHOP HALL.

EARLY SPRING.



ROM the sod no crocus peeps, And the snow-drop scarce is seen, And the daffodil yet sleeps In its shelt'ring sheath of green; Yet the naked groves among Is an homeless music heard, And a welcoming is sung, Till the leafless boughs are stirred With a spirit and a life Which is floating all around; And the covert glades are rife With the new awakened sound Of the birds, whose voices pour In an interrupted strain, As they scarcely were secure That the Spring was come again. Soon the seasonable flowers Will a glad assurance bring, To their fresh and leafy bowers Of the presence of the Spring; And these snatches of delight Are the prelude of a song That will daily gather might, And endure the Summer long.

R. C. TRENCH

Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.

JOHN CLARE

A CHILD.

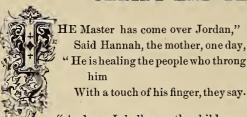


H, thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow. O bright and singing babe,
What wilt thou be hereafter?

ALEXANDER SMITH.



CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.



"And now I shall carry the children— Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John, I shall carry the baby, Esther, For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well,
Or had they the taint of the lcper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan—
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children, My heart will be lighter, I know, For a blessing forever and ever Will follow them as they go." So over the hills to Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the foot of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,'
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children— Permit them to come unto me."

And he took in his arms little Esther,

And Rachel he set on his knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
And he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

JULIA GILL.

TOE TERESTANDE SONS.

HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness and mind of gentle mould.

They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,

That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.

I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair—

And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;

I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,

But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.

But that which others most admire is the thought that fills his mind—

The food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;

He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk;

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext

With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teacheth him to pray;

And strange and sweet and solemn then are the words which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be; And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,

I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three; I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,

How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee;

HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his years old, brother's, keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with cheerful tone,

Will sing his little song of love when left to sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,

God comfort us for all the love that we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,

Are number'd with the sacred things which God will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest.

Where other blessed infants be—on their Saviour's loving breast.

THE THREE SONS.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,

But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brothren twain, his bliss can never cease;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;

But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be—

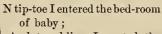
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss and this world's misery—

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—

Oh, we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again!

JOHN MOULTRIE.





And trembling I parted the gossamer curtains

Where baby lay, fair as a fresh morning glory.

Like petals of purest and pinkest petunias, Four delicate fingers crept out of their nestling, Transparent and chubby, they rest on the crib's edge,

And draping the fingers, a fringe of crochet-work, As flossy and light as a net-web of snow lace, Lay, kissing them daintily—ever so daintily! Nails soft and so tiny, and tinted like pink-buds, Looked up to me temptingly—"ever so cunning;" And asked me to kissthem, and oh! how I longed to, But dare not, for baby was smiling so sweetly I knew he beheld then an angel-face near him.

Loose ringed, on his temples of pure alabaster, Lay curls of the softest and lightest of texture, As sketched by a crayon of delicate gold-tint; Such curls as the gods gave to Cupid and Psyche! Those kissable curls, with their live, springing tendrils.

Came up to my lips, and went down to my heartstrings.

Those eyelids so filmy, translucent as amber, Were colored and toned by the blue eyes beneath them,

To softest of purple. O marvellous eyelids!

Ah! what is this clinging so close to my heart-

string,

'Tis fear—that I know by the thrill in my bosom? 'Tis born of these ringlets and fingers and eyelids: Born of this beauty too precious for mortals; It tells me I look on the face of an angel

That lies there deceiving my soul by concealing Its pinions beneath the blue waves of the velvet.

I'll wake him! the darling! with kisses I'll wake him.

There! there! I have reddened the white brow of baby,

Between those two limnings of delicate lace work—
The rarest of eyebrows; his laugh reassures me!
I'll crush him down hard, wings and all, on my bosom.

Knickerbocker.

"LITTLE CHILDREN,"

EEP a guard on your words, my darlings, For words are wonderful things,

They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,

Like the bees, they have terrible stings.

They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine, And brighten a lonely life,

They can cut, in the strife of anger, Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged, If their errand is true and kind;

If they come to support the weary,

To comfort and help the blind.

If a bitter, revengeful spirit

Prompts the words, let them be unsaid;

They may flash through a brain like lightning, Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel, Under bar, and lock, and seal;

The wounds they make, my darlings, Are always slow to heal.

May peace guard your lives, and ever, From this time of your early youth, May the words that you daily utter

Be the beautiful words of truth.

RELIGION

any weak soul frightened that I should write of the Religion of the boy? How, indeed, could I cover the field of his moral intellectual growth, if I left unnoticed those dream of futurity and of goodness, which come sometimes to his moments, and quieter

oftener to his hours of vexation and trouble? It would be as wise to describe the season of Spring with no note of the silent influences of that burning Day-god which is melting day by day the shattered ice-drifts of Winterwhich is filling every bud with succulence, and painting one flower with crimson, and another with white.

I know there is a feeling—by much too general, as it seems to me—that the subject may not be approached except through the dicta of certain ecclesiastical bodies, and that the language which touches it must not be that every-day language which mirrors the vitality of our thought, but should have some twist of that theologic mannerism, which is as cold to the boy as to the busy man of the world.

I know very well that a great many good souls will call levity what I call honesty, and will abjure that familiar handling of the boy's lien upon Eternity which my story will show. But I shall feel sure, that, in keeping true to Nature with word and with thought, I shall in no way offend against those highest truths to which all truthfulness is kindred.

up in the hearing of daily prayers; nay, you are perhaps taught to say them.

Sometimes they have a meaning, and sometimes they have none. They have a meaning when your heart is troubled, when a grief or a wrong weighs upon you: then the keeping of the Father, which you implore, seems to come from the bottom of your soul; and your eye suffuses with such tears of feeling as you count holy, and as you love to cherish in your memory.

But they have no meaning when some trifling vexation angers you, and a distaste for all about you breeds a distaste for all above you. In the long hours of toilsome days little thought comes over you of the morning prayer; and only when evening deepens its shadows, and your boyish vexations fatigue you to thoughtfulness, do you dream of that coming and endless night, to which—they tell you—prayer softens the way.

Sometimes upon a Summer Sunday, when you are wakeful upon your seat in church, with some strong worded preacher who says things that half fright you, it occurs to you to consider how much goodness you are made of; and whether there be enough of it after all to carry you safely away from the clutch of Evil? And straightway you reckon up those friendships where your heart lies; you know you are a true and honest friend to Frank; and you love your mother, and your father, as for Nelly, Heaven knows, you could not contrive a way to love her better than you do.

You dare not take much credit to yourself for the love of little Madge—partly You have Christian teachers, who speak because you have sometimes caught yourself always reverently of the Bible; you grow trying—not to love her; and partly because the black-eyed Jenny comes in the way. Yet you can find no command in the Catechism to love one girl to the exclusion of all other girls. It is somewhat doubtful if you ever do find it. But as for loving some half-dozen you could name, whose images drift through your thought, in dirty, salmoncolored frocks, and slovenly shoes, it is quite impossible; and suddenly this thought, coupled with a lingering remembrance of the pea-green pantaloons, utterly breaks down your hopes.

Yet you muse again,—there are plenty of good people, as the times go, who have their dislikes, and who speak them too. Even the sharp-talking clergyman you have heard say some very sour things about his landlord, who raised his rent the last year. And you know that he did not talk as mildly as he does in the church, when he found Frank and yourself quietly filching a few of his peaches through the orchard fence.

But your clergyman will say perhaps, with what seems to you quite unnecessary coldness, that goodness is not to be reckoned in your chances of safety; that there is a Higher Goodness, whose merit is All-This puzzles you sadly; nor will you escape the puzzle, until, in the presence of the Home altar, which seems to guard you, as the Lares guarded Roman children, you feel-you cannot tell howthat good actions must spring from good sources: and that those sources must lie in that Heaven toward which your boyish spirit yearns, as you kneel at your mother's side.

Conscience too is all the while approving you for deeds well done; and-wicked as you fear the preacher might judge it-you cannot but found on those deeds a hope that your prayer at night flows more easily, more freely, and more holily toward "Our

life—whatever may be the ill-advised expressions of human teachers-will you ever find that Duty performed, and generous endeavor will stand one whit in the way either of Faith or of Love. Striving to be good is a very direct road toward Goodness, and if life be so tempered by high motive as to make actions always good, Faith is unconsciously won.

Another notion that disturbs you very much, is your positive dislike of long sermons, and of such singing as they have when the organist is away. You cannot get the force of that verse of Dr. Watts which likens heaven to a never-ending Sabbath; you do hope—though it seems a half wicked hope-that old Dr. - will not be the preacher. You think that your heart in its best moments craves for something more lovable. You suggest this perhaps to some Sunday teacher, who only shakes his head sourly, and tells you it is a thought that the Devil is putting in your brain. strikes you oddly that the Devil should be using a verse of Dr. Watts to puzzle you! But if it be so, he keeps it sticking by your thought very pertinaciously, until some simple utterance of your mother about the Love that reigns in the other world seems on a sudden to widen Heaven, and to waft away your doubts like a cloud.

It excites your wonder not a little to find people, who talk gravely and heartily of the excellence of sermons and of churchgoing, sometimes fall asleep under it all. And you wonder—if they really like preaching so well-why they do not buy some of the minister's old manuscripts, and read them over on week-days, or invite the clergyman to preach to them in a quiet way in private.

- Ah, Clarence, you do not yet know the poor weakness of even maturest manhood, and the feeble gropings of the soul Father in Heaven." Nor indeed later in toward a soul's paradise in the best of the world! You do not yet know either, that ignorance and fear will be thrusting their untruth and false show into the very essentials of Religion.

Again you wonder, if the clergymen are all such very good men as you are taught to believe, why it is that every little while people will be trying to send them off, and very anxious to prove that, instead of being so good, they are in fact very stupid and bad men. At that day you have no clear conceptions of the distinction between stupidity and vice, and think that a good man must necessarily say very eloquent things. You will find yourself sadly mistaken on this point, before you get on very far in life.

Heaven, when your mother peoples it with friends gone, and little Charlie, and that better Friend who, she says, took Charlie in his arms, and is now his Father above the skies, seems a place to be loved and longed for. But to think that Mr. Such-an-one, who is only good on Sundays, will be there too, and to think of his talking as he does of a place which you are sure he would spoil if he were there,puzzles you again; and you relapse into wonder, doubt, and yearning.

- And there, Clarence, for the present, I shall leave you. A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs very high. A wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low!

I am assuming in these sketches no office of a teacher. I am seeking only to make a truthful analysis of the boyish thought and feeling. But having ventured thus far into what may seem sacred ground, I shall venture still farther, and clinch my matter with a moral.

There is very much religious teaching, even in so good a country as New England, which is far too harsh, too dry, too cold for the heart of a boy. Long sermons, doc-

trinal precepts, and such tediously-worded dogmas as were uttered by those honest but hard-spoken men, the Westminster Divines, fatigue, and puzzle, and dispirit

They may be well enough for those souls which strengthen by task-work, or for those mature people whose iron habit of self-denial has made patience a cardinal virtue; but they fall (experto crede) upon the unfledged faculties of the boy like a winter's rain upon spring flowers,-like hammers of iron upon lithe timber. They may make deep impression upon his moral nature, but there is great danger of a sad rebound.

Is it absurd to suppose that some adaptation is desirable? And might not the teachings of that Religion, which is the ægis of our moral being, be inwrought with some of those finer harmonies of speech and form which were given to wise ends,-and lure the boyish soul by something akin to that gentleness which belonged to the Nazarene Teacher, and which provided not only meat for men, "but milk for babes"?

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

THE DEAD BOY.



E crossed the sill; she pointed to the bed; There lay her boy, his innocent curly

Nestled upon the pillow, and his face Lit with the solemn and unearthly grace That crowns but once the children of our race; God gives it when he takes them-he was

A broken toy, a bunch of withered flowers, In his thin hands were clasped, his breast

The last frail ties that to this world of ours Had linked the sufferers—save a mother's love.

WM. ALLEN BUTLER.

The Baby I Love.

HIS is the baby I love
The baby that can not talk;
The baby that can not walk
The baby that just begins to creep;
The baby that's cuddled and rock'd to sleep;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that tries to talk;
The baby that longs to walk;
And oh, its mamma will wake some day
To find that her baby has—run away!
My baby!—the baby I love!
HARRIET M. KIMBALL.

This is the baby I love!
The baby that's never cross;
The baby that papa can toss;
The baby that crows when held aloft;
The baby that's rosy and round and soft;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!

The baby that laughs when I peep
To see is it still asleep;
The baby that coos and frowns and blinks
When left alone—as it sometimes thinks;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that lies on my knee,
And dimples and smiles on me
While I strip it and bathe it and kiss it—Oh!
Till with bathing and kissing 'tis all aglow;
Yes, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby all freshly dressed;
That, waking, is never at rest;
That plucks at my collar and pulls my hair
Till I look like a witch—but I do not care;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that understands
And dances with feet and hands,
And a sweet, little, whinnying, eager cry,
For the nice warm breakfast that waits it close by;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A baby was sleeping;
It's mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling

Round the fisherman's dwelling;

And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back
to me!"

Her beads while she number'd, The baby still slumber'd, And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:

"Oh, blest be that warning,

My child, thy sleep adorning,

For I know that the angels are whispering with thee!

"And while they are keeping Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh, pray to them softly my baby with me! And say thou wouldst rather They'd watch o'er thy father!

For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning Saw Dermot returning,

And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,

And closely caressing Her child with a blessing,

For the nice warm breakfast that waits it close Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering by; to thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.



BABY'S TOES.

H, the tiny, curled-up treasure,
Just as cute as cute can be!
Come and help me count them, Madgie,
While the baby bends to see;

Peeps demurely over dainty
Skirts, drawn up to dimpled knees.
Hey, my lady Lily! whose two
Roly-poly feet are these?

See the darling's round-eyed wonder—
Does she really know they're hers?
Now she reaches down to feel them,
While new triumph in her stirs.

Crow your fill, my little lady!

Those are your own cunning toes,
Round, and soft, and fat, and funny,
And—how many? Madgie knows!

Call them lily-buds to please her?

Madgie says they are too pink,
Say ten roses and two posies!

Rather rose-buds, don't you think?

Come, wee toes, lie still; be covered;
You've cut capers quite enough:
If you don't, we'll kiss and put you
Each one in a paper puff.

HERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue? Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear? I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?

I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss? Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear? God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands? Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?

From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you? God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear? God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

JESUS CHRIST.

QUINTERNETIES NOT NOT SELECTIVE AND SALES IN THE AIR.



HE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the ash, Glowering in the fire with his wee round face; Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there? Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air. His wee chubby face and his touzie curly pow, Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe; He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair, Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon! He sees little sogers pu'ing them a' doun!

Worlds whombling up and down, bleezing wi' a flare, See how he loups! as they glimmer in the air. For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken? He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men, A wee thing maks us think, a sma' thing maks us stare, There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him cauld:
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that daddy Care
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.
He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by night;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi' castles in the air.

JAMES BALLANTYNE

TUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point, IVI Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued, The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.

Spotted, the mountains shine; loose sleet descends, And floods the country round. The rivers swell, Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills, O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts, A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; And where they rush, the wide resounding plain Is left one slimy waste.

THOMSON

Our First-Born.



HAPPY husband! happy wife! The rarest blessing Heaven drops down.

The sweetest blossom in Spring's crown,

Starts in the furrows of your life!

God! what a towering height ye win,

Who cry, "Lo, my beloved child!"
And, life on life sublimely piled,
Ye touch the heavens and peep within!

Look how a star of glory swims

Down aching silences of space,

Flushing the darkness till its face

With beating heart of light o'erbrims!

So brightening came Babe Christabel, To touch the earth with fresh romance, And light a mother's countenance With looking on her miracle.

With hands so flower-like, soft, and fair, She caught at life, with words as sweet As first spring violets, and feet As faery-light as feet of air.

The father, down in Toil's murk mine, Turns to his wealthy world above, Its radiance, and its home of love; And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

The mother moves with queenlier tread;
Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
Above her heart, so warm and white,
A pillow for the baby-head!

Their natures deepen, well-like, clear,
Till God's eternal stars are seen,
For ever shining and serene,
By eyes anointed Beauty's seer.

A sense of glory all things took,—
The red rose-heart of Dawn would blow,
And Sundown's sumptuous pictures show
Babe-cherubs wearing their babe's look!

And round their peerless one they clung, Like bees about a flower's wine-cup; New thoughts and feelings blossom'd up, And hearts for very fulness sung

Of what their budding babe shall grow, When the maid crimsons into wife, And crowns the summit of some life, Like Phosphor, with morn on its brow! And they should bless her for a bride,
Who, like a splendid saint alit
In some heart's seventh heaven, should sit,
As now in theirs, all glorified!

But O! 'twas all too white a brow
To flush with passion that doth fire
With Hymen's torch its own death-pyre,—
So pure her heart was beating now!

And thus they built their castles brave
In faery lands of gorgeous cloud;
They never saw a little white shroud,
Nor guess'd how flowers may mask the grave.

GERALD MASSEY.

my signe

DREAM, MY BABY.

OTHER'S baby, rock and rest,
Little birds are fast asleep.
Close beneath her mother-breast,
Safe the bird her brood will keep.
Oh! my nestling, mother sings,
Close within the mother-arms,
Fold thy little, unfledged wings,
Safe from any rude alarms.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast.
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

Ah! my baby, from the nest
Little birds will some day fly
To the east and to the west,
Wild their pretty wings to try.
But, fly they fast, my bird, or far,
Never can they find the spot,
Under sun or any star,
Where the mother-love is not.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

Oh! my baby, mother prays,
As she clasps you closer still,
All sweet things for coming days,
And not any earthly ill.
Always, child, remember this;
Mother's heart is warm and true,
And she tells you, with a kiss,
There'll be always room for yon.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast,
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Little Mary's Secret.



larks sing out to the thrushes,

And thrushes sing to the sky;

Sing from your nest in the bushes,

And sing wherever you fly; For I'm sure that never another

Such secret was told unto you—
I've just got a baby brother!
And I wish that the whole world knew.

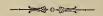
I have told the buttercups, truly,
And the clover that grows by the way;
And it pleases me each time, newly,
When I think of it during the day.
And I said to myself: "Little Mary,
You ought to be good as you can,
For the sake of the beautiful fairy
That brought you the wee little man."

I'm five years old in the summer,
And I'm getting quite large and tall;
But I thought till I saw the new-comer,
When I looked in the glass, I was small.
And I rise in the morning quite early,
To be sure that the baby is here,
For his hair is so soft and curly,
And his hands so tiny and dear!

I stop in the midst of my pleasure—
I'm so happy I can not play—
And keep peeping in at my treasure,
To see how much he gains in a day.
But he doesn't look much like growing,
Yet I think that he will in a year,
And I wish that the days would be going,
And the time when he walks would be here!

Oh, larks! sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing as you soar;
For I think, when another spring blushes,
I can tell you a great deal more:

I shall look from one to the other,
And say: "Guess who I'm bringing to you?"
And you'll look—and see—he's my brother!
And you'll sing, "Little Mary was true."
Mrs. L. C. Whiton.



MOTHER GOOSE.

One that is not very long,
I am getting so tired and sleepy,
Or sing me a little song—
Something about the boy in blue
That watched the cows and sheep,
Who ought to get up and blow the horn,
But he lies in the hay asleep."

And I answered with quick impatience,
While he hung his sleepy head,
"No, not a story or song to-night,
Bertie must go to bed."
But after the room was silent,
And the weary boy asleep,
And never a sound came on my ears
Save the lonely cricket's peep.

The voice with the tone of pleading
Kept coming again and again,
"Tell me a story or sing me a song,"
Till I could not bear the pain;
So I went with stealthy footstep
To see how my darling slept;
Weak and foolish though it may seem,
I knelt by the bed and wept,

To think that I had refused him

The song that he loved so well,

And refused the simple story

That none but a mother could tell,

And I said, "Sleep on, sweet dreamer;

Fear not the cows and the sheep;

Dream that you lie in the meadow,

Under the hay asleep.

All too soon you will waken.

To watch o'er the field of corn;

All too soon will the sheep get in,

Though you bravely blow your horn."



A SPRING SNOW STORM.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY

HERE'S a flutter of wings in the cherry trees,

And a merrier sound than the hum of bees—

The winds are awake—the winds of May—And this is the hour and this is the way

The four winds play:

They toss the blossomy boughs in air;
They sift the snow of the petals fair
Into the sunshine; and then away
On the topmost branches they perch and say,
"Isn't this gay?"

THE TORN HAT.

* * * * * "A leaf
Fresh flung upon a river that will dance
Upon the wave that stealeth out its life,
Then sink of its own heaviness."

PHILIP SLINGSBY.

MHERE'S something in a noble boy, A brave, free-hearted, careless one, With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy, His dread of books and love of fun, And in his clear and ready smile, Unshaded by a thought of guile, And unrepress'd by sadness-Which brings me to my childhood back, As if I trod its very track, And felt its very gladness. And yet it is not in his play, When every trace of thought is lost, And not when you would call him gay, That his bright presence thrills me most. His shout may ring upon the hill, His voice be echoed in the hall, His merry laugh like music trill, And I unheeding hear it all-For, like the wrinkles on my brow, I scarcely notice such things now-But when, amid the earnest game, He stops, as if he music heard, And, heedless of his shouted name As of the carol of a bird, Stands gazing on the empty air As if some dream were passing there-'Tis then that on his face I look, His beautiful but thoughtful face, And, like a long-forgotten book, Its sweet, familiar meaning trace-Remembering a thousand things Which pass'd me on those golden wings, Which time has fetter'd now-Things that came o'er me with a thrill, And left me silent, sad, and still, And threw upon my brow A holier and a gentler cast, That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press—
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling, whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And, on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

N. P. WILLIS.

A WEE SANG ON A WEE SUBJECT.

H, my bonnie Mary,
Winsome little fairy,
Ever licht and airy—
Singin' a' the day;
Lauchin' aye sae sweetly,
Actin' sae discreetly,
Winnin' hearts completely,
Witchin' Mary May.

Cheekies red as roses,
Lippies sweet as posies,
Ilka charm discloses,
Quite a lurin' fay;
Eenie ever glancin',
Leggies ever dancin',
Life an' love enchantin'—
Bonnie Mary May.

Hoo I lo'e thee, Mary!
Witchin' little fairy,
A palace were a prairie,
Wantin' sic a stay;
Sic gladness floats aboot thee,
Princes wadna flout thee,
Life were cauld without thee,
Little Mary May.

THE CHILDREN.



HEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that

My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sins hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild!
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would come back to myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so eagerly bended,

I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;

My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door,
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and evening,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and the tasks are all ended,
And death says: "The school is dismissed,"
'May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S WONDER.

HAT do the birds say, I wonder, I wonder,
With their chitter and chatter? It isn't all play,

Do they scold, do they fret at some boggle or blunder.

As we fret, as we scold day after day?

Do their hearts ever ache, I wonder, I wonder,
At anything else than the danger that comes
When some enemy threatens them over or under
The great, leafy boughs of their great leafy
homes?

Do they vow to be friends, I wonder, I wonder, With promises fair and promises sweet,
Then, quick as a wink, at a word fall asunder,
As human friends do, in a moment of heat.

But day after day I may wonder and wonder,
And ask them no end of such questions as thesc—
With chitter and chatter, now over, now under,
The big, leafy boughs of the big, leafy trees

They dart and they skim, with their bills full of plunder,

But never a word of an answer they give, And never a word shall I get, though I wonder From morning till night, as long as I live.

MEASURING THE BABY.



E measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage
wall—
A lily grew on the
threshold,
And the boy was
just as tall;
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a
jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew
to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

──→>-THE PLAY-HOUSE.

NDER a fir in the garden ground

A strange habitation to-day I found,
Built of bushes, and bark, and boards,
And holding hidden the queerest hoards.

There were bits of crockery, sticks, and stones, Shreds of pink calico, strings of cones, Crumbs of candle, a picture-book, And, strangest of all, in a cosy nook Was an idol made in the image of man, With charcoal eyes, and stuffed with bran.

"Were they heathens who dwelt there?" Oh, no, indeed,

"Were they animals?" Yes, of the kind that can read,

And laugh and cry, or be wicked and pray, And when they are old their hair grows gray.

Their names are Margery, Ned, and Sue; Their curls are brown, and their eyes are blue; And they builded there in the summer heat, As glad as the birds, and sang as sweet.

The birds that built in the tree-tops high Are singing under a summer sky; But the dear little builders who toiled below Are singing here in the firelight glow.

THE BOY'S APPEAL.

Oh, why must my face be washed so clean, And rubbed and scrubbed for Sunday? When you very well know, as you often have seen, 'Twill be dirty again on Monday.

You rub as hard as ever you can,

And your hands are rough, to my sorrow;

No woman shall wash me when I'm a man;

And I wish I was one to-morrow!

SHALL THE BABY STAY.



N a little brown house
With scarce room for a
mouse,
Came with morning's first
ray,
One remarkable day,
(Though who told her the
way
I am sure I can't say)
A young lady so wee
That you scarcely could

Her small speck of a nose; And, to speak of her toes,— Though it seems hardly fair, Since they surely were there, Keep them covered we must; You must take them on trust.

Now this little brown house, With scarce room for a mouse, Was quite full of small boys, With their books and their toys, Their wild bustle and noise.

"My dear lads," quoth papa,
"We've too many by far;
Tell us, what can we do
With this damsel so new?
We've no room for her here,
So to me 'tis quite clear,
Though it gives me great pain,
I must hang her again
On the tree whence she came,
(Do not cry, there's no blame)
With her white blanket round her,
Just as Nurse Russell found her."

Said stout little Ned,
"I'll stay all day in bed,
Squeezed up nice and small,
Very close to the wall."
Then spoke Tommy, "I'll go
To the cellar below;

I'll just travel about,
But not try to get out;
Till you're all fast asleep;
And so quiet I'll be
You'll not dream it is me."
Then flaxen-haired Will,
"I'll be dreadfully still;
On the back stairs I'll stay,
Way off, out of the way."

Quoth the father, "Well done My brave darlings, come on! Here's a shoulder for Will, Pray sit still, sir, sit still! Valiant Thomas, for thee, A good seat on my knee, And Edward, thy brother, Can perch on the other; Baby John, take my back; Now, who says we can't pack?

"So love gives us room,
And our birdie shall stay.
We'll keep her, my boys,
Till God takes her away."

THE CHILDREN.

H! what would the world be to us

If the children were no more?

We should dread the desert behind us

Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That, to the world, are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



FAIR little girl
Sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as
Her eyes could see;
She smoothed her work,
And folded it right,
And said, "Dear work,
Good-night, good-night."

Such a number of rooks
Went over her head,
Crying, "Caw, caw,"
On their way to bed.
She said, as she watched
Their curious flight,
"Little black things,
Good-night, good-night."

The horses neighed,
And the oxen lowed,
And the sheep's "bleat, bleat,"
Came over the road;
All seeming to say,
With a quiet delight,
"Good little girl,
Good-night, good-night."

She did not say
To the sun, "Good-night,"
Though she saw him there,
Like a ball of light;
For she knew he had
God's time to keep
All over the world,
And never could sleep.

The tall, pink fox-glove Bowed his head; The violets curtsied And went to bed; And good little Lucy
Tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees,
Her favorite prayer.

And when on her pillow,
She softly lay,
She heard nothing more
Till again it was day.
And all things said
To the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning,
Our work has begun."

LORD HOUGHION.

A HINT.

UR Daisy lay down
In her little night gown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain.

Then, foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told!

There, close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden-crowned head;
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you!" she said.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.



BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.



LESSINGS on the blessed children, sweetest gifts of Heaven to earth,
Filling all the heart with gladness, filling all the house with mirth;
Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures of the primal bloom
Which the bliss forever gladdens, of the regions whence they come;
Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state withouten care,
And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all in nature fair;
Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief to vex the nigh,
And a hope that in existence finds each hour a luxury;

And a nope that in existence finds each nour a fuxury;
Going singing, bounding, brightening—never fearing as they go,
That the innocent shall tremble, and the loving find a foe;
In the daylight, in the starlight, still with thought that freely flies,
Prompt and joyous, with no question of the beauty in the skies;
Genial fancies winning raptures, as the bee still sucks her store,
All the present still a garden glean'd a thousand times before;
All the future but a region where the happy serving thought,
Still depicts a thousand blessings, by the wingéd hunter caught;
Life a chase where blushing pleasures only seem to strive in flight,
Lingering to be caught, and yielding gladly to the proud delight;
As the maiden, through the alleys, looking backward as she flies,
Woos the fond pursuer onward, with the love-light in her eyes.

Oh! the happy life in children, still restoring joy to ours, Making for the forest music, planting for the wayside flowers; Back recalling all the sweetness, in a pleasure pure as rare, Back the past of hope and rapture bringing to the heart of care. How, as swell the happy voices, bursting through the shady grove, Memories take the place of sorrows, time restores the sway to love! We are in the shouting comrades, shaking off the load of years, Thought forgetting, strifes and trials, doubts, and agonies, and tears; We are in the bounding urchin, as o'er hill and plain he darts, Share the struggle and the triumph, gladdening in his heart of hearts; What an image of the vigor and the glorious grace we knew, When to eager youth from boyhood at a single bound we grew! Even such our slender beauty, such upon our cheek the glow, In our eyes the life of gladness—of our blood the overflow, Bless the mother of the urchin! in his form we see her truth: He is now the very picture of the memories in our youth; Never can we doubt the forehead, nor the sunny flowing hair, Nor the smiling in the dimple speaking chin and cheek so fair; Bless the mother of the young one; he hath blended in his grace, All the hope, and joy, and beauty, kindling once in either face!

Oh! the happy faith of children, that is glad in all it sees, And with never need of thinking, pierces still its mysteries!

BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

In simplicity profoundest, in their soul abundance bless'd, Wise in value of the sportive, and in restlessness at rest; Lacking every creed, yet having faith so large in all they see, That to know is still to gladden, and 'tis rapture but to be. What trim fancies bring them flowers; what rare spirits walk their wood, What a wondrous world the moonlight harbors of the gay and good! Unto them the very tempest walks in glories grateful still, And the lightning gleams, a seraph, to persuade them to the hill: 'Tis a sweet and loving spirit, that throughout the midnight rains, Broods beside the shutter'd windows, and with gentle love complains; And how wooing, how exalting, with the richness of her dyes, Spans the painter of the rainbow, her bright arch along the skies, With a dream like Jacob's ladder, showing to the fancy's sight, How 'twere easy for the sad one to escape to worlds of light! Ah! the wisdom of such fancies, and the truth in every dream, That to faith confiding offers, cheering every gloom, a gleam! Happy hearts, still cherish fondly each delusion of your youth, Joy is born of well believing, and the fiction wraps the truth.

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W. G. SIMMS.

GOING UP.

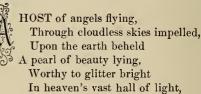
P and up the baby goes,
Up to papa's shoulder.
Now she clings to papa's nose—
Now, becoming bolder,
How she flings her arms and crows!
Do you think the darling knows
How strong the arms that hold her?

Up and up the baby goes,
Taller, wiser, older;
As the calyx holds the rose,
Childish years enfold her;
By and by they shall enclose
From the woman and the rose;
Then, O Father, hold her!

On the heights of womanhood, Hold her, Heavenly Father; Lest, forgetting what is good, She be carried rather Down with folly's multitude Into error's mazy wood Where the shadows gather.

Up and up the baby goes;
Heavenly Father, give her
Heart to feel for others' wocs,
Hands of helping ever;
Let her bloom, when life shall close,
Like a white immortal rose
By the crystal river.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.



They saw with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor;
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinion's o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.
DIRK SMITS (Dutch.)

Translation of H. S. VAN DYK.

-** BABY'S BAY. DAY.

HE reason I call it "Baby's Day" Is funny enough to tell; squills"

To dolly to make her well;

And then when I told her how wrong it was, She said, with a quivering sigh, "I'm sorry I made her so sticky, mamma,

But I couldn't let dolly die."

Then comforted wholly she went away, And was just as still as a mouse, And I thought to be sure I should find her at once

In the nursery playing "house;" But, lo! on the way as I started to look, A queer little piece I found, Just like a centre of snowy lawn That the scissors had scalloped round,

I cried, "O, baby! what have you done? You have been to somebody's drawer, And taken from out of the handkerchief pile The most beautiful one that you saw!" And then the dear little head went down Pathetic as it could be, While she sobbed, "There was nothing for me to

And I thought I'd take two or three!"

It was only a little later on, That the water began to splash, And I jumped and found she was rubbing away On her sister's holiday sash; But, catching a look of utter dismay, As she lifted her innocent eyes, She whispered: "Don't worry, I'll wash it all And hang it up till it dries."

But the funny mishaps of that wonderful day I could not begin to relate; The boxes of buttons and pins she spilled, Like a cherub pursued by fate! And still, all the while, the dear little dove Was fluttering 'round her nest, And the only thing I really could do Was to smooth out her wings on my breast.

But the day drifted on till it came to an end, And the great moon rose in sight. And the dear soft lids o'er the dear soft eyes Dropped tenderly their good-night.

And I thought, as I looked on her lying asleep, I was glad (for once in a way), The first thing she did was give "syrup of That my beautiful child was human enough For a mischievous "Baby Day."

MRS. L. C. WHITON.

MAMMA'S STORY.

ELL us a story, mamma dear," The children cried one day. "The rain falls fast. It is going to last, And we are all tired of play."

Ah! pleading eyes and winning tones, How could they be denied? So mamma began in merry strain, And she laid her work aside:

"There was an old woman that lived in a shoe, And of all the children that ever you knew, Hers was the wildest, funniest crew; Do you wonder she didn't know what to do?

"There were Ella, and Nell, and Mary Belle, Laurie, Laura, and Maud Estelle, Sarah, Sammy, and Josephine, Norah, Norval, and Madeline, Lilian, Archibald, and Harry, Christopher, Charlie, Pete, and Carrie, Jemmy, Johnny, and Theodore, And over a half a dozen more,

"And then such a terrible time, 'twas said, She had in getting them all to bed. And supper, alas! was such a dread, Especially when they cried for bread. One night she threatened to whip them all, And reached for the switch upon the wall.

My! how the madcap urchins flew In and out of the poor old shoe; Over each other they madly dash, The old lady after them like a flash. Through a hole in the worn-out sole, Back and forth at each button-hole; Out at the top and in at the toe, Around and under, away they go.

"Finally, wearied out with fun, They drop in their places one by one, And not till her house was still as death, Does the old woman pause to recover breath." JULIA M. DANA.

"THANKS TO YOU."

VERY day for a month of Sundays,
Saturdays, Tuesdays, Fridays, Mondays,
Jack had pondered the various means,
And methods pertaining to grinding
machines,

Until he was sure he could build a wheel
That, given the sort of dam that's proper,
Would only need some corn in the hopper
To turn out very respectable meal.

Jerry, and Jane, and Joe, and the others,
Jack's incredulous sisters and brothers,
Gave him credit for good intentions,
But took no stock in the boy's inventions.
In fact, they laughed them quite to scorn;
Instead of wasting his time, they said.
He would be more likely to earn his bread
Planting potatoes or hoeing corn.

Bessie alone, when all the rest Crushed his spirit with jibe and jest, Whispered softly, "Whatever they say, I know you will build the wheel some day!" Chirping crickets and singing birds

Were not so sweet as her heartsome words; Straight he answered, "If ever I do, I know it will only be thanks to you!"

Many a time sore heart and brain
Leap at a word, grown strong again,
Thanks to her, as the story goes,
Hope and courage in Jack arose;
Till one bright day in the meadow-brook
There was heard a sound as of water plashing,
And Bessie watched with her happy look
The little wheel in the sunlight flashing.

By and by, as the years were fraught
With fruit of his earnest toil and thought,
Brothers and sisters changed their tune—
"Our Jack," they cried, "will be famous soon!"
Which was nothing more than Bessie knew,
She said, and had known it all the while!
But Jack replied with a kiss and a smile,
"If ever I am, it is thanks to you!"

MARY E. BRADLY.

O'er wayward Children wouldst thou hold firm rule,

And sun thee in the light of happy faces?

Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,

And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE GOOD SHIP "NEVER-FAIL."

HY don't you launch your boat, my

boy?"
I asked the other day,
As strolling idly on the beach
I saw my lads at play;
One blue-eyed rogue shook back his curls,
And held his ship to me,
"I'm giving her a name," he cried,
"Before she goes to sea;
We rigged her out so smart and taut,
With flag and snow-white sail,
And now I'll trust her to the waves,
And call her 'Never-Fail.'"

The little ship sailed proudly out,
Through mimic rock and shoal,
The child stood watching on the beach
His vessel reach its goal;
The wind had risen soft at first,
But wilder soon it blew,
It strained and bent the slender mast,
That still rose straight and true;
"Yet," cried the boy, "my ship is safe,
In spite of wind and gale,
Her sails are strong, her sides are firm,
Her name is 'Never-Fail.'"

And presently the wind was lulled,
The little bark came home,
No wreck, although her sails were wet,
Her deck all washed with foam;
And loudly laughed my true boy then,
As at his feet she lay,
And wisely spoke my true boy then,
Although 'twas said in play—
"Papa, I thought if mast and sail
And tackle all were true,
With such a name as 'Never-Fail,'
She'd sail the wide sea through."

THEY PLANTED HER.

Amy died-

Dear little Amy! when you talk of her, Say she is gone to heaven.

Second Child. They planted her—Will she come up next year?

First Child. No, not so soon; But some day God will call her to come up, And then she will. Papa knows everything; He said she would before they planted her.

JEAN INGELOW.

YE BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS.

ING a song of Christmas!

Pockets full of gold;

Plum and cakes for Polly's stocking,

More than it could hold.

Pudding in the great pot,

Turkey on the spit,

Merry faces around the fire—

Sorrow? not a bit!

Sing a song of Christmas!

Carols in the street,

Bundles going home with people,

Everywhere we meet.

Holly, fir, and spruce boughs

Green upon the wall,

Spotless snow along the road,

More going to fall.

Sing a song of Christmas!
Empty pockets here;
Windows broken, garments thin,
Stove black and drear.
Noses blue and frosty,
Fingers pinched and red,
Little hungry children going
Supperless to bed.

Sing a song of Christmas— Tears are falling fast; Empty is the baby's chair, Since 'twas Christmas last. Wrathfully the north wind Wails across the snow, Is there not a little grave Frozen down below?

Sing a song of Christmas!

Thanks to God on high

For the tender hearts abounding

With His charity!

Gifts for all the needy,
For the sad hearts, love,
And a little angel smiling
In sweet heaven above!

FANNY'S MUD PIES.

NDER the apple-tree, spreading and thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,

On the soft grass in the meadow that lies, Our little Fanny is making mud pies.

On her bright apron, and bright drooping head, Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed; Tied to a branch, that seems just meant for that, Dances and flutters her little straw hat.

Gravely she stirs, with a serious look, Making believe she's a true pastry cook; Sundry brown splashes on forehead and eyes Show that our Fanny is making mud pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play Clean soap and water will soon wash away; Many a pleasure in daintier guise Leaves darker traces than Fanny's mud pies.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day, Zealously chases the robins away, Barks at the squirrels, or snaps at the flies, All the while Fanny is making mud pies.

Sunshine and soft summer breezes astir, While she is busy, are busy with her,— Cheeks rosy glowing, and bright sparkling eyes, Bring they to Fanny while making mud pies.

Dollies and playthings are all laid away,
Not to come out till the next rainy day;
Under the blue of those sweet summer skies,
Nothing so pleasant as making mud pies.

ELIZABETH SILL.

In this dim world of clouding cares

We rarely know till wildered eyes

See white wings lessening up the skies

The angels with us unawares!

Gerald Massey.

ANITA AND HER DOLLS.

AMILY laden,

Wee, wise maiden—

Knits her brow in dainty knots,

How to dolly

Cure of folly

Occupies her busy thoughts.

"Dollie's wet her
Feet to get her
Posies, in the morning dew;
Sure to be sick—
Cold or colic—
Like as not the measles, too.

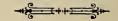
"There is Freddy,
Always ready
Into awful 'fairs to fall:
Bad as Rosy—
Doodness knows, I
Don't know how to manage 'tall!

"Jack or Norah's
Telled a story!
One or t'uver ate ma's cake!
While there's silly,
Greedy Willy,
Got a drefful stomach ache!

"Naughty Bessie
Tored her dress; she
Wants anuver one, I s'pose;
I tell you what
It tates a lot
Of work to teep my dolls in tose!"

Look! she lays her
Down by Cæsar—
What can be the matter now?
Blue eyes closing,
Blinking, dozing—
Wee white hands and lily brow—

Cheeks so waxen,
Tresses flaxen,
Footsteps, that a fairy seems—
All now wander
Over yonder,
In the happy land of dreams!



LULU'S COMPLAINT.

'S a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,
For B'idget is way down stairs;
My titten has st'ached my finder,
And dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I haint seen my bootiful mamma Since-ever so lon' ado; An' I ain't her tunnin'est baby No londer, for B'idget says so.

My ma's got another new baby; Dod dived it—he did—yesterday, An' it kies, it kies, oh, so defful! I wis' he would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle sister!"I want my dood mamma, I do;I want her to tiss me, an' tiss me,An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu!

I dess my bid papa will b'in' me
A 'ittle dood titten some day.
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby,
I wis' s'e would tate it away.

Oh, oh, what tunnin' red finders!
It sees me yite o' its eyes!
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some tanny whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my Dolly
To play wid mos' every day;
And I dess, I dess—Say, B'idget,
As' Dod not to tate it away.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.

A CHILD'S BREAM OF A STAR.



HERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the

beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all children on earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest little specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand at the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about a star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and soon came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down the avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people all the star, because the mother was rethither:

united to her two children. And he

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh! sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through

all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was still shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised."—And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered to one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"—

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

H. W. Longfellow.

HUMAN NATURE.



WO little children, five years old,
Marie the gentle,
Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise
Angels both in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see That they were as human as human can be, And had not yet learned the maturer art Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day, they found, in their romp and play, Two little rabbits soft and gray— Soft and gray, and just of a size, As like each other as your two eyes,

All day long the children made love
To the dear little pets—their treasure trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
'Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades, Or, let us hope, to perennial glades, Brighter and softer than any below— A heaven where good little rabbits grow.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly to
view

The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise, Beheld the dead with streaming eyes Howe'er, consoling, he said, "Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead!" Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart
bled,

"I'm so sorry for Charlie-his rabbit's dead!"



TELLING A STORY.

TTTLE Blue-eyes is sleepy,

Come here and be rocked to sleep.

What shall I tell you, darling?

The story of Little Bo Peep?

Or of the cows in the garden,
Or the children who ran away?
If I'm to be story-teller
What shall I tell you, pray?

"Tell me"—the Blue-eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow,
"Of the baby in the manger,
The little child-Christ, you know.
I like to hear that 'tory
The best of all you tell."
And my four-year-old nestled closer
As the twilight shadows fell.

And I told my darling over
The old, old tale again:
Of the baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men,
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom He blest,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed, as my darling slumbered,
That my child, with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from his Saviour's lesson
And sit at the Master's feet.
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The tender and touching story
That now he holds so dear.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THEFT MIGHT



and fair,

Three pairs of hands that are lifted in prayer,

Three little figures in garments of white,

Three little mouths that are kissed for good-night,

Three little gowns that are folded away,

Three little children who rest from their play, Three little hearts that are full of delight, For this is the close of a sweet Sunday night.

And mamma had clustered them all round her

And made them as happy as children could be; She told to them stories of Jesus of old Who called little children like lambs to His fold; Who gathered them up in His arms to caress, And blessed them as only a Saviour could bless, While the innocent faces grew tender and bright, With the sweet, earnest talk of the calm Sunday night.

And the blue eyes of Bennie had widen'd with fear,

While Maidie had dropped an occasional tear, When they heard of the lions and Daniel so bold, And Joseph who once by his brothren was sold, And the children who walked 'mid the furnace of flame,

Till the Angel of God in his purity came, Walking unharmed in their garments of white,-Oh, these were sweet stories to hear Sunday night!

And Maidie had said—the dear little child— Looking up in the face of her mother so mild, "I wish-oh, so much !- I wish, mamma, dear, When the angels were walking they'd come to us

I'd like once to see them, so shining and fair, Come floating and floating right down through the air.

Let's ask them to come," said the wee little sprite, "Let's ask them to come to us this Sunday night."

Then mamma told in her grave, gentle way, How the angels were guarding the children each day;

HREE little curly heads golden How they stood softly round by the little one's bed;

> How the blessing descended alike on each head: But when they were naughty or wilfully bad,

> Then the Father was grieved and His angels were

"Ah, I mean to be good," lisped the baby, "and

I may see them some time when they're coming to Ben!"

Oh, the innocent children! How little they know Of the dear eyes in heaven bent on them below: Of the guardian spirits, who close by their side Are watching and waiting to strengthen and guide;

And now, as they lie wrapped in dreams and in

How ceaseless the vigils the angels will keep! And mamma prays, "Father, oh, guide them, aright,

And send Thy good angels to guard them tonight!"

MARY R. HIGHAM.

---CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

AFELY guarded by Thy presence, By Thy tender love and power, Holy Father! Thou hast brought me To this peaceful happy hour.

While the night shades gather round me, While "I laid me down and slept," 'Twas Thy mercy that sustained me, And my life in being kept.

Thoughts of all this care so tender, Wake a morning hymn of praise, While a song of full thanksgiving, Here and now to Thee I raise.

Strengthened thus in mind and body, Help me to begin anew, In the race of love and duty, And the right each hour pursue.

So, when all life's changing seasons, Fraught with "weal or woe," are past, Kept and saved by love eternal, Praise shall crown the work at last.

E. S.



HE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye! Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be: But she is in her grave, and, oh! The difference to me!

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said: "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insatiate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend To her; for her the willow bend: Nor shall she fail to see, Even in the motions of the storm, Grace that shall mould the maiden's form By silent sympathy.

"The stars of miduight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight Shall rear her form to stately height, Her virgin bosom swell; Such thoughts to Lucy I will give While she and I together live Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to mc
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

GOING TO BED.

UR Fannie Angelina Didn't want to go to bed,— Her reasons would you know? then Let me tell you what she said. At eight o'clock precisely, At the close of yesterday, Her mamma in the trundle-bed Had tucked her snug away. "It isn't time to go to bed, The clock goes round too quick; It hurts my back to lie in bed And almost makes me sick: I want to show my Uncle George My pretty birthday ring; And sing him 'Jesus loves me,' For he likes to hear me sing; My dollie, Haddynewya, Her yellow dress is thin, And she's sitting on the horse-block, I forgot to bring her in; I want to go and get her, She'll catch a cold and die; I want to get my nankachick, I guess I've got to cry. I said I'd wait till papa comes, I wonder what he'll think; There's something hurts me in my throat, I want to get a drink. I guess I'd rather get it in My little silver cup-What makes me have to go to bed When you are staying up?" So Fannie Angelina Was determined not to do it. Yet she drifted off to Nod land. Poor child, before she knew it. The queen who reigns in Nod land Shut her willful eyes so tight, They quite forgot to open

Till the sun was shining bright.

MY PLAYMATES.

ONCE had a sister, oh fair 'mid the fair!

With a face that looked out from its soft golden hair, Like a lily some tall stately

angel may hold,

Halfrevealed, half concealed in a mist of pure gold.

in a mist of pure gold.

I once had a brother, more

dear than the day,
With a temper as sweet as
the blossoms in May;

With dark hair like a cloud, and a face like a rose, The red child of the wild! when the summerwind blows.

We lived in a cottage that stood in a dell;

Were we born there or brought there I never could tell;

Were we nursed by the angels, or clothed by the favs.

Or, who led when we fled down the deep sylvan ways.

'Mid treasures of gold and silver!

When we rose in the morning we ever said "Hark!"

We shall hear, if we list, the first word of the lark; And we stood with our faces, calm, silent and bright,

While the breeze in the trees held his breath with delight.

Oh the stream ran with music, the leaves dript with dew,

And we looked up and saw the great God in the blue;

And we praised him and blessed him, but said not a word,

For we soared, we adored, with that magical bird. Then with hand linked in hand, how we laughed, how we sung!

How we danced in a ring, when the morning was young!

How we wandered where kingcups were crusted with gold,

Or more white than the light glittered daisics untold,

Those treasures of gold and of silver!

Oh, well I remember the flowers that we found, With the red and white blossoms that damasked the ground; And the long lane of light, that, half yellow, half green,

Seemed to fade down the glade where the young fairy queen

Would sit with her fairies around her and sing, While we listened all ear, to that song of the Spring,

Oh, well I remember the lights in the west,

And the spire, where the fire of the sun seemed to rest,

When the earth, crimson-shadowed, laughed out in the air,---

Ah! I'll never believe that the fairies were there; Such a feeling of loving and longing was ours, And we saw, with glad awe, little hands in the flowers,

Drop treasures of gold and of silver.

Oh, weep ye and wail! for that sister, alas!
And that fair gentle brother lie low in the grass;
Perchance the red robins may strew them with
leaves.

That each morn, for white corn, would come down from the eaves;

Perchance of their dust the young violets are made,

That bloom by the church that is hid in the glade; But one day I shall learn, if I pass where they grow,

Far more sweet they will greet their old playmates, I know.

Ah! the cottage is gone, and no longer I see

The old glade, the old paths, and no lark sings

for me:

But I still must believe that the fairies are there, That the light grows more bright, touched by fingers so fair,

'Mid treasures of gold and of silver!



A DESCRIPTION OF TWO BABIES.

- 1. One of those little carved representations that one sometimes sees blowing a trumpet on a tombstone!
- 2. A weazen little baby, with a heavy head that it couldn't hold up, and two weak, staring eyes, with which it seemed to be always wondering why it had ever been born.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE NURSE'S SONG.



HEN nursery lamps are veiled, and nurse is singing
In accents low,
Timing her music to the

cradle's swinging,

Now fast, now slow-

Singing of Baby Bunting, soft and furry In rabbit cloak,

Or rock-a-byed amid the toss and flurry Of wind-swept oak?

Of Boy Blue sleeping with his horn beside him; Of my son John,

Who went to bed (let all good boys deride him)
With stockings on;

Of sweet Bo-Peep, following her lambkins straying;

Of Dames in shoes,
Of cows, considerate, 'mid the Piper's playing,
Which time to choose;

Of Gotham's wise men bowing o'er the billow, Or him, less wise,

Who chose rough bramble-bushes for a pillow, And scratched his eyes.

It may be, while she sings, that through the portal

Soft footsteps glide,

And, all invisible to grown-up mortal,
At cradle side

Sits Mother Goose herself, the dear old mother, And rocks and croons,

In tones which Baby hearkens, but no other, Her old-new tunes!

I think it must be so, else why, years after, Do we retrace

And ring with shadowy, recollected laughter, Thoughts of that face;

Seen, yet unseen, beaming across the ages Brimful of fun

And wit and wisdom, baffling all the sages Under the sun? A grown-up child has place still, which no other May dare refuse,

1, grown-up, bring this offering to our Mother, To Mother Goose,

And, standing with the babies at that olden, Immortal knee,

I seem to feel her smile, benign and golden, Falling on me.

SUSAN COOLIDGE



Planting Himself to Grow.

EAR little bright-eyed Willie
Always so full of glee,
Always so very mischievous,
The pride of our home is he.

One bright summer day we found him Close by the garden wall, Standing so grave and dignified Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered
With the moist and cooling sand;
The stalk of the great, tall sunflower
He grasped with his chubby hand.

When he saw us standing near him, Gazing so wonderingly At his babyship, he greeted us With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him:

He replied with a face aglow,
"Mamma, I'm going to be a man;

I've planted myself to grow!"

CHILDHOOD.

Happy those early days, when we Breathed in our guiltless Infancy! Who would love to travel back, And tread again that long-passed track Before the tongue had learned to say Aught that the conscience could bewray, Or the sad knowledge to dispense A several sin to every sense.

ATES AJA

AZING where the setting sun-rays Steeped the clouds in gorgeous dyes, Stood my little maid last evening, All her soul within her eyes. "Mamma?" cried she, earnest, breathless, With a faith no doubt could mar, "Isn't that what you've been reading? Isn't that the 'Gates Ajar?'"

"I can almost see the shining Of the streets all paved with gold! I can almost see the gleaming Of the harps the angels hold! Almost, mamma! for the glory Shines so bright it dazzles me." "Mamma!" here the soft voice faltered, "Ain't I good enough to see!

"Is it 'cause I cried this morning When you called me in from my play? If I try again to-morrow, Be real careful all the day, Give you not the smallest trouble, Study all my might and main— Won't God let me see it plainly, When he ope's the gates again?"

"Nay my darling—years of striving, Day by day, and hour by hour, Every duty still fulfilling, Could not give the wondrous power; Yet would mist of sun and weakness From your gaze the vision bar-Never human eyes, unaided Penetrate the gates ajar!"

Filled with wonder, vague yet wistful, Gazed the soft blue eyes in mine, Reading not my hidden meaning, Loath the bright dream to resign. "Never, mamma! shall I never See that Heaven so bright and fair, 'Till I leave you, mamma, darling, 'Till the angels take me there?"

"Nay, my child, that heavenly radiance Ne'er on earthly vision falls-But to those whose hope and treasure Garnered are within its walls, God gives ofttimes spirit glimpses Of their glorious home afar,

And to cheer life's thorny pathway Sets the golden gates ajar!

"Then how petty seem the trials That beset their onward way! Of what little worth the baubles Pleasures show to tempt astray! No more weak and no more weary-What this perfect bliss can mar! While Faith's eyes behold the glories Gleaming though the gates ajar!

'O, my darling, grasp the promise, Bind it on your baby heart, That for those who love him, Jesus Mansions bright hath set apart! Upward, then, towards the radiance, Steadfast shining like a star, Unbetrayed your feet shall journey 'Till they reach the gates ajar."

NA L. RUTH.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

H dear old friend! I come this way Once more, once more to rest on thee, While generous branch and leafy spray A pleasant bower make for me.

It seems as only vesterday That I was racing down the mead, With young companions blithe and gay, To mount thee, brave and bonny steed.

The blackbird pipes as cheerily now, As gaily flaunts the butterfly, As when we shook the pliant bough By madly urging thee on high.

But scattered is that gamesome band That filled with mirth the flying hours; One sojourns in a distant land, One sleeps beneath the daisy flowers.

And others from my ken have passed, But this I feel, where'er they be, They'll not forget while life shall last Our swing beneath the chestnut-tree.

J. G. WATTS.



MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

HARRY'S LETTER.

EAR BILL:

Here I am in Lincolnshire. Now I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask

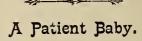
your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles. If you're out of pocket-money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on corduroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Nick, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Frank is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming ever so much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

There's plenty of new rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bill? You must come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, run away. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruits to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bill, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything to make you com- to it, it was quite a piteous little sight. fortable. I dare say you could borrow

your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we've mislaid ours by firing it off. Don't forget some bird-lime, Bill, and some fish-hooks, and some different sorts of shot, and some gunpowder, and a gentle-box, and some flints, some May-flies, and a powder-horn, and a landing-net and a dog-whistle, and some porcupine-quills, and a bullet mould, and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt, and a tin-You pay for 'em, Bill, and I'll owe it you.

Your old friend and school-fellow, HARRY.

THOMAS HOOD.





POOR little baby -such a tiny old-faced mite, with a countenance that seemed to be scarcely anything but cap border, and a little lean, longcoryrighted fingered hand,

always clenched under its chin. It would lie in this attitude all day, with its bright specks of eyes open, wondering (as I used to imagine) how it came to be so small and weak. Whenever it was moved it cried, but at all other times it was so patient, that the sole desire of its life appeared to be, to lie quiet and think. It had curious little dark veins in its face, and curious little dark marks under its eyes, like faint remembrances of poor Caddy's inky days, and altogether, to those who were not used

CHARLES DICKENS.

In The Gradle-Boat.



H, the bonnie sailor boy, and oh, the bonnie boatie!
Swing high, swing low—launch away to sea!
Who but mother, staunch and true, shall row the bonnie boatie,
Sailing to the lily-land, where lovely dreams may be?

Under golden moon and stars, and down a golden river:
Swing high, swing low—mother watch will keep.
Drowsy leaves are drooping near, and purple primroses quiver:
Drop the anchor softly in the quiet cove of sleep!

Oh, the bonnie sailor, and oh, the bonnie boatie!
Swing high, swing low—rosy morning beams.
Many miles and home again, it's row the bonnie boatie:
Mother clasps her sailor from the pretty port of Dreams!

GEORGE COOPER.



-4TME4GREEK\$BOY.₺-

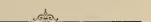
ONE are the glorious Greeks of old,
Glorious in mien and mind;
Their bones are mingled with the mould,
Their dust is on the wind;
The forms they hewed from living stone
Survive the waste of years alone,
And scattered with their ashes, show
What greatness perished long ago.

Yet fresh the myrtles there—the springs
Gush brightly as of yore;
Flowers blossom from the dust of kings,
As many an age before.
There nature moulds as nobly now,
As e'er of old, the human brow:
And copies still the martial form
That braved Plaker's battle storm.

Boy! thy first looks were taught to seek Their heaven in Hellas's skies; Her airs have tinged thy dusky cheek, Her sunshine lit thine eyes; Thine ears have drunk the woodland strains Heard by old poets, and thy veins Swell with the blood of demigods, That slumber in thy country's sods.

Now is thy nation free—though late—
Thy elder brethern broke—
Broke, ere thy spirit felt its weight,
The intolerable yoke.
And Greece, decayed, dethroned, doth see
Her youth renewed in such as thee:
A shoot of that old vine that made
The nations silent in its shade.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

HERE is a beautiful snow-white wing Across the heavens lying;
It must be one of the day's great wings,
For they say the hours are flying.

M. F. BUTTS.



∞■WMICM*SMALL*IT*BE?D>

"WHICH shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John,— John looked at me.
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I listening bent my head.
"This is his letter:"

"I will give A house and land while you shall live If, in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn, I though of all that John had borne Of poverty, and work, and care, Which I, though willing, could not share; Of seven hungry mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped, Where Lilian, the baby slept; Her damp curls lay, like gold alight, A glory 'gainst the pillow white; Softly her father stooped to lay His rough hand down in loving way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said, "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried; ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! sad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one,— Could he be spared? "Nay, he who gave Bids us befriend him to the grave; Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such as he: And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer." Then stole we softly up above, And knelt by Mary, child of love; "Perhaps for her 'twould better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl, that lay Across her cheek in wilful way, And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee;" The while my heart beat audibly. Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad,-So like his father: "No, John, no; I cannot, will not, let him go!"

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting then to ONE in heaven.



THERE was once a little maiden,
They called her "Honey Nellie,"
Who pounds of sugar saved her folks
When they were making jelly;
For her smile had so much sweetness
That the currants and the gooseberries,
If she but smiled upon them once,
Turned sweet as ripest cherries.

MARY A. LATHBURY

TO LAURA, TWO YEARS OF AGE.



RIGHT be the skies that cover thee, Child of the sunny brow-Bright as the dream flung over thee— By all that meets thee now— Thy heart is beating joyously, Thy voice is like a bird's— And sweetly breaks

the melody

Of thy imperfect words. I know no fount that gushes out As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be As beautiful as now,— That time might ever leave as free Thy yet unwritten brow: I would life were "all poetry" To gentle measure set, That nought but chasten'd melody Might stain thine eye of jet— Nor one discordant note be spoken, Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these With woman's lot are wove; Wrought of intensest sympathies, And nerved by purest love-By the strong spirit's discipline, By the fierce wrong forgiven, By all that wrings the heart of sin, Is woman won to heaven. "Her lot is on thee," lovely child-God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness, Thy witching tone and air, Thine eye's beseeching earnestness May be to thee a snare. The silver stars may purely shine, The waters taintless flow— But they who kneel at woman's shine, Wreathe poisons as they bow— She may fling back the gift again But the crush'd flower will oftenest stain. What shall preserve thee, beautiful child? Keep thee as thou art now? Bring thee, a spirit undefiled, At God's pure throne to bow? The world is but a broken reed, And life grows early dim-Who shall be near thee in thy need, To lead thee up to Him? He, who Himself was "undefiled?" With Him we trust thee, beautiful child! N. P. WILLIS.

Stormy-Day Party.

ABY and I are invited To a fine party, they say, I'm sure we will be delighted To go on this stormy day. "Give my love—I'll come; baby, too, Joins me with a hearty, 'a-goo.'" "'Tis not very far-just walk out here," Said dancing little Freddy, "Have this easy-chair, maınma dear, The party is quite ready. Mrs. Hippo, mamma; Miss Rose, too," I bowed, and baby said, "a-goo." Freddy did so very funny look, In papa's coat and high hat, Grace, as Mrs. Hippo and chief cook, In Bridget's new calico, sat. We talked and chatted as people do, Baby repeating his sweet "a-goo."

Tea was served on dainty dishes, Nuts, pop-corn and bits of cake, Peppermints and candy fishes, Were spread for us to partake. We sipped and ate, enjoyed it, too, And baby laughed and said "a-goo."

A step was heard out in the hall, Stamping the snow from the feet, "Papa's come," we shouted, and all Invited him to the treat. He gave us kisses, not a few, But best of all was baby's "a-goo."

"I'm so glad," the dear papa said, "While storming so wild without, We have sunshine within. Fred, Ask mamma to play; no doubt We can join in the singing, too, And baby help with his 'a-goo.'"

'SQUID SCOTCH.'



SUNSHINE IN THE HOUSE:



RIGHTER than the sunshine on a stormy April day,

Is the smile with which a little maid can drive her tears away;

Sweeter than the music of a silver-throated bird,

Comes forth her gentle answer to a wrath-provoking word;
More welcome than the perfume breathed from violet or rose,
Is the influence of sweetness that shall follow where she goes:
And as the little streamlet sings while watering its flowers,
So she can make her work seem light, and sing through busy hours.
Then set a guard on little lips, and little actions, too,
With sunshine bright and music sweet begin each day anew;
For nothing half so dear is found, in garden, field or wood,
As the precious little boy or girl who's trying to be good.

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.



ONE BY ONE.

□ - ##- ←□

NE by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going; Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,

Let thy whole strength go to each,

Let no future dreams elate thee,

Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;

See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly

Has its tasks to do or bear;

Luminous the crown and holy,

When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching heaven; but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.



THE MOTHER AS TEACHER.



HE mother is the luminary that shines and reigns alone in the early child-life; as years advance, the scepter is divided and the teacher shares the sway.

We often think, as we meet the earnest gaze of the interested

pupil, and watch the mind working and the young thought shaping to the will, "Why is it that mothers so willingly yield to others this broad sphere of their domain, and are content to foster the physical and external life of their children, leaving the intellectual and spiritual to grow without their aid?" One would suppose that capable mothers would jealously keep to themselves the high privilege of training the mind, and so bind their children to themselves by ties which are stronger than the mere physical tie can be.

We who have grown to realize to whom we are debtors, are thrilled with delight as we think of those who have been the parents of our intellectual life—who seem nearer to us than our familiar friends, though we never have and never may look upon their living faces,—Bryant, Longfellow, Ruskin, Emerson and Carlyle, and many another. How they have covered our lives with a rich broidery of beautiful and inspiring thought, so that to

live in the same world, and at the same time, seems a benison of blessing.

So may the mother weave into the life of her children thoughts and feelings, rich, beautiful, grand and noble, which will make all after-life brighter and better.

Many a good mother may think she has no time for this mind and soul culture, but we find no lack of robes and ruffles, and except in cases where the daily bread of the family must be earned by daily work away from home, as is done by many a weary mother, we must feel that there is not one who cannot command one half hour each morning, when the mind is fresh and vigorous, to collect her children around her, and minister for a little to their higher wants.

If each mother according to her several ability, seeks to develop the higher and better faculties of her children, the reward will be as great as the aim is noble.

A. W. K.



SWEET AND LOW.

WEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow, Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



ABY, baby, on my breast,
Oh, my little one, sleep sound!

While the red clouds warm the west,
And the bright leaves light the ground.
Mother's love is round you here;
God's love, too, is close and near;
Full and happy be thy rest,
Baby, baby, on my breast!

Baby, baby, at my knee,

Lift your eyes up, let them show All the dreams I cannot see;

Talk and tell me, make me know How the world's dim puzzles seem To your soul's pure waking dream. Bring your marbles all to me, Baby, baby, at my knee.

Baby, baby, at my side,

Ah, your cheek just reaches mine, So, time will not be denied;

Glossy braids are smooth and fine, And I read within your eyes Womanhood's fair mysteries, Baby, baby, at my side, Tall enough to be a bride!

Baby, baby, far from me,

Lines of care have crossed your brow, Little children climb your knee,

Fill your heart and household now,
"Mother," is my baby's name,
Yet to me, she's still the same;
Still the child I rocked to rest
As a baby on my breast.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

LIFE'S DAPPIEST PERIOD.



HERE is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's mid-summer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook and take

our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen years as he does before, unless in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

Was kissing up the April showers, I saw fair Childhood hard at play Upon a bank of blushing flowers: Happy.—he knew not whence or how,—And smiling,—who could choose but

For not more glad than Childhood's brow, Was the blue heaven that bloomed above him.

love him?

Old Time in most appalling wrath,

That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,

The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
But time so swiftly winged his flight,

In haste a Grecian tomb to batter.

That Childhood watched his paper kite, And just knew nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute;
But Childhood's glance of purity
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cyprus-crowned Night's awful
daughter,

And proffered him a fearful cup
Full to the brim of bitter water:
Poor childhood bade her tell her name;
And when the beldame muttered,
"Sorrow,"

He said, "Don't interrupt my game;
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And "Oh," he cried, "do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle.

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavor,

Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last forever.
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on! Oh! Manhood's dreams

Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, of hoarded treasure:
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remembered Heaven!



Little Willie Waking Up.



OME have thought that in the dawning,
In our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children
Than their parents ever know.

And that if you listen sharply,
Better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom
Trickles through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer,
But I knew a little child,
Who, among the thyme and clover,
And the bees was running wild.
And he came one summer evening,
With his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn in pieces
Chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother,
For I'm very tired of play!"
And he said his, "Now I lay me,"
In a kind of careless way.
And he drank the cooling water,
From his little silver cup,
And said, gayly, "When it's morning,
Will the Angels take me up?"

Down he sank with roguish laughter
In his little trundle bed,
And the kindly god of slumber
Showered the poppies o'er his head.
"What could mean his speaking strangely?"
Asked his musing mother then—
"Old the speaking but his prettle:

"Oh 'twas nothing but his prattle; What can he of Angels ken?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid,
And his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly,
And his cheek is like a rose;
But she leaned her ear to listen
If his breathing could be heard:
"Oh," she murmured, "if the Angels
Took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle
Hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracing
Rest the mother and the child;

Up she starteth from her dreaming,
For a sound hath struck her ear—
And it comes from little Willie,
Lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon
Her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches,
Travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward
On some face beyond the room;
And the blackness of the spoiler,
From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his, "Now I lay me,"
Shall be said from mother's knee,
Never more among the clover
"Will he chase the humble-bee.
Through the night she watched her darling,
Now despairing, now in hope;
And about the break of morning
Did the Angels take him up.

E. H. SEARS.

In Unfinished Prayer.

"WOW I lay"—say it, darling;
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep—to sleep," she murmured, And the curly head dropped low.

"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly, Fainter still—"My soul to keep;" Then the tired head fairly nodded, And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened When I clasped her to my breast, And the dear voice softly whispered, "Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of that child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my humblest cry.



THE MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG.





ING him a cradle song,
Tender and low;
Tell him how Jesus came
Long, long ago:
Came as a little one,
Lowly and mild,
God's own eternal Son,
Yet Mary's child.

Long years may come and pass,
And there shall be
Under the churchyard grass
Slumber for thee;
Yet shall thy song live on
Still in his life,
Sweeter when thou art gone
Out of the strife.

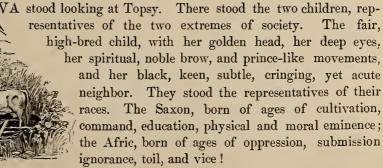
Sorrow will come with time,
Faith may grow cold;
Truth, like a silver chime,
Calls to the fold;
Calls to the roving sheep
(Gone far astray),
"Come, and the Lord shall keep
Spoilers away."

Say not the words are weak,
Scorned of the wise;
Doth not the Master speak
In lowly guise?
He shall thy weakness make
Holy and strong,
And thy poor song shall wake
A sweeter song.

SARAH DOWDNEY.



EVA AND TOPSY.



BABY BELL.





AVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:

With folded hands and dreamy eyes, Wandering out of Paradise,

She saw this planet, like a star,

Hung in the glistening depths of even,— Its bridges, running to and fro, O'er which the white-wing'd angels go,

Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touch'd a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.

The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seem'd bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell, How fair she grew from day to day! What woman-nature fill'd her eyes, What poetry within them lay! Those deep and tender twilight eyes,

Came to this world of ours!

When the dainty Baby Bell

So full of meaning, pure and bright As if she yet stood in the light Of those oped gates of Paradise. And so we loved her more and more: Ah, never in our hearts before

Was love so lovely born: We felt we had a link between This real world and that unseen—

The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),—
For love of Him who smote our lives
And woke the chords of joy and r

And woke the chords of joy and pain, We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down Like violets after rain. And now the orchards which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheek'd peaches blush'd and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In soften'd curves, her mother's face
Her angel-nature ripen'd too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:—
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!
God's hand had taken away the seal

That held the portals of her speech; And off she said a few strange words

Whose meaning lay beyond our reach. She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shudder'd with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears

We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.

Like sunshine into rain.

Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only cross'd her little hands,
She only look'd more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—

Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers And thus went dainty Baby Bell

Out of this world of ours!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

*BABY BYE.

ABY Bye,

Here's a fly;

Let us watch him, you and I.

How he crawls Up the walls,

Yet he never falls!

I believe with six such legs

You and I could walk on eggs.

There he goes On his toes,

Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red

Dot his head;

Rainbows on his back are spread;

That small speck

Is his neck;

See him nod and beck.

I can show you, if you choose,

Where to look to find his shoes,—

Three small pairs, Made of hairs;

These he always wears.

Black and brown

Is his gown;

He can wear it upside down;

It is laced

Round his waist;

I admire his taste.

Yet though tight his clothes are made, He will lose them, I'm afraid,

If to-night
He gets sight

Of the candle-light.

In the sun

Webs are spun;

What if he gets into one?

When it rains He complains

On the window-panes.

Tongue to talk have you and I;

God has given the little fly

No such things, So he sings

With his buzzing wings.

He can eat

Bread and meat;

There 's his mouth between his feet.

On his back

Is a pack

Like a pedler's sack.

Does the baby understand?

Then the fly shall kiss her hand;

Put a crumb

On her thumb,

Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No,

Let him go,

Never hurt an insect so;

But no doubt

He flies out

Just to gad about.

Now you see his wings of silk Drabbled in the baby's milk;

Fie, oh fie,

Foolish fly!

How will he get dry?

All wet flies

Twist their thighs;

Thus they wipe their heads and eyes;

Cats you know

Wash just so.

Then their whiskers grow.

Flies have hairs too short to comb, So they fly bareheaded home;

But the gnat

Wears a hat,

Do you believe that?

Flies can see

More than we,

So how bright their eyes must be!

Little fly,

Ope your eye;

Spiders are near by.

For a secret I can tell,

Spiders never use flies well.

Then away,

Do not stay,

Little fly, good-day.

THEODORE TILTON.



THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"HY would'st thou leave me, oh gentle child,

Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,

Through the long bright hours of the summer's day;

They find the red cup-moss where they climb, And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme, And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know;

Lady, kind lady! oh let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well: Flutes on the air in the stilly noon, Harps which the wandering breezes tune, And the silvery wood-note of many a bird Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountain heard."

"Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall, A song of the hills far more sweet than all; She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee; I dreamt last night of that music low—Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,

Nor hear her song at the cabin door. Come thou with me to the vineyard nigh, And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at
play—

I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell, Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well; Or they launch their boats where the brig t streams flow—

Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now; They sport no more on the mountain's brow; They have left the fern by the spring's green side,

And the streams where the fairy barks were tied.

Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot, For the cabin home is a lonely spot."

Are they gone, all gone from the the sunny hill?—

But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still; And the red-deer bound in their gladness free, And the heath is bent by the singing bee, And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow; Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



TO J. H

FOUR YEARS OLD: -A NURSERY SONG

. . . . Pien d'amori, Pien di canti, e pien di flori.

FRUGONI.

Full of little loves of ours, Full of songs, and full of flowers.

→-j-j--

H, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes,
With a voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so;

With cock-up nose so lightsome, And sidelong eyes so brightsome, And cheeks as ripe as apples, And head as rough as Dapple's, And arms as sunny shining As if their veins they 'd wine in, And mouth that smiles so truly Heaven seems to have made it newly-It breaks into such sweetness With merry-lipped completeness Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio, As blithe as Laughing Trio! —Sir Richard, too, you rattler, So christened from the Tattler, My Bacchus in his glory, My little Cor-di-fiori, My tricksome Puck, my Robin, Who in and out come bobbing, As full of feints and frolics as That fibbing rogue Autolycus, And play the graceless robber on Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,— Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso, How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute, But mischief—there you 're in it: A-getting at my books, John, With mighty bustling looks, John, Or poking at the roses, In midst of which your nose is; Or climbing on a table, No matter how unstable, And turning up your quaint eye And half-shut teeth, with "May n't I?" Or else you 're off at play, John, Just as you'd be all day, John, With hat or not, as happens; And there you dance, and clap hands, Or on the grass go rolling, Or plucking flowers, or bowling, And getting me expenses With losing balls o'er fences; Or, as the constant trade is, Are fondled by the ladies

With "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately fearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When, lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah, rogue! and do you know, John, Why, 'tis we love you so, John? And how it is they let ye Do what you like, and pet ye, Though all who look upon ye, Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!" It is because you please 'em Still more, John, than you teaze 'em; Because, too, when not present, The thought of you is pleasant; Because, though such an elf, John, They think that if yourself, John, Had something to condemn, too, You'd be as kind to them, too; In short, because you're very Good-tempered, Jack, and merry; And are as quick at giving As easy at receiving; And in the midst of pleasure Are certain to find leisure To think, my boy, of ours, And bring us heaps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly,
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends, the thrushes;
And sce what flowers the weather
Has rendered fit to gather;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you—
Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves;
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.



CRADLE SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
HY father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,

And down drops a little dream for thee. Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The Saviour loves his sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep

Away to tend the sheep,

Away thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,

And do not harm my sleeping child!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

THE BIRD CATCHER.

ENTLY, gently yet, young stranger,

Light of heart and light of heel!

Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slyly steal.
Silence!—ah! your scheme is failing—
No; pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping; Nearer yet—how still it seems! Sure, the winged creature's sleeping, Wrapt in forest dreams! Golden sights that bird is seeing.

Nest of green, or mossy bough;

Not a thought it hath of fleeing;

Yes, you'll catch it now.

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail.
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.

Yes, you have it in your tether,

Never more to skim the skies;

Lodge the salt on that long feather—

Ha! it flies! it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at your idle lures!
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!
Led, like you, my hopes to centre
On a grain of salt!

On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here, and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air!
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And their hopes on high!

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

WALLABY.

OLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER.

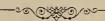
DANAE.

HILST, around her lone ark sweeping, Wailed the winds and waters wild, Her young cheeks all wan with weeping. Danae clasped her sleeping child, And "Alas," (cried she,) "my dearest, What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine! But nor wrongs nor woes thou fearest, In that sinless rest of thine. Faint the moonbeams break above thee, And, within here, all is gloom; But fast wrapt in arms that love thee, Little reck'st thou of our doom. Not the rude spray round thee flying, Has e'en damped thy clustering hair,-On thy purple mantlet lying, O mine Innocent, my Fair! Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow, Thou would'st lend thy little ear, And this heart of thine might borrow Haply yet a moment's cheer. But no; slumber on, Babe, slumber; Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you, My dark troubles, without number,— Oh, that ye would slumber too! Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice, Grant Jove, that, in future years, This boy may defeat their malice, And avenge his mother's tears!"

MY SERMON.

HAVE been siting here for an hour, noting down some thoughts for the sermon which I hope to write during this week, and to preach next Sunday. I have not been able to think very connectedly, indeed; for two little feet have been pattering round me, two little hands pulling at me occasionally, and a little voice entreating that I should come and have a race upon the green. Of course I went; for like most men who are not very great or very bad, I have learned, for the sake of the little owner of the hands and the voice, to love every little child. My sermon will be the better for these interruptions. I do not mean to say it will be absolutely good, though it will be as good as I can make it; but it will be better for these races with my little girl.

BOYD.



(Greek.)

LITTLE TYRANT.



SIMONIDES.

Translation of WILLIAM PETER.

ET every sound be dead;

Baby sleeps.

The Emperor softly tread!

Baby sleeps.

Let Mozart's music stop!

Let Phidia's chisel drop!

Baby sleeps.

Demosthenes be dumb!

Our tyrant's hour has come!

Baby sleeps.

THE RIDE IN A WHEEL-BARROW.

THE RIDE IN A WHEEL-BARROW.



HO does not remember the keen relish of the rapid run in the wheelbarrow of early youth, bumping and

rolling about, and finally turning a corner at full speed and upsetting? Who does not remember the delight of the little springless carriage that threatened to dislocate and grind down the bones? Luxury destroys real enjoyment. There is more real enjoyment in riding in a wheelbarrow than in driving in a carriage-and-four.

вочр.



THE SUNDAY BABY.

OU wonderful little Sunday child!

Half of your fortune scarce you know,
Although you have blinked and winked and
smiled

Full seven and twenty days below.

"The bairn that was born on Sabbath day,"
So say the old wives over their glass—
"Is bonny and healthy, and wise and gay!"
What do you think of that, my lass?

Health and wisdom, and beauty and mirth!

And (as if that were not enough for a dower).

Because of the holy day of your birth,

Abroad you may walk in the gloaming's
hour.

When we poor bodies, with backward look, Shiver and quiver and quake with fear Of fiend and fairy, and kelpie and spook, Never a thought need you take, my dear—

For "Sunday's child" may go where it please, Sunday's child shall be free from harm! Right down through the mountain side it sees The mines unopened where jewels swarm! Oh, fortunate baby! Sunday lass!

The veins of gold through the rocks you'll see:

And when o'er the shining sands you pass,
You can tell where the hidden springs may
be.

And never a fiend or an airy sprite
May thwart or hinder you all your days,
Whenever it chances, in mirk midnight,
The lids of your marvelous eyes you raise.

You may see, while your heart is pure and true.

The angels that visit this lower sphere, Drop down the firmament, two and two, Their errands of mercy to work down here.

This is the dower of a Sunday child;
What do you think of it, little brown head,
Winking and blinking your eyes so mild,
Down in the depths of your snowy bed?

ALICE WILLIAMS.

THE BLIND BOY.

H, say what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight,
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see, You say the sun shines bright; I feel him warm, but how can he Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make Whene'er I sleep or play; And could I ever keep awake With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear You mourn my hapless woe; But sure with patience I can bear A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have My cheer of mind destroy; Whilst thus I sing, I am a king, Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

AVE you forgotten, little wife,
Our far-off ehildhood's golden life?
Our splendid eastles on the sands,
The boat I made with my own hands,

The dreams we had! the songs we made! The sunshine! and the woven shade! The tears of many a sad good-bye, When we were parted, you and I!



The rain that eaught us in the wood, The cakes we had when we were good, The doll I broke and made you cry, When we were children, you and I!

Have you forgotten, little wife, The dawning of that other life? The strange new light the whole world wore, When life love's perfect blossom bore! Ah, nay! your loving heart, I know, Remembers still the long-ago; It is the light of childhood's days That shines through all your winning ways.

God grant we ne'er forget our youth,
Its innocence, and faith, and truth,
The smiles, the tears, and hopes gone by.
When we were children, you and I.
FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

Safe Folded.



H, it is hard when o'er the face We scarce can see for weeping

The little loving baby face,

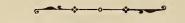
That last, still shadow comes creeping;

Full hard to close the tender eyes, And fold the hands for sleeping.

Yet when the world our own would claim,
It doth not greatly grieve us;
We calmly see as days go by,
Our little children leave us—
And, smiling, heed not how the swift,
Soft-footed years bereave us.

Oh mother hearts I count you rich
Beyond mere earth-possessing,
Whose little babies never grow
Away from your caressing—
Safe-folded in His tender arms,
Who gives again with blessing.

CAROLINE LESLIE.



CHILDREN'S HOUR.

ETWEEN the dark and the daylight,

When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupations, That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight, Descending the broad hall stair, Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair:
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon.
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever, Yes, for ever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,

And moulder in dust away!

HENRY. WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Introduction to "Songs of Innocence."

IPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb! So I piped with merry cheer.

"Piper, pipe that song again;" So I piped; he wept to hear.

INTRODUCTION TO "SONGS OF INNOCENCE."

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe; Sing thy songs of happy cheer!" So I sang the same again, While he wept with joy to hear.

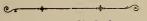
"Piper, sit thee down and write In a book, that all may read." So he vanish'd from my sight; And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen, And I stain'd the water elear, And I wrote my happy songs Every ehild may joy to hear. WILLIAM BLAKE.



THE NEW COMER.

Lancashire Dialect.



HA 'rt weleome, little bonny brid, But should n't ha' eome just when tha did; Toimes are bad.

We 're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe, But that, of eourse, tha did n't know, Did ta, lad?

Aw 've often yeard mi feyther tell 'At when aw eoom i' th' world misel Trade wur slaek; An' neaw it 's hard wark pooin' throo-But aw munna fear thee, iv aw do Tha 'll go baek.

Cheer up! these toimes 'll awter soon; Aw 'm beawn to beigh another spoon— One for thee; An', as tha 's sieh a pratty face, Aw 'll let thee have eawr Charley's place On mi knee.

Hush! hush! tha munno ery this way, But get this sope o' cinder tay While it 's warm; Mi mother used to give it me, When aw wur sieh a lad as thee,

In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee— Oh, what a temper! dear a me, Heaw tha skroikes! Here 's a bit o' sugar, sithee; Howd thi noise, an' then aw 'll gie thee Owt tha loikes.

We 'n nobbut getten eoarsish fare, But eawt o' this tha 'll ha' thi share, Never fear. Aw hope tha 'll never want a meal,

But allus fill thi bally weel While tha 'rt here.

And tho' we 'n ehilder two or three, We 'll make a bit o' reawm for thee— Bless thee, lad! Tha 'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' th' nest; Come, hutch up eloser to mi breast— Aw 'm thi dad.

CRADLE SONG.

TLEEP little baby of mine, Night and the darkness are near But Jesus looks down Through the shadows that frown, And baby has nothing to fear.

Shut little sleepy blue eyes; Dear little head be at rest; Jesus like you, Was a baby onee too, And slept on his own mother's breast.

Sleep little baby of mine Soft on your pillow so white; Jesus is here To watch over you, dear, And nothing ean harm you to-night.

Oh little darling of mine, What ean you know of the bliss, The eomfort I keep, Awake and asleep, Because I am certain of this?



BED-TIME

I.

HE children are going to bed
In nurseries shaded and clean,
And many a bright and curly head
Is nestling the white sheets between.

Little faces all washed white as snow,
Are dewy with kisses to-night,
And young lips are murmuring low
Sweet prayers—words from consciences
white.

Tiny dresses and jackets and shocs
Lie folded away till the morn,
Like the chrysalis, no more of usc
To the gayly-striped insect new-born.

The angel of sleep hovers near,
And curtains the room with his wings;
That incense to angels is dear
Which from the nursery altars upsprings.

Little eyelids quite tired with play,
Are drooping and closing like flowers,
And restless young forms laid away,
To sleep through the long midnight
hours.

In cottage and castle and hall,
In valley, on prairie, or hill,
The calm hush of evening doth fall,
And life hath grown suddenly still.

At sunset a blessing comes down,
And peace upon all things is shed,
For in city and village and town
The children are going to bed.

II.

The children are going to bed,
Such bed as their lives ever know,
In alley and attic and shed,
And cellar-ways fetid and low,

In homes where wrangle and din
Turn night into hideous noon,
Where the voice of shame, sorrow, and sin
Will break their light slumbers too soon.

All tumbled and dirty they lic,
No kiss on the heavy young brow,
A tear scarcely dried in the eye,
The flush of a blow ling'ring now.
They sleep upon pavement or floor,
With never a low word of prayer,
Or gasp at the window or door
For a breath of the life-giving air.

Far up in the tenement high
They sob at the falling of day,
And angels bend down from the sky
To hear what the poor children say.
It may be that even in heaven
Some bright tears of pity are shed,
And sins of the day all forgiven
When the children are going to bed.

III.

"The children are going to bed!"
Hushed voices speak gently the word:
All muffled the mother's light tread,
No merry "Good-evening" is heard,
No breath stirs the ringlets of gold,
No dimple the passionless cheek,
No tossing limbs ruffle a fold
Laid over the hands folded meek.

Oh! quiet the cradle, though small,
Where the children are laid to their rest;
There is room and to spare for them all,
In Earth's warm and welcoming breast.
What matter if castle or cot
Once held the fair image of snow?
All alike are they now in their lot,
As they nestle the flowers below.

Then cover them up from our sight,

Spread the freshest green turf o'er their
head,

Bid them one more caressing "good-night,"

The children are going to bed.

The children are folded in dreams,
Bright angels have sung them to sleep,
And stars with their great solemn beams,
Loving watch o'er their tired forms keep.

No waking to sorrow or gloom,

No hunger, no shame, and no sin,
Oh! faithful and loving the tomb

That safe from life's ills shuts them in.
The sweet name of Jesus our Lord

Once more o'er their pillows be said,
And praise, that, secure in His Word,
The children are going to bed.

M. E. WINSLOW.

A Parent's Prayer.

END down thy winged Angel, God!

Amidst this night so wild,

And bid him come where now we watch,

And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep!

How gentle and how good a child She is, we know too well, And dearer to her parents' hearts Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope—and have despair'd at times,
But now we turn to Thee.

Send down thy sweet-soul'd Angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,

And heal our gentle child!

BARRY CORNWALL.

CHOOSING A NAME.

HAVE got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing woman brought
her

To papa, his infant daughter, How papa's dear eyes did glisten!— She will shortly be to christen; And papa has made the offer, I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,-Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa? Ann and Mary, they're too common; Joan's too formal for a woman; Jane's a prettier name beside; But we had a Jane that died. They would say, if 't was Rebecca, That she was a little Quaker. Edith's pretty, but that looks Better in old English books; Ellen's left off long ago; Blanche is out of fashion now. None that I have named as yet Are so good as Margaret. Emily is neat and fine; What do you think of Caroline? How I'm puzzled and perplexed What to choose or think of next! I am in a little fever Lest the name that I should give her Should disgrace her or defame her;— I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT PLAY-ING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,

And the blue vales a thousand joys recall, See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!

Oh fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.— Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare, And the fond boy springs back to nestle there. LEONIDAS of Alexandria. (Greek.)

Translation of SAMUEL ROGERS.

TO THE CUCKOO.



beauteous stranger of the grove, Thou messenger of Spring! Now heaven repairs thy rural seat, And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green, Thy certain voice we hear; Hast thou a star to guide thy way, Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee I hail the time of flowers, And hear the sound of music sweet From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood To pull the primrose gay, Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear, And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom, Thou fliest thy vocal vale, An annual guest in other lands, Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green, Thy sky is ever clear; Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee! We'd make, with joyful wing, Our annual visit o'er the globe, Companions of the Spring!

JOHN LOGAN.

SWEET BABY, SLEEP.



WEET baby, sleep! what ails my dear?

What ails my darling, thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,

His holy Spouse thy mother too. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing thou hast had;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;

While thus thy lullaby I sing,

For thee great blessings ripening be;

Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thine eldest brother is a King,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy Protector threaten'd are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here, In little babes He took delight; Such innocents as thou, my dear, Are ever precious in His sight. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep. A little infant once was He;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,

That power to thee might be convey'd. Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be till, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay and asses fed:
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain

Have purchased wealth my babe, for
thee;

And by His torments and His pain Thy rest and ease secured be. My baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby sleep.

Thou hast, yet more to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,

Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not: Sweet baby, then forbear to weep; Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

GEORGE WITHER.





"THAT LITTLE HAT."





FIND it in the garden path,
Its little crown half full
Of white flowers; where's the
rogue

Who dared my roses pull?
I find it on the roadside there,
The flowers tossed away,
And in the crown, packed carefully,
A load of stones and clay.

I find it in the daisied field,
Or hidden in the clover,
Inspected by the wandering bees,
And crawled by insects over.
I find it on the old barn floor,
Or in the manger resting,
Or swinging from the beams above,
Where cooing doves are nesting.

I find it 'neath my busy feet
Upon the kitchen floor,
Or lying midway up the stairs,
Or by my chamber door.
I find it in, I find it out,
'Neath table, lounge, or chair,
The little shabby brimless thing,
I find it everywhere

But on the curly, golden pate,
For which alone 'twas meant,
That little restless, sunny head,
On mischief always bent.
Oh! baby boy, this problem solve,
And tell me, darling, whether
Your roguish pate and this old hat
Were ever seen together?

MARY D. BRINE.

MY BOY.



LITTLE roll of flannel fine;
A thrill in mother's heart—"'tis
mine;"
A little head of golden hair;

A lifted eye to heaven in prayer.

A smile that ripples to a laugh; A tear with grief in its behalf; A pushing of a slender chair; A climbing of the oaken stair;

A stride o'er everything at hand; A horse at Santa Claus' command; A little cart all painted red; A train of cars at full steam sped;

A pair of "pants" that reach the knee; A strut like midshipman from sea; A pair of boots with tops of red; A knife, a ball, a gallant sled;

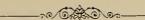
A pocket full of everything; A "shooter," skates, and yards of string; A voting fractions "such a bore;" A holiday rejoicing o'er;

A stretching down the pantaloon; A swim—a wrestling match at noon; A little Latin now, and Greek; A letter home just once a week;

A roaming through collegiate halls; A summer evening spent in calls; A rapture o'er a sunny face; A bow, a ring, some bridal lace;

A kneeling at the chancel rail; A trembling bride, a bridegroom pale. A leap into the world's wide sea; My boy was gone—ah me! ah me!

FRANCES A. M. JOHNSON.





IF I COULD KEEP MER SO.

UST a little baby lying in my arms,

Would that I could keep you with your baby charms; Helpless, clinging fingers; downy, golden hair, Where the sunshine lingers, caught from otherwhere; Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak, Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek; Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe; Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old;
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day,
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Have come to tell you them—what an eager shout!
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know;
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl with your strap of books, And such grave importance in your puzzled looks, Solving weary problems, poring over sums, Yet with tooth for sponge cake and for sugar plums, Reading books of romance in your bed at night, Waking up to study in the morning light; Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow, Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.





Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before, and the world is wide;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
Is that rose of dawning, glowing on your cheek.
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight.
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now,
O! my heart is breaking; but God's love I know—
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

LOUISE C. MOULTON.

WILLIE WINKIE.

Willie Winkie.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,

Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht gown, Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock, "Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?

The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin'
hen,

The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;

But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue!—glowerin' like the moon,

Rattlin' in an airn jug with an airn spoon, Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin like a cock,

Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel! Waumblin' aff'a bodie's knee like a vera eel, Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrumse;

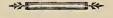
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Weary is the mither that has a storie wean, A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,

That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;

But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.



THE BABIE.

AE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink, Her double, dimplit chin, Her puckered lips and balmy mou' With nae an tooth within. Her een sae like her mother's een, Twa gentle, liquid things; Her face is like an angel's face: We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our love,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na have the gift owre wee_,
'Twad be na blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair, An' see Him in the given; An' sae she'll lead us up to Him, Our babie straight frae heaven.

J. E. RANKIN.





E always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their

secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me as weans, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you will practice it every day in your own families. There is a pleasant little story out of an old book :- "A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do that. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all;' then cutting little wands out of the hedges as ponies, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle into their little legs, and they rode cheerily home." So much for a bit of ingenious fun.

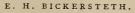
DR. BROWN.

DEATH OF A BABE.

She had seen

All of earth's year except the winter's snows, Spring, summer, autumn, like sweet dreams, had smiled On her. Eva—or living—was her name; A bud of life folded in leaves and love; The dewy morning star of summer days; The golden lamps of happy fire-side hours; The little ewe-lamb nestling by our side; The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts; The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise: The quiet spring the rivulet of joy; The pearl among His gifts who gave us all; On whom not we alone, but all who look'd, Gazing would breath the involuntary words, "God bless thee, Eva—God be bless'd for thee." Alas, clouds gather'd quickly, and the storm Fell without warning on our tender bud, Scattering its leaflets; and the star was drench'd In tears; the lamp burnt dimly unawares The little lamb was faint; the weary dove Cower'd its young head beneath its drooping wing; The chord was loosen'd on our harp; the fount Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry; And in our souls we heard our Father saying, "Will ye return the gift?" The Voice was low— The answer lower still—"Thy will be done." And now where we had often pictured her, I saw her one of the beatified; Eva, our blossom, ours forever now, Unfolding in the atmosphere of love: The star that set upon our earthly home Had risen in glory, and in purer skies Was shining; and the lamp we sorely miss'd, Shed its soft radiance in a better home; Our lamb was pasturing in heavenly meads; Our dove had settled on the trees of life; Another chord was ringing with delight, Another spring of rapture was unseal'd, In Paradise; our treasure was with God; The gift in the great Giver's strong right hand; And none who look'd on her could choose but say, "Eva, sweet angel, God be bless'd for thee."











N the quiet nursery chambers,—
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,—
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest.
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children;
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the Winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Stand the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children,
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head droops low,
One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow—
"Take our souls;"—and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife,
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hand shall grasp this standard
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war:
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eyes can never sleep,

In the warring of temptation,

Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies;
When, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies;
When the last night's solemn shadow
Settles down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally!



WANT that rose the wind took yesterday,
I want it more than this:
It had no thorn—it was the best that grew,
I want my last night's kiss.

I want that butterfly with spotted wings
That brushed across my hand,
Last night, between the sunset and the dew,
It came from fairy-land.

It would have stayed, I guess, it wavered so, Where all those pansies bloom:

They gave it wings to get away from me,
I lost it in the gloom.

And yesterday the bees on all the heads
Of clover swung so low,
I saw them take their honey; but to-day
They only sting and go.

That star that always comes before the moon,
Dropped out of heaven last night;
I hunted where I saw it fall—and found
A worm with yellow light.

I want the sun to go, and let the dark
Hide everything away.
That was the sweetest rose in all the world
The wind took yesterday.

JULIET C. MARSH.



THE FORCED PRAYER.

BABY THANKFUL.



OAMING in the meadow,
Little four-year-old
Picks the starry daisies,
With their hearts of gold;

Fills her snowy apron,
Fills her dimpled hands;
Suddenly—how quiet
In the grass she stands!

"Who made f'owers so petty— Put 'em here? Did God?" I half heeding answer With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,
With uplifted head,
Fervent face turned skyward,
"Thank you, God!" she said.

CAROLINE METCALF.

The Cry of the Children.

O ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against their mothers.

And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,

The young birds are chirping in the

nest,

The young fawns are playing with the shadows,

The young flowers are blowing toward the west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers, They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others, In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow

Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow

Which is lost in Long Ago; The old tree is leafless in the forest,

The old year is ending in the frost,

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,

The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my brothers, Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,

And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses Down the cheeks of infancy;

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary, Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;

Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—

Our grave-rest is very far to seek:

Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,

For the outside earth is cold,

And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,

And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen That we die before our time:

Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her: Was no room for any work in the close clay!

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,

Crying, 'Get up little Alice! it is day.'

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower, With your ear down, little Alice never cries; Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,

For the smile has time for growing in her eyes;

And merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in

The shroud by the kirk-chime.

It is good when it happens," say the children, "That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking Death in life, as best to have:

They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do; Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows

Like our weeds a-near the mine?

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,

From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For, oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;

If we cared for any meadows, it were merely To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,

We fall upon our faces, trying to go;

And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping, The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

For all day we drag our burden tiring Through the coal-dark, underground:

Or all day we drive the wheels of iron In the factories, round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning; Their wind comes in our faces,

Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses

And the walls turn in their places;

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling.

Turns the long light that drops adown the

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceil-

All are turning, all the day, and we with all. And all day the iron wheels are droning.

And sometimes we could pray,

'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moan-

'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth!

Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:

Let them prove their living souls against the

That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward, Grinding life down from its mark;

And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward.

Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,

To look up to Him and pray;

So the blessed One who blesseth all the others, Will bless them another day.

They answer, "Who is God, that He should hear us,

While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd?

When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word. And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door:

Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him.

Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember, And at midnight's hour of harm,

'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words except 'Our Father,' And we think that, in some pause of angels'

God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,

And hold both within His right hand which is strong.

'Our Father!' If He heard us He would surely

(For they call Him good and mild)

Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely.

'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster, "He is speechless as a stone:

And they tell us of His image is the master, Who commands us to work on.

Go to!" say the children,—" up in heaven,

Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.

Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:

We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,

O my brothers, what ye preach?

For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,

And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you! They are weary ere they run;

They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory

Which is brighter than the sun.

They know the grief of man, without its wisdom:

They sink in man's despair, without its calm; Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,

Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm: Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly

The harvest of its memories cannot reap,-Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly. Let them weep! let them weep!

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,

And their look is dread to see,

For they 'mind you of their angels in high places,

With eyes turned on Deity.

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,

Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart.—

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the
mart?

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper, And your purple shows your path!

But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper

Than the strong man in his wrath."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE LITTLE CAVALIER. >

And looks up in her face;
He wears a glow of boyish pride
With such a royal grace!
He proudly waits upon her;
Would shield her without fear—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow
Upon her loving cheek,
To gain her sweet, approving smile,
To hear her softly speak—
Ah! what in all this wide world
Could be to him so dear?—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

Look for him in the future
Among the good, the true:
All blessings on the upward way
His little feet pursue.
Of robed and crowned and sceptered kings
He stands the royal peer—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

GEORGE COOPER.

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

ITTLE fresh violets,

Born in the wildwood;

Sweetly illustrating

Innocent childhood:

Shy as the antelope,
Brown as a berry,
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun-bonnets,
Frayed at the edges!
Up in the apple trees,
Careless of danger,
Manhood in embryo,
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,
Seeking the berries—
Under the orchard trees,
Feasting on cherries—
Trampling the clover blooms,
Down 'mong the grasses,
No voice to hinder them,
Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
No interdiction;
Free as the birdlings
From city restriction!
Coining the purest blood,
Strength'ning each muscle,
Donning health armor
'Gainst life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!

Born in the wildwood;
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
Blue skies spread over them,
Earth's green beneath them,
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them.



& Galling a Boy in the Morning. &





HE Connecticut editor who wrote the following, evidently knew what he was talking about:—

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the

head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp, "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a sodabottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a

promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.



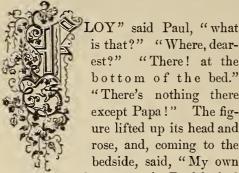
"Good-night!" the sun is setting,
"Good-night!" the robins sing,
And blue-eyed dolls and blue-eyed girls
Should soon be following.
Come! lay the Lady Geraldine
Among the pillows white;
"T is time the little mother kissed
Her sleepy doll good-night.

And, Willie, put the cart away,
And drive into the shed
The pony and the mooly cow;
'T is time to go to bed.
For, listen! in the lilac tree
The robin does not sing;
"Good-night!" he sang, and tucked his
head
Beneath his weary wing.

Soon all the world will go to rest,
And all the sky grow dim;
God "giveth his beloved sleep,"
So we may trust in Him.
The Lord is in the shadow,
And the Lord is in the light,
To guard His little ones from harm;
Good-night, dear hearts, good-night!



-4DEATM +OF +LITTLE +PAUL +



boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart; but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be sorry for me, dear papa; indeed, I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be sorry for me; indeed, I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall-how many nights the dark, dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him-Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, everyday; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no-the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling: why?" "Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, increduously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh, yes, dear." "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's, often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm.

Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow." "Thank you, Floy."

"And who is this?" Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away old nurse. Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now! how bright the flowers growing on them! and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.

SLUMBER SONG.

USHABYE, baby!
How the hours run!
Now the night is coming,
Soon the day'll be done.
The door of the dreamland is ajar;
Haste thee in, it is not far.
Bye, baby, bye!

Hushabye, baby!
Now the day is done.
See, the shadows gather
And the light is gone.
The door of dreamland open stands,
You must haste away:
The little stars have set their lamps,
To guide you in your way.

Hushabye, baby!
Close your little eyes,
Sleep is standing o'er thee,
Waiting for her prize.

Bye, baby, bye!

She has sweetest dreams to give thee, Softest arms which will enfold thee. She will keep thee from all harm. Yield thee quickly to her charm.

Bye, baby, bye!

ELLA BRANCH.

No Age Content with its Own Estate.



SAW the little boy,
In thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to 'scape the rod,
A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels

His bones with pains opprest,

How he would be a rich old man,

To live and lie at rest:

The rich old man that sees

His end draw on so sore,

How he would be a boy again,

To live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled,
To see how all these three,
From boy to man, and man to boy,
Would chop and change degree.

Whereat I sighed, and said,
Farewell my wonted joy,
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me,
To every little boy;

And tell them thus from me,

Their time most happy is,

If to their time they reason had,

To know the truth of this.

EARL OF SURREY.

HILE yet the Spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snow dissolve against the Sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough and yoke the sturdy steer.

VIRGIL.



THE MOTHER'S HEART.



HEN first thou camest,
gentle, shy and fond,
My eldest born, first hope,
and dearest treasure,

My heart received thee with a joy beyond All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;

Nor thought that any love again might be So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,

And natural piety that leaned to heaven; Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears, Yet patient to rebuke when justly given; Obedient---easy to be reconciled—

And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left—still by my side, Haunting my walks, while summer day was dying;

Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide Through the dark room where I was sadly lying;

Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek, Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower, No strength in all thy freshness, prone to

And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;

Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,

And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then thou, my merry love—bold in thy glee,

Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,

With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free, Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,

Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth, Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,

Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;

Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,

And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless, The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;

The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,

The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath
disarming!

Again my heart a new affection found, But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest—thou, the last and least,

Nick-named "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers—

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THE MOTHER'S HEART.

Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast, And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others—

Mingling with every playful infant wile A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!

An eye of resolute and successful scheming!

Fair shoulders, curling lips and dauntless brow—

Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;

And proud the lifting of thy stately head And the firm bearing of thy conscious, tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim

I, that all other love had been forswearing,

Forthwith admitted, equal and the same; Nor injured either by this love's comparing

Nor stole a fraction for the newer call— But in the mother's heart found room for all!

CAROLINE NORTON.

CHILDREN.

No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see A father near him on his knee, Who wishes all the while to trace The mother in his future face; But 't is to her alone uprise His wakening arms; to her those eyes Open with joy, and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO GEORGE.

Albeit mine's a wandering mind
But never, darling, hast thou smiled
Or breathed a wish that did not find
A ready echo in my heart.
What hours I've held thee on my knee,
Thy little rosy lips apart!
Or, when asleep, I've gazed on thee
And with old tunes sung thee to rest,
Hugging thee closely to my bosom;
For thee my very heart hath blest,
My joy, my care, my blue-eyed blossom.

THOMAS MILLER.



Little Brown Hands.

HEY drive home the cows from the pasture,

Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wneat
fields,

That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick waving grasses

Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows

They gather the earliest snowdrops

And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—

The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

M. H. KROUT.





NE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,

Contending still with men untaught and wild,

When He who to the prophet lent his gourd Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift my precious flower was given, A very summer fragrance was its life;

Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven, When home I turn'd, a weary man of strife.

With unform'd laughter, musically sweet,

How soon the wakening babe would meet

my kiss:

With outstretch'd arm its care-wrought father greet!

Oh, in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossom'd near my heart:

A few short months, else, toilsome all, and sad;

But that home-solace nerved me for my part, And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce form'd, was dying (The prophet's gourd, it wither'd in a night);
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying.

Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely cull'd, not suddenly it perish'd,
But gradual faded from our love away:
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherish'd,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining, So tenderly He sued me for His own. So beautiful He made my babe's declining, Its dying bless'd me as its birth had done.

And daily to my board at noon and even
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven,
Gazing the while on death without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid
So very sweet at times our converse seem'd,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made:
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeem'd!

There were two milk-wite doves my wife had nourish'd;

And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand Marking how each other fondly cherish'd, And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew that, to his cradle flying, Full oft they coo'd him to his noontide rest; And to the murmurs of his sleep replying, Crept gently in and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight: the snow-pale infant sleeping,

So fondly guardian'd by those creatures mild, Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping:

Wondrous the love betwix the birds and child!

Still as he sicken'd seem'd the doves too dwining.

Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play:

And on the day he died, with sad note pining, One gentle bird would not be fray'd away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding, As with a human sorrow in its coo:

To my dear child and its dead mate then guiding,

Most pitifully plan'd—and parted too.

'Twas my first hansel and propine to Heaven;
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts—once an infant given,
And offer'd with two turtle-doves to God.

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS.

A PASTORAL.

HE valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never-ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapors dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind,—or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christian hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
"Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race."
——Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries.
James stopped with no good will.
Said Walter then, exulting, "Here
You'll find a task for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross,—Come on, and tread where I shall tread"
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;

Into the chasm a mighty block Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock. The gulf is deep below; And, in a basin black and small, Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan.
Again!—his heart within him dies;
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell—
She saw him down the torrent borne;
And, with all a mother's love,
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn;
The lamb, still swimming round and round
Made answer in that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was
That sent this rueful cry, I ween
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid:
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had hither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light;
The shepherds met him with his charge.
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle shepherd boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ .

Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along that forehead fair,
Lost mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art—
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by Fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown; Glad would they be their child to own! And well they must have loved before, If since thy birth they loved not more. Thou art a branch of noble stem, And, seeing thee, I figure them. What many a childless one would give, If thou in their still home wouldst live! Though in thy face no family line Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!" In time thou wouldst become the same As their own child,—all but the name.

How happy must thy parents be Who daily live in sight of thee! Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek Than see the smile, and hear thee speak, And feel all natural griefs beguiled By thee, their fond, their duteous child. What joy must in their souls have stirred When thy first broken words were heard—Words, that inspired by Heaven, expressed The transports dancing in thy breast! And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow Even while I gaze, are kindling now

I called thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:
Duteous, thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to love!
To God!—for thou, a harmless child,
Hast kept his temple undefiled;
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries;
To love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee.
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy! That light of dreaming soul appears To play from thoughts above thy years; Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring To heaven, and heaven's God adoring. And who can tell what visions high May bless an infant's sleeping eye? What brighter throne can brightness find To reign on, than an infant's mind, Ere sin destroy, or error dim, The glory of the seraphim? But now thy changing smiles express Intelligible happiness.

I feel my soul thy soul partake.
What grief, if thou wouldst now awake!
With infants happy as thyself
I see thee bound, a playful elf;
I see thou art a darling child,
Among thy playmates bold and wild;
They love thee well; thou art the queen
Of all their sports, in bower or green;
And if thou livest to woman's height,
In thee will friendship, love, delight.

And live thou surely must; thy life Is far too spiritual for the strife Of mortal pain; nor could disease Find heart to prey on smiles like these. Oh! thou wilt be an angel bright—To those thou lovest, a saving light—The staff of age, the help sublime Of erring youth, and stubborn prime; And when thou goest to heaven again, Thy vanishing be like the strain Of airy harp—so soft the tone The ear scarce knows when it is gone!

Thrice blessed he whose stars design
His spirit pure to lean on thine,
And watchful share, for days and years,
Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears!
For good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy altered face
Will breathe a more subduing grace
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there
That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.

O vision fair! that I could be Again as young, as pure, as thee! Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form May view, but cannot brave, the storm; Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes That paint the bird of Paradise; And years, so Fate hath ordered, roll Clouds o'er the summer of the soul. Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace, Such as the gladness of thy face, O sinless babe, by God are given To charm the wanderer back to heaven. No common impulse hath me led To this green spot, thy quiet bed, Where, by mere gladness overcome, In sleep thou dreamest of thy home. When to the lake I would have gone, A wondrous beauty drew me on— Such beauty as the spirit sees In glittering fields and moveless trees, After a warm and silent shower Ere falls on earth the twilight hour. What led me hither, all can say Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long;
Thy little dreams become too strong
For sleep—too like realities;
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes.
Thou wakest, and starting from the ground,
In dear amazement look'st around;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home!
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half concealed
The light of soul, and half revealed.
While thy hushed heart with visions
wrought

Each trembling eyelash moved with thought

And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek—
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies cold and
bright—

Till thou awokest; then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure those eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace—
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will:
As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
And water blends again with sky.

O happy sprite! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes! a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be
stealing;

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

But thou wouldst be more loth to part,
And give me more of that glad heart.
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence
The glery of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kissed thy cheek, and fanned thy hair,
And feel, though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live for ever!

JOHN WILSON.





EAR child! whom sleep can hardly tame, As live and beautiful as flame, Thou glancest round my graver hours

As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers Were not by mortal forehead worn, But on the summer breeze were borne, Or on a mountain streamlet's waves Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow Delight and wonder come and go; And eyes whose inward meanings play, Congenial with the light of day; And brow so calm, a home for Thought Before he knows his dwelling wrought; Though wise indeed thou seemest not, Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

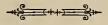
In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade.
Thou art a flash that lights the whole—
A gush from Nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives

A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of Man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me How greater far thou soon shalt be; And while amid thy garlands blow The winds that warbling come and go, Ever within, not loud but clear, Prophetic murmur fills the ear, And says that every human birth Anew discloses God to earth.

JOHN STERLING.



A FAREWELL.

fairest child, I have no song to give you;

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever:

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;

And so make life, death, and that vast forever One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HELP YOURSELVES.

ANY boys and girls make a failure in life because they do not learn to help themselves. They depend on father and mother even to hang up their hats and to find their playthings. When they become men

and women, they will depend on husbands and wives to do the same thing. "A nail to hang a hat on," said an old man of eighty years, "is worth everything to a boy." He had been "through the mill," as people say, so that he knew. His mother had a nail for him when a boy-"a nail to hang his hat on," and nothing else. It was "Henry's nail" from January to January, year in and out, and no other member of the family was allowed to appropriate it for any purpose whatever. If the broom by chance was hung thereon, or an apron or coat, it was soon removed, because that nail was "to hang Henry's hat on." And that nail did much for Henry; it helped make him what he was in manhood-a careful, systematic, orderly man, at home and abroad, on his farm and in his house. He never wanted another to do what he could do for him-

Young folks are apt to think that certain things, good in themselves, are not honorable. To be a blacksmith or a bootmaker, to work on a farm or drive a team, is beneath their dignity, as compared with being a merchant, or practising medicine or law. This is PRIDE, an enemy to success and happiness. No necessary labor is discreditable. It is never dishonorable to be useful. It is beneath no one's dignity to earn bread by the sweat of the brow. When boys who have such false notions of dignity become men, they are

ashamed to help themselves as they ought, and for want of this quality they live and die unhonored. Trying to save their dignity, they lose it.

Here is a fact we have from a very successful merchant. When he began business for himself, he carried his wares from shop to shop. At length his business increased to such an extent, that he hired a room at the Marlboro' Hotel, in Boston, during the business season, and thither the merchants, having been duly notified, would repair to make purchases. Among all his customers, there was only one man who would carry to his store the goods which he had purchased. The buyers asked to have their goods carried, and often this manufacturer would carry them himself. But there was one merchant, and the largest buyer of the whole number, who was not ashamed to be seen carrying a case of goods through the streets. Sometimes he would purchase four cases, and he would say, "Now, I will take two, and you take two, and we will carry them right over to the store." So the manufacturer and the merchant often went through the streets of Boston quite heavily loaded. This merchant, of all the number who went to the Marlboro' Hotel for their purchases, succeeded in business. He became a wealthy man when all the others failed. The manufacturer, who was not ashamed to help himself, is now living one of the wealthy men of Massachusetts, ready to aid, by his generous gifts, every good object that comes along, and honored by all who know him.

You have often heard and read the maxim, "God helps those who help themselves." Is it not true?

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

→*LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*



OME back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!

Come back, come back, my Childhood;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wildwood,
From beside the charmed well,
For Red Kiding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

The fields were covered over
With colors as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover
Below her footsteps bent;
Summer shed its shining store;
She was happy as she pressed them
Beneath her little feet;
She plucked them and caressed them;
They were so very sweet,
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own—
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter, 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.



"DOD will tate tare of baby dear,"
My winsome darling said,
When in her robe of white she knelt
Beside her little bed.

Her tiny dimpled hands were clasped, As though she were in prayer, And oh! methought a heavenly glow Fell on her golden hair.

A ray, it may be, darted through
The door just pushed ajar
By angel hand, whose radiant face
Like a bright evening star

Looked down upon my darling one, Kneeling beside her bed, And smiled to hear the simple faith In the sweet words she said.

"Dod will tate tare of baby dear,"
And then the eyelids drooped;
I laid her gently down to sleep,
But thought the angel stooped

To kiss good-night; for the red lips Were parted as she slept, And o'er her face a holy smile In rippling dimples crept.

"God will take care of baby dear!"
Ah, yes! I knew it well,
E'en when the shadows, cold and chill,
Upon her young life fell.

And yet the mother-heart rebelled!

This puny hand, I said,

Can shield her, guide her in the path

Where God would have her led.

I could not lose my petted flower,
So beautiful, so dear,
Nor thought it was too dark and chill
For such sweet blossoms here.

"Dod will tate tare of baby dear,"
The parched lips murmured slow!
And then the eyelids drooped and closed
Forever, here below!

Oh, mourning heart, hush thy sad wail, She's safe, now, in His love; "God will take care of baby dear" In His bright home above.

1DA GLENWOOD.

THE QUEEN IN HER CARRIAGE IS RIDING BY.

H, the queen in her carriage is passing by:
Her cheeks are like roses, her eyes like
the sky:

Her wonderful teeth are white as new milk, Her pretty blonde hair is softer than silk.

She's the loveliest monarch that ever was seen; You ask of what country the darling is queen; Her empire extends not to far distant parts, She is queen of our household, the mistress of hearts.

For scepter she lifts her soft dimpled hands; Her subjects all hasten to heed her commands Her smile is bewitching, and fearful her frown, And all must obey when she puts her foot down.

May blessings descend on the bright little head, From the time she awakes till she's safely in bed;

And now do you guess, when I speak of the queen,

'Tis only our six months baby I mean?

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

THAT way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the kitten on the wall,

Sporting with the leaves that fall—Withered leaves,—one, two, and three,—From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute.
—But the Kitten, how she starts,

—But the Kitten, how she starts, Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts! First at one, and then its fellow, Just as light and just as yellow; There are many now,—now one,—Now they stop, and there are none. What intenseness of desire In her upward eye of fire! With a tiger-leap! Half-way Now she meets the coming prey, Lets it go as fast, and then

Has it in her power again;
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?

Over happy to be proud, Over wealthy in the treasure Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty baby treat, Nor, I deem, for me unmeet; Here for neither Babe nor me Other playmate can I see. Of the countless living things That with stir of feet and wings (In the sun or under shade, Upon bough or grassy blade), And with busy revellings, Chirp, and song, and murmurings, Made this orchard's narrow space, And this vale, so blithe a place; Multitudes are swept away, Never more to breathe the day. Some are sleeping; some in bands Traveled into distant lands; Others slunk to moor and wood, Far from human neighborhood; And, among the kinds that keep With us closer fellowship, With us openly abide, All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite, Blue-cap, with his colors bright, Who was blest as bird could be Feeding in the apple-tree— Made such wanton spoil and rout, Turning blossoms inside out— Hung, head pointing towards the ground, Fluttered, perched, into a round Bound himself, and then unbound— Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin! Prettiest tumbler ever seen! Light of heart, and light of limb— What is now become of him? Lambs, that through the mountains went Frisking, bleating merriment, When the year was in its prime, They are sobered by this time. If you look to vale or hill, If you listen, all is still, Save a little neighboring rill That from out the rocky ground Strikes a solitary sound.

Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is ealm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none ean she decoy
Into open sign of joy.
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell In the impenetrable eell Of the silent heart which Nature Furnishes to every ereature— Whatsoe'er we feel and know Too sedate for outward show— Such a light of gladness breaks, Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,— Spreads with such a living grace O'er my little Dora's faee— Yes, the sight so stirs and eharms Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms, That almost I eould repine That your transports are not mine, That I do not wholly fare Even as ye do, thoughtless pair! And I will have my eareless season Spite of melaneholy reason, Will walk through life in such a way That, when time brings on decay, Now and then I may possess Hours of perfect gladsomeness. Pleased by my random toy— By a kitten's busy joy, Or an infant's laughing eye. Sharing in the ecstasy— I would fare like that or this, Find my wisdom in my bliss, Keep the sprightly soul awake, And have faculties to take, Even from things by sorrow wrought, Matter for a joeund thought— Spite of care, and spite of grief, To gambol with Life's falling leaf.

The Fairy Child.

HE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and
mellow;

It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks, And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard
the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing;
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,The midnight needle plying;I feared for my child, for the rush's lightIn the socket now was dying!

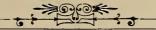
There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray; but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I erossed my brow and I erossed my breast, But that night my ehild departed— They left a weakling in his stead, And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it eannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow;
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlit churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.



THRENODY.

HE South-wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;

But over the dead he has no power; The lost, the lost, he cannot restore; And, looking over the hills, I mourn The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house; I see my trees repair their boughs; And he, the wondrous child, Whose silver warble wild Outvalued every pulsing sound Within the air's cerulean round-The hyacinthine boy, for whom Morn well might break and April bloom-The gracious boy, who did adorn The world whereinto he was born, And by his countenance repay The favor of the loving Day-Has disappeared from the Day's eye; Far and wide she cannot find him; My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him. Returned this day, the South-wind searches, And finds young pines and budding birches; But finds not the budding man; Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him; Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him; Nature, Fate, Men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet, Oh, whither tend thy feet? I had the right, few days ago, Thy steps to watch, thy place to know; How have I forfeited the right? Hast thou forgot me in a new delight? I hearken for thy household cheer, O eloquent child! Whose voice, an equal messenger, Conveyed thy meaning mild. What though the pains and joys Whereof it spoke were toys Fitting his age and ken, Yet fairest dames and bearded men. Who heard the sweet request, So gentle, wise, and grave, Bended with joy to his behest,

And let the world's affairs go by, Awhile to share his cordial game, Or mend his wicker wagon-frame, Still plotting how their hungry ear That winsome voice again might hear For his lips could well pronounce Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene His early hope, his liberal mien; Took counsel from his guiding eyes To make this wisdom earthly wise. Ah, vainly do these eyes recall The school-march, each day's festival, When every morn my bosom glowed To watch the convoy on the road; The babe in willow wagon closed, With rolling eyes and face composed; With children forward and behind, Like Cupids studiously inclined; And he the chieftain paced beside, The centre of the troop allied, With sunny face of sweet repose, To guard the babe from fancied foes. The little captain innocent Took the eye with him as he went; Each village senior paused to scan And speak the lovely caravan. From the window I look out To mark thy beautiful parade, Stately marching in cap and coat To some tune by fairies played; A music, heard by thee alone, To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas! in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood;
The kennel by the corded wood;
The gathered sticks to stanch the wall
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall;
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castles built or planned:
His daily haunts I well discern—
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn—
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around

THRENODY.

From the roadside to the brook
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged
The wintry garden lies unchanged:
The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day, Dark with more clouds than tempests are, When thou didst yield thy innocent breath In birdlike heavings unto death, Night came, and Nature had not thee; I said: "We are mates in misery." The morrow dawned with needless glow; Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must crow; Each tramper started; but the feet Of the most beautiful and sweet Of human youth had left the hill And garden—they were bound and still. There's not a sparrow or a wren, There's not a blade of Autumn grain, Which the four seasons do not tend, And tides of life and increase lend; And every chick of every bird, And weed and rock-moss is preferred. Oh, ostrich-like forgetfulness! Oh loss of larger in the less! Was there no star that could be sent. No watcher in the firmament, No angel from the countless host That loiters round the crystal coast, Could stoop to heal that only child, Nature's sweet marvel undefiled, And keep the blossom of the earth. Which all her harvests were not worth? Not mine—I never called thee mine, But Nature's heir—if I repine, And seeing rashly torn and moved Not what I made, but what I loved, Grew early old with grief that thou Must to the wastes of Nature go-'T is because a general hope Was quenched, and all must doubt and grope. For flattering planets seemed to say This child should ills of ages stay, By wondrous tongue, and guided pen, Bring the flown Muses back to men. Perchance not he, but Nature, ailed; The world and not the infant failed. It was not ripe yet to sustain A genius of so fine a strain, Who gazed upon the sun and moon As if he came unto his own;

And, pregnant with his grander thought, Brought the old order into doubt.

His beauty once their beauty tried; They could not feed him, and he died, And wandered backward as in scorn, To wait an æon to be born. Ill day which made this beauty waste, Plight broken, this high face defaced! Some went and came about the dead; And some in books of solace read: Some to their friends the tidings say; Some went to write, some went to pray; One tarried here, there hurried one: But their heart abode with none. Covetous Death bereaved us all, To aggrandize one funeral. The eager fate which carried thee Took the largest part of me. For this losing is true dying; This is lordly man's down-lying, This his slow but sure reclining. Star by star his world resigning.

O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left.
Oh, truth's and nature's costly lie!
Oh, trusted broken prophecy!
Oh richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!

The deep Heart answered: "Weepest thou? Worthier cause for passion wild If I had not taken the child. And deemest thou as those who pore, With aged eyes, short way before-Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast Of matter, and thy darling lost? Taught he not thee—the man of eld, Whose eyes within his eyes beheld Heaven's numerous hierarchy span The mystic gulf from God to man? To be alone wilt thou begin When worlds of lovers hem thee in? To-morrow when the mask shall fall That dizen Nature's carnival. The pure shall see by their own will, Which overflowing Love shall fill. 'Tis not within the force of Fate The fate-conjoined to separate.

THRENODY.

But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
I gave thee sight—where is it now?
I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
As far as the incommunicable;
Taught thee each private sign to raise,
Lit by the super-solar blaze.
Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.

"I came to thee as to a friend; Dearest, to thee I did not send Tutors, but a joyful eye, Innocence that matched the sky, Lovely locks, a form of wonder, Laughter rich as woodland thunder, That thou might'st entertain apart The richest flowering of all art; And, as the great all-loving Day Through smallest chambers takes its way, That thou might'st break thy daily bread With prophet, saviour, and head; That thou might'st cherish for thine own The riches of sweet Mary's son, Boy-rabbi, Israel's paragon. And thoughtest thou such guest Would in thy hall take up his rest? Would rushing life forget her laws, Fate's glowing revolution pause? High omens ask diviner guess, Not to be conned to tediousness. And know my higher gifts unbind The zone that girds the incarnate mind. When the scanty shores are full With Thought's perilous, whirling pool; When frail Nature can no more, Then the Spirit strikes the hour: My servant Death, with solving rite, Pours finite into infinite.

'Wilt thou freeze Love's tidal flow, Whose streams through Nature circling go? Nail the wild star to its track On the half-climbed zodiac? Light is light which radiates; Blood is blood which circulates; Life is life which generates; And many-seeming life is one— Wilt thou transfix and make it none?

Its onward force too starkly pent In figure, bone, and lineament? Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate, Talker! the unreplying Fate? Nor see the genius of the whole Ascendant in the private soul, Beckon it when to go and come, Self-announced its hour of doom? Fair the soul's recess and shrine. Magic-built to last a season; Masterpiece of love benign; Fairer than expansive reason, Whose omen 'tis, and sign. Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know What rainbows teach, and sunsets show? Verdicts which accumulates From lengthening scroll of human fates, Voice of earth to earth returned, Prayers of saints that inly burned-Saying: What is excellent, As God lives, is permanent; Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain ; Hearts' love will meet thee again. Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye Up to his style, and manners of the sky. Not of adamant and gold Built he heaven stark and cold; No, but a nest of bending reeds, Flowering grass, and scented weeds: Or like a traveller's fleeing tent, Or bow above the tempest bent: Built of tears and sacred flames, And virtue reaching to its aims; Built of furtherance and pursuing, Not of spent deeds, but of doing. Silent rushes the swift Lord Through ruined systems still restored, Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless, Plants with worlds the wilderness; Waters with tears of ancient sorrow Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow. House and tenant go to ground, Lost in God, in Godhead found."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.





THE MORNING-GLORY.



wreathed about our darling's head The morning-glory bright; Her little face looked out• beneath,

So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem;
For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and added perfect gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

A MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYER.

Heart and mind and soul awake;
Teach me of thy ways, oh Father!
For sweet childhood sake.

A MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYER.

In their young hearts, soft and tender, Guide my hand good seed to sow, That its blossoming may praise thee Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,

That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service
To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps;
So direct my daily way
That, in following me, the children
May not go astray.

Let thy holy counsel lead me— Let thy light before me shine, That they may not stumble over Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus,
For his word's sake—unforgot,
"Let the little ones come to me,
And forbid them not."



THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

MY mother bore me in the southern wild,

And I am black, but, oh, my soul is white!

White as an angel is the English child, But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree;
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun; there God does live, And gives his light, and gives his heat away, And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men, receive

Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space, That we may learn to bear the beams of love; And these dark bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For, when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,

The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His

Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love and care.

And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy,
When I from black, and he from white cloud

And round the tent of God, like lambs we joy.

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear To lean in joy upon our Father's knee; And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair, And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

~~·~>... Threnodia.

OW peacefully they rest, Crossfolded there Upon his little breast,

Those small white hands that ne'er were still before,

But ever sported with his mother's hair,

Or the plain cross that on her breast she

wore:

Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm.

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way And wandered hither; so his stay

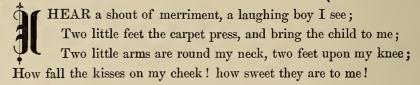
With us was short; and 'twas most meet That he should be no delver in earth's clod, Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet

To stand before his God,
O blest word—evermore!

J. R. LOWELL.

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A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.



That merrry shout no more I hear, no laughing child I see; No little arms are round my neck, nor feet upon my knee! No kisses drop upon my cheek; those lips are sealed to me. Dear Lord! how could I give him up to any but to thee!

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.



Some Mother's Ghild.

T home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,—
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,

A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed; No matter what inroads dishonor hath made: No matter what elements cankered the pearl— Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been; No matter how deep he is sunken in sin: No matter how low is his standard of joy;— Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast; That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed; That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild: For her sake deal gently with—some mother's child.

FRANCIS L. KEELER.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

CLOUD is on my heart and brow,
The tears are in my eyes,
And wishes fond, all idle now,
Are stifled into sighs;

As, musing on thy early doom,
Thou bud of beauty, snatched to bloom,
So soon, 'neath milder skies,
I turn, thy painful struggle past,
From what thou art to what thou wast!

I think of all thy winning ways,

Thy frank but boisterous glee,

Thy arch, sweet smiles, thy coy delays,

Thy step, so light and free;

Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,

Thy gladness when the task was done

And gained thy mother's knee;

Thy gay, good-humored, childish ease,

And all thy thousand arts to please!

Where are they now, and where, oh where!
The eager, fond caress,
The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
The lips all sought to press?
The open brow, and laughing eye,
The heart that leaped so joyously?
Ah! had we loved them less!
Yet there are thoughts can bring relief,
And sweeten even this cup of grief.

Thou hast escaped a thorny scene,
A wilderness of woe,
Where many a blast of anguish keen
Had taught thy tears to flow;
Perchance some wild and withering grief
Had sered thy summer's earliest leaf,
In these dark bowers below,
Or sickening thrills of hope deferred,
To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred!

Thou hast escaped life's fitful sea,
Before the storm arose,
Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
From aught that marred respose;

Safe from the thousand throes of pain, Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain Upon thine opening rose;— And who can calmly think of this, Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss?

I culled from home's beloved bowers
To deck thy last long sleep,
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
That summer's dews may steep:
The rosebud, emblem meet, was there,
The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
That drooping seemed to weep;
And now I add this lowlier spell:
Sweets to the passing sweet, farewell!

ALARIC A. WATTS.



THE&MOTHER'S&HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime—
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:

Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited,
Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There is a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer, Though it be a stranger's tone— Than the winds or waters dearer, More enchanting to the hearer

For it answereth to his own. But, of all its witching words, Those are sweetest, bubbling wild Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves and silver showers,—

These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer—
Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a life-time after,

'T is a mother's large affection

Hears with a mysterious sense—
Breathings that evade detection,

Whisper faint and fine inflexion,

Thrill in her with power intense.

Childhood's honey'd words untaught

Hiveth she in loving thought—

Tones that never thence depart;

For she listens—with her heart.

Echoes of that infant laughter.

VACATION.

MASTER, no more of your lessons!
For a season we bid them good by,
And turn to the manifold teachings
Of ocean, and forest, and sky.

We must plunge into billow and breaker;
The fields we must ransack anew;
And again must the sombre woods echo
The glee of our merry-voiced crew.

From teacher's and preacher's dictation—
From all the dreaded lore of the books—
Escaped from the thraldom of study,
We turn to the babble of brooks;
We hark to the field-minstrels' music,
The lowing of herds on the lea,
The surge of the winds in the forest,
The roar of the storm-angered sea.

To the tree-tops we'll climb with the squirrels;
We will race with the brooks in the glens;
The rabbits we'll chase to their burrows;
The foxes we'll hunt to their dens;
The woodchucks, askulk in their caverns,
We'll visit again and again;
And we'll peep into every bird's nest
The copses and meadows contain.

For us are the blackberries ripening
By many a moss-covered wall;
There are bluehats enough in the thickets
To furnish a treat for us all;
In the swamps there are ground-nuts in plenty;
The sea-sands their titbits afford;
And, O, most delectable banquet,
We will feast at the honey-bee's board!

O, comrades, the graybeards assure us
That life is a burden of cares;
That the highways and byways of manhood
Are fretted with pitfalls and snares.
Well, school-days have their tribulations;
Their troubles, as well as their joys.
Then give us vacation forever,
If we must forever be boys!



→BABIES AND THEIR RIGHTS. ←

BABY has a right, too frequently denied it, to be let alone. It ought to be a rule in the nursery never to disturb the infant when it is happy and quiet. Older children, too, two, three, and four years of age, who are amusing themselves in a peaceful, contented way, ought not to be wantonly interfered with. I have often seen a little creature lying in its crib cooing, laughing, crooning to itself in the

sweetest baby fashion, without a care in the world to vex its composure, when in would come mamma or nurse, seize it, cover it with endearments, and effectually break up its tranquility. Then, the next time, when these thoughtless people wanted it to be quiet, they were surprised that it refused to be so. It is habit and training which makes little children restless and fretful, rather than natural disposition, in a multitude of cases. A healthy babe, coolly and loosely dressed, judiciously fed, and frequently bathed, will be good and comfortable if it have not too much attention. But when it is liable a dozen times a day to be caught wildly up, bounced and jumped about, smothered with kisses, poked by facetious fingers, and petted till it is thoroughly out of sorts, what can be expected of it? How would fathers and mothers endure the martyrdom to which they allow the babies to be subjected?

Another right which every baby has is to its own mother's care and supervision. The mother may not be strong enough to hold her child and carry it about, to go with it on its outings, and to personally attend to all its wants. Very often it is really better for both mother and child that the strong arms of an able-bodied woman should bear it through its months of helplessness. Still, no matter how apparently worthy of trust a nurse or servant may be, unless she have been tried and proved by long and faithful service and friendship, a babe is too precious to be given unreservedly to her care. mother herself, or an elder sister or auntie, should hover protectingly near the tiny creature, whose life-long happiness may depend on the way its babyhood is passed. Who has not seen in the city parks the beautifully-dressed infants, darlings evidently of homes of wealth and refinement, left to bear the beams of the sun and stings of gnats and flies, while the nurses gossiped together, oblivious of the flight of time? Mothers are often quick to resent stories of the neglect or cruelty of their employees, and cannot be made to believe that their own children are sufferers. And the children are too young to speak.

The lover of little ones can almost always see the subtle difference which exists

between the babies whom mothers care for, and the babies who are left to hirelings. The former have a sweeter, shyer, gladder look than the latter. Perhaps the babies who are born, so to speak, with silver spoons in their mouths, are better off than those who came to the heritage of a gold spoon. The gold spooners have lovely cradles and vassinets. They wear Valenciennes lace and embroidery, and fashion dictates the cut of their bibs, and the length of their flowing robes. They are waited upon by bonnes in picturesque aprons and caps, and the doctor is sent for whenever they have the colic. The little silver-spooners, on the other hand, are arrayed in simple slips, which the mother made herself in dear, delicious hours, the sweetest in their mystic joy which happy womanhood knows. They lie on the sofa, or on two chairs with a pillow placed carefully to hold them, while she sings at her work, spreads the snowy linen on the grass, moulds the bread, and shells the peas. The mother's hands wash and dress them, the father rocks them to sleep, the proud brothers and sisters carry them to walk, or wheel their little wagons along the payement. Fortunate babies of the silver spoon!

Alas and alack! for the babies who have never a spoon at all, not even a horn or a leaden one. Their poor parents love them, amid the squalid circumstances which hem them in, but they can do little for their well-being, and they die by hundreds in garrets and cellars and close tenement rooms. When the rich and charitable shall devise some way to care for the babies of the poor, when New York shall imitate Paris in founding an institution akin to La Creche, we shall have taken a long step forward in the direction of social and moral elevation.

M. E. SANGSTER.



To My Daughmer.

---ON HER BIRTHDAY.---

EAR Fannie! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning sun was low,
And rosy with the eastern glow,
The landscape smiled;
Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
"Thou hast a child!"

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glistened in eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
To me, as Time:
It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome, even Joy
Forestalls its prime.

So may'st thou live, dear! many years, In all the bliss that life endears, Not without smiles, nor yet from tears,
Too strictly kept.
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.

THOMAS HOOD.

Pow the Gates Same Ajar.

Heaven,
How the little child-angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the key and bar—
"Oh angel, sweet angel! I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar—

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

Only a little, won't you Set the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping; She is lonely; she cannot see A glimmer of light in the darkness When the gates shut after me. Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel, The splendor will shine so far!" But the warden answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar." Spoke low and answered: "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary the Blessed, Sweet Mary, mother of Christ; Her hand on the hand of the Angel She laid, and the touch sufficed. Turned was the key in the portal, Fell ringing the golden bar; And lo! in the little child's fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And the key for no further using, To my blessed son shall be given," Said Mary, Mother of Jesus— Tenderest heart in Heaven. Now, never a sad-eyed mother But may catch the glory afar, Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom Are the keys of the gates ajar; Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom; And the gates forever ajar!



LITTLE CHARLIE.

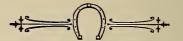
LITTLE presence! everywhere We find some touching trace of thee-A pencil mark upon the wall "naughty hands " That made thoughtlessly;

And broken toys around the house, Where he has left them they have lain, Waiting for little busy hands

That will not come again— Will never come again.

Within the shrouded room below He lies cold—and yet we know It is not Charlie there! It is not Charlie, cold and white, It is the robe, that in his flight, He gently cast aside! Our darling hath not died!

T. B. ALDRICH.



A CHILD PRAYING.

OLD thy little hands in prayer, Bow down at thy mother's knee, Now thy sunny face is fair. Shining through thine auburn hair; Thine eyes are passion-free; And pleasant thoughts, like garlands bind thee Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee-Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy young heart, like a bird, Warbles in its summer nest; No evil thought, no unkind word, No chilling autumn winds have stirred The beauty of thy rest; But winter hastens, and decay Shall waste thy verdant home away-Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glee, With gladness harping at the door; While ever, with a joyous shout, Hope, the May queen, dances out, Her lips with music running o'er; But Time those strings of joy will sever, And hope will not dance on for ever-Then pray, child, pray

Now, thy mother's arm is spread Beneath thy pillow in the night; And loving feet creep round thy bed, And o'er thy quiet face is shed The taper's darkened light; But that fond arm will pass away, By thee no more those feet will stay-Then pray, child, pray!

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

ITTLE Bessie wakes at midnight,
And upon the nursery wall,
Sees she by the flickering fire light,
Shadows dancing grim and tall.

Now they rise and now they beckon, Nearer still they seem to come, Bessie's blue eyes gaze wide open, And her lips are stricken dumb.

Bessie thinks they are "the witches,"
"Mary said they'd take away
All the naughty little children,
And I've not been good to-day.

"Orce I did not mind my mother, And I broke the china cup," So the little tender conscience All the past day's sins sums up.

Still the dancing shadows waken
Childhood's grief and childhood's fear,

And there sink into the pillow Many a sob and many a tear;

Till the mother, sleeping lightly,
Just within the open door,
Wakes and listens for a moment;
Hastens barefoot o'er the floor;

Folds the little weeping maiden
Close within her loving arms;
And upon that tender bosom
Bessie sobs out her alarms.

Then the mother, softly smiling, Whispers, "All your witches tall, Oh, my foolish little Bessie, Are but shadows on the wall!

"See, the tall ones are the andirons; That the wardrobe; this the chair; And the shawl upon the sofa Makes the face with flowing hair.

"Has my darling then forgotten, When she said her evening prayer, How she prayed that God's good angels Still might have her in their care?

"Sure she knows that the Good Shepherd Guards his flock by day and night, And the lambs are folded safely, In the dark as in the light."

Soon upon her mother's bosom
I.ittle Bessie falls asleep,
Murmuring, as she clings the closer,
"Pray the Lord my soul to keep."

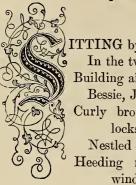
And the mother, softly kissing
The wet eyelids and the hair,
Tossed back from the snowy forehead,
Clasps her close in voiceless prayer.

That the Love which gave her darling, Still may keep till dawns the day When earth's haunting fears are over, And the shadows flee away.

BAPTISM

Then bear the new-made Christian to his home:
A few short years and we behold him stand
To ask a blessing, with his bride in hand:
A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
His widow weeping at her husband's bier:—
Thus as the months succeed, shall infants take
Their names; thus parents shall the child forsake;
Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,

By love or law compelled their vows to seal. 137



ITTING by the fire-light,
In the twilight gray,
Building airy castles,
Bessie, Jack, and May,
Curly brown and golden
locks,
Nestled close together,
Heeding not the wailing
winds
Of November weather.

Seeing in the wood-fire
Many a vision rare;
Tracing in their fancies,
The future gay and fair.
Well it is each dreamer
Sees not down the years
All his cares and sorrows,
All his toils and tears.

"Look! I see a war-horse,
Prancing, inky black,
Don't you see me charging
Fiercely on his back?
Now, again, I'm bowing
To the loud 'Hurrah!'
I've come back victorious—
A hero from the war."

"See the haughty lady,
Turning cold away
From the throng of suitors,
Who all vainly pray.
Oh, she will not listen,
Noble though they be,
She's waiting for her sailor,
Sailing o'er the sea."

Now it is sweet May's turn,
Peering in the blaze,
What can see dear blue eyes
Of the future days?

"I can see a little urn,
'Neath a willow tree,
In a churchyard, all alone,
That I think's for me."

Boyish peals of laughter,
Ring out clear and free,
"Yes, I see the little urn,
It's to make the tea.
I'll come back from battle,
Bessie from the sea,
Dearest May shall sit at home,
And brew us cups of tea."

E. V. C.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

MONG the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall Is one of a dim old forest, That seemeth best of all; Not for its gnarled oaks olden, Dark with the mistletoe; Not for the violets golden That sprinkle the vale below; Not for the milk-white lilies, That lean from the fragrant ledge, Coquetting all day with the sunbeams. And stealing their golden edge; Not for the vines on the upland, Where the bright red berries rest, Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip, It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY

For the Children.

OME stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the daylight are over,
And evening is creeping along;
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,

The winds of the winter are chill, But under the sheltering roof-tree The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
Oh, thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes. little children,
And tell me, through all the long day,
Have you thought of the Father above us,
/ho guarded from evil our way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

Now come to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall
keep:

Then pray that the Shepherd who guideth
The lambs that He loveth so well
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,

Beside the still waters to dwell.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

WEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,

Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!

Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's
breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend, Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!

I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
"T is sweet to watch for thee—alone for
thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;

His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow, Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!

Awake and chase this fatal thought!—

Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on the light! Even at the price of thine give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again. Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!

Oh! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain, Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE (French.)

Translation of H. W. Longfellow.

MY MOTHER'S STORIES.

RECALL a little verse my mother taught me one summer twilight, which, she remarked, she had taught the older children when they were little like me. It was this:

"HAVE COMMUNION WITH FEW, BE INTIMATE WITH ONE, DEAL JUSTLY BY ALL, AND SPEAK EVIL OF NONE."

And then she added cheerfully, "It took some time to get your brother to repeat it correctly; he would say untimate for intimate, and justless instead of justly. But he learned it correctly at last, and, I may add, has never forgotten it. So with amusement were mother's good instructions blended; after the pleasant story about my brother's childhood it was impossible to forget the text.

But, alas, I have never taught it to my children; so many papers, books, and magazines made expressly for children of this generation, hasten the lighting of the evening lamp, and the twilight lessons of home become fewer. But in them all I never read a more comprehensive paragraph, and one that would do to put in practice in every particular so thoroughly, and I hope if it gets into print, not only my children, but those of other households, will commit it to memory, imbibe its spirit, and put it in practice through life.

DULL BOYS.

INES, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless;

whereas Orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault, and I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature has appointed.

DR. THOMAS FULLER.



A Remarkable Baby.

T was the peculiarity of this baby to be always cutting teeth. Whether they never came, or whether they came and went away again is not in evidence; but it had certainly cut enough, on the showing of its mother, to make a handsome dental provision for the sign of the Bull and Mouth. All sorts of objects were impressed for the rubbing of its gums, notwithstanding that it always carried, dangling at its waist, (which was immediately under its chin,) a bone ring, large enough to have represented the rosary of a young nun. Knife-handles, umbrella-tops, the heads of walking sticks selected from the stock, the fingers of the family, nutmeg-graters, crusts, the handles of doors, and the cool knobs of the tops of pokers, were among the commonest instruments indiscriminately applied for the baby's relief. The amount of electricity that must have been rubbed out of it in a week, is not to be calculated. Still, its mother always said, "It was coming through, and then the child would be herself," and still it never did come through and the child continued to be somebody else.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Sufferings of Childhood.

HE sufferings of a bashful boy!

Can torture chamber be more dreadful than the juvenile party, the necessary parade of

the Christmas dinner, to a shy boy! have sometimes taken the hand of such a one, and have found it cold and clammy; desperate was the struggle of that young soul, afraid of he knew not what, caught by the machinery of society, which mangled him at every point, crushed every nerve, and filled him with faintness and fear. How happy he might have been with that brood of young puppies in the barn, or the soft rabbits in their nest of hay! How grand he was paddling his poor, leaky boat down the rapids, jumping into the river, and dragging it with his splendid strength over the rocks! Nature and he were friends; he was not afraid of her; she recognized her child and greeted him with smiles. The young animals loved him, and his dog looked up into his fair blue eyes, and recognized his king. But this creature must be tamed; he must be brought into prim parlors, and dine with propriety; he must dress himself in garments which scratch, and pull, and hurt him; boots must be put on his feet which pinch; he must be cleanterrible injustice to a faun who loves to roll down-hill, to grub for roots, to follow young squirrels to their lair, and to polish old guns rather than his manner.

And then the sensitive boy, who has a finer grain than the majority of his fellows, suddenly thrown in the pandemonium of a public school! Nails driven into the flesh could not inflict such pain as such a one suffers; and the scars remain. One gentleman told me, in mature life, that the loss of a toy stolen from him in

childhood still rankled. How much of the infirmity of human character may be traced to the anger, the sense of wounded feeling, engendered by a wrong done in childhood when one is helpless to avenge!

All this may be called the necessary hardening process, but I do not believe in We have learned how to temper iron and steel, but we have not learned how to treat children. Could it be made a moneymaking process, like the Bessemer, I believe one could learn how to temper the the human character. Our instincts of intense love for our children are not enough; we should study it as a science. The human race is very busy; it has to take care of itself, and to feed its young; it must conquer the earth—perhaps it has not time to study Jim and Jack and Charley, and Mary and Emily and Jane, as problems. But, if it had, would it not perhaps pay? There would be fewer criminals.

Many observers recommend a wise neglect—not too much inquiry, but a judicious surrounding of the best influences, and then-let your young plant grow up. Yes; but it should be a very wise neglect—it should be a neglect which is always on the watch lest some insidious parasite, some unnoticed but strong bias of character, take possession of the child, and mould or ruin him. Of the ten boys running up yonder hill, five will be failures, two will be moderate successes, two will do better, one will be great, good and distinguished. If such are the terrible statistics—and I am told that they are so —who is to blame? Certainly the parent or guardian, or circumstance—and what is circumstance?

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

THE PET LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

HE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty

creature, drink!"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied A snow-white mountain-lamb with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,

And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone; With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,

While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,

Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in such a tone

That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!

I watched them with delight: they were a lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the maiden turned away:

But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face.

If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:—

"What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;

Rest, little young one, rest; what is 't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art.

This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain—

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;

For rain and mountain-storms—the like thou need'st not fear;

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day

When my father found thee first in places far away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:

A blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast—the dam that did thee yean

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran:

And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is, and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now;

Then I 'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough.

My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold,

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be

That 't is thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?

Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,

And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!

I 've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;

The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,

When they are angry roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;

Night and day thou art safe—our cottage is hard by

Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?

Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat; And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line.

That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was mine.

Again and once again, did I repeat the song; "Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,

For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LITTLE MISS MEDDLESOME.

ITTLE Miss Meddlesome, scattering crumbs
Into the library noiselessly comes—
Twirls off her apron, tilts open some books,
And into a work-basket rummaging, looks.

Out go the spools spinning over the floor, Beeswax and needle-case stepped out before; She tosses the tape-rule and plays with the floss,

And says to herself, "Now won't mamma be cross!"

Little Miss Meddlesome climbs to the shelf, Since no one is looking, and, mischievous elf, Pulls down the fine vases, the cuckoo clock stops,

And sprinkles the carpet with damaging drops.

She turns over the ottoman, frightens the bird, And sees that the chairs in a medley are stirred;

Then creeps on the sofa, and, all in a heap, Drops out of her frolicsome mischief asleep.

But here comes the nurse, who is shaking her head,

And frowns at the Mischief asleep on her bed; But let's hope when Miss Meddlesome's slumber is o'er

She may wake from good dreams and do mischief no more.

JOEL BENTON.

FATHER IS COMING!

AY, do not close the shutters, child;
For, far along the lane,
The little window looks, and he,
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-light in the dark.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child;
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden-gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait;
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HOWITT.





ed a soft swathing of love and infinite hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round (umgaukelt) by sweetest dreams! If the paternal cottage shuts us in, its roof still screens us; with a father we have as yet a prophet, priest and king, and an obedience that makes us free. The young spirit has awakened out of eternity, and knows not what we mean by time; as yet time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful, sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages: ah! the secret of vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal world fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet unknown; and in a motionless universe, we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling universe is forever denied us, the balm of rest. Sleep on, thou fair child, for thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience: "Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?" tial Nepenthe! though a Pyrrhus conquer empires, and an Alexander sack the world,

he finds thee not; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother's child. For as yet, sleep and waking are one: the fair life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding of hope; which budding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it grow to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded stone fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel.

THOMAS CARLYLE.



Sleep, child, sleep,
Winds are wailing, nigher and nigher,
Waves are raising, higher and higher,
Sleep, child, sleep,
While thy father out on the sea,
Toils all night for thee and me.

Sleep, my baby content and blest,
Sleep, child, sleep;
Whether the heart in thy mother's breast
Be light or heavy—so best! so best!
Sleep, child, sleep,



LIGHTER scarf of richer fold

The morning flushed upon our sight,
And Evening trimmed her lamps of gold

From deeper springs of purer light;
And softer drips bedewed the lea,
And whiter blossoms veiled the tree,

And softer drips bedewed the lea, And whiter blossoms veiled the tree, And bluer waves danced on the sea When baby Zulma came to be!

The day before, a bird had sung Strange greetings on the roof and flown; And Night's immaculate priestess flung

A diamond from her parted zone
Upon the crib beside the bed,
Whereunto, as the doctor said,
A king or queen would soon be led
By some sweet Ariel overhead.

Ere yet the sun had crossed the line When we at Aries' double bars, Behold him, tempest-beaten, shine

In stormy Libra's triple stars; What time the hillsides shake with corn And boughs of fruitage laugh unshorn And cheery echoes wake the morn To gales of fragrance harvest-born

In storied spots of vernal flame
And breezy realms of tossing shade,
The tripping elves tumultuous came

To join the fairy cavalcade; From blushing chambers of the rose, And bowers the lily's buds enclose, And nooks and dells of deep repose, Where human sandal never goes,

The rabble poured its motley tide;
Some upon airy chariots rode,
By cupids showered from side to side,
And some the dragon-fly bestrode;
While troops of virgins, left and right,
Like microscopic trails of light

Like microscopic trails of light, The sweeping pageant made as bright As beams a rainbow in its flight! It passed; the bloom of purple plums
Was rippled by trumpets rallying long
O'er beds of pink's and dwarfish drums

Struck all the insect world to song; The milkmaid caught the low refrain, The ploughman answered to her strain, And every warbler of the plain The ringing chorus chirped again!

Beneath the sunset's faded arch,

It formed and filed within our porch,
With not a ray to guide its march

Except the twilight's silver torch;
And thus she came from clouds above,
With spirits of the glen and grove,
A flower of grace, a cooing dove,
A shrine of prayer and star of love!

A queen of hearts!—her mighty chains Are beads of coral round her strung, And, ribbon-diademed, she reigns,

Commanding in an unknown tongue; The kitten spies her cunning ways, The patient cur romps in her plays, And glimpses of her earlier days Are seen in picture-books of fays.

To fondle all things doth she choose,
And when she gets, what some one sends,
A trifling gift of tinny shoes,

She kisses both as loving friends; For in her eyes this orb of care, Whose hopes are heaps of frosted hair, Is but a garland, trim and fair, Of cherubs twining in the air.

O, from a soul suffused with tears
Of trust thou mayst be spared the thorn
Which it has felt in other years,—
Across the morn our Lord was born,
I waft thee blessings! At thy side
May his invisible seraphs glide;
And tell thee still, what'er betide,
For thee, for thine, for all, He died!

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.



LITTLE FEET,





WO little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms In April's fragrant days, How can they walk among the briery tangles,

Treading the world's rough ways?

These rose-white feet along with the doubtful future, Must bear a mothers load;

Alas! since Woman has the heaviest burden, And walks the harder road.

Love for a while will make the path before them All dainty, smooth and fair,—

Will cull away the brambles, letting only The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded Away from sight of men,

And these dear feet are left without her guiding, Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded, Poor little untaught feet!

Into what dreary mazes will they wander, What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness Of sorrow's tearful shades?

Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty, Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up ambition's summit,

The common world above?

Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,

Walk side by side with Love?

"LITTLE FEET," Continued.

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded Which find but pleasant ways:

Some hearts there be to which this life is only A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who wander Without a hope or friend,—

Who find their journey full of pains and losses And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,

Before whose unstained feet the worlds rude highway Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah who may read the future? For our darling We crave all blessings sweet,

And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens Will guide the baby's feet.

FLORENCE PERCY.

Grown of Shildhood.

The sheep to the fold have come,
And the mother looks from the cottage door,
To see how the night comes over the moor,
And calls the children home.

Their feet are bare in the dusty road,

Their cheeks are tawny and red,

They have waded the shallow below the mill,

They have gathered wild roses up the hill,

A crown for each tangled head.

The days will come and the days will go,
And life hath many a crown,
But none that will press upon manhood's brow,
As light as the roses resting now
On the children's foreheads brown.

Childhood Sternal.

ITTLE children, young and aged,
Bear the blessing up!
Pour around the life elixir
From your golden cup.

Love is the divine restorer
Of the souls of men;
This the new perpetual Eden
We must seek again.

Love is the eternal childhood;
Hither all must come,
Who the kingdom would inherit
Of the heavenly home.



SAILING THE BOATS.

O! the jolly sailors,

Lounging into port!

Heave ahead, my hearties—
That's your lively sort!

Splendid sky above us,

Merrily goes the gale.

Stand by to launch away

Rag and paper sail!

Archie owns a schooner,
Jack a man-o'-war,
Joe a clipper A 1
Named the Morning Star;
Charlie sails a match-box,
Dignified a yawl;
Breakers on the lee shore—
Look out for a squall!

Now we're bound for China— That's across the pond; Then we go a-cruising Many a mile beyond. Man-o'-war is watching A rakish-looking craft— Kerchunk! goes a bullfrog From his rushy raft.

There's a fleet of lillies
We go scudding round,—
Bumblebees for sailors,—
And they're fast aground.
Here's a drowning fly
In her satin dress.
All hands, about ship!
Signals of distress.

Argosies of childhood,
Laden down with joys,
Gunwale-deep with treasures!
Happy sailor boys,
May your merry ventures
All their harbors win,
And upon life's stormy sea
Every ship come in.

In Memoriam.

NOTHER little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet are on the way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies!

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair;
The toys our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook,
Where the flowers love to grow;
And these are all of the little hope
That came three years ago!

The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them;
But never again with the little lips
To their songs of love reply,
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high!

KNICKERBOCKER.

TOUCH NOT.

♦•♦♦•

OUCH not the tempting cup, my boy;
Though urged by friend or foe;
Dare when the tempter urges most,
Dare nobly say. No—No!
The joyous angel from on high
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy!
In righteousness be brave;
Take not the first, a single step,
Towards a drunkard's grave;
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh
Shall tell your soul the reason why.





THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

AM all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its soltitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all,—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son,
She kissed me and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been
And how soon he must decay,
"O death, thou lovest the beautiful,"
In the woe of my spirit I cried;
For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair,
Of the little boy that died!

Again I will go to my father's house,—
Go home to the dear ones all,—
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall;
I shall meet my mother, but nevermore
With her darling by her side,
But she'll kiss me and sigh and weep again
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again
With her playmates about the door,
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before;

And if in the group I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look and see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house,—
To our Father's house in the skies,

Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight, And our love no broken ties;

We shall roam on the bank of the River of Peace, And bathe in its blissful tide:

And one of the joys of our heaven shall be The little boy that died.

J. D. ROBINSON.

NoBaby in the House.

No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen.

No finger-marks are on the panes, No scratches on the chairs; No wooden men set up in rows, Or marshalled off in pairs;

No little stockings to be darned, All ragged at the toes; No pile of mending to be done, Made up of baby-clothes;

No little troubles to be soothed; No little hands to fold; No grimy fingers to be washed; No stories to be told;

No tender kisses to be given;
No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea,—
No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.



Romance of a Swan's Nest.

iTTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and faee.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie, in her smile,
Chooses, . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to him I will diseover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod All in silver, housed in azure, And the mane shall swim the wind; And the hoofs along the sod Shall flash onward and keep measure, Till the shepherds look behind. "But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my faee.
He will say, 'O love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy graee.'

"Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low, With the red-roan steed a-near him, Whieh shall seem to understand,—Till I answer, 'Rise and go! For the world must love and fear him Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say,
Nathless maiden brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day,'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and elimb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet:
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What will thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time I may bend
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon
If he comes to take my love.'

ROMANCE OF A SWAN'S NEST.

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but thee!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.



Ellie went home sad and slow,
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never
That swan's nest among the reeds!



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE HALLOWED DRAWER.



RS BIRD slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a toy, horse and wagon, a top, a ball—memor-

ials gathered with many a tear, and many a heart-break! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her head on her hands over it, wept till the tears fell through her fingers into the drawer. And oh, mother that reads this, has there never been in your house a drawer, or a closet, the opening of which has been to you like the opening again of a little grave.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

—The Faults of Children.=

T does not do to be always too keen-sighted, or to appear to be so, to little fits of wilfulness. Perhaps there is a struggle in the child's mind between the wish to be good and the temptation to be naughty. Have we never such struggles ourselves? Would not a harsh word terminate the conflict in favor of wrong; while a smile, a look of kindly encouragement, will strengthen the feeble wish to do right? If we have felt temptation ourselves, let us pity and aid the little creatures, even as we are taught that our Saviour, "in that he himself suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

NURSE'S WATCH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HE moon it shines,

My darling whines;

The clock strikes twelve:—God cheer

The sick both far and near.



God knoweth all;
Mousy nibbles in the wall;
The clock strikes one:—like day
Dreams o'er thy pillow play.

The matin—bell
Wakes the nun in convent cell;
The clock strikes two:—they go
To choir in a row.

The wind it blows,
The cock he crows;
The clock strikes three:—the wagoner
In his straw bed begins to stir.

The steed he paws the floor,
Breaks the stable door;
The clock strikes four;—'tis plain
The coachman sifts his grain

The swallows laugh, the still air shakes,
The sun awakes;
The clock strikes five:—the traveller must be gone,
He puts his stockings on.

The hen is clacking,
The ducks are quacking;
The clock strikes six:—awake, arise,
Thou lazy hag, come, ope' thy eyes.

Quick to the bakers run;
The rolls are done;
The clock strikes seven:—
'Tis time the milk were in the oven.

Put in some butter, do,
And some fine sugar too,
The clock strikes eight:—
Now bring my baby's porridge straight.

Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS.





TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.



ANG me all the thieves in Gibbet Street to-morrow, and the place will be crammed with fresh tenants in a week; but

catch me up the young thieves from the gutter and the door steps; take Jonathan Wild from the breast; send Mrs. Sheppard to Brideswell, but take hale young Jack out of her arms; teach and wash me this unkempt young vicious colt, and he will run for the Virtue Stake yet; take the young child, the little lamb, before the great Jack Sheppard ruddles him and folds him for his own black flock in Hades; give him some soap, instead of whipping for stealing a cake of brown Windsor; teach him the Gospel, instead of sending him to the treadmill for hunting chapels and purloining prayer books out of pews; put him in the way of filling shop tills, instead of transporting him when he crawls on his hands and knees to empty them; let him know that he has a body fit and made for something better

than to be kicked, bruised, chained, pinched with hunger, clad in rags or prison gray, or mangled with gaoler's cat; let him know that he has a soul to be saved. In God's name, take care of the children, somebody; and there will soon be an oldest inhabitant in Gibbet Street, and never a new one to succeed him.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Precocity of Intellect in Children.

NEVER dared hope much from those great beginnings of intellect and of memory, which are nevertheless so much admired in children. I know well that they must first come to their strength, and if those things show themselves earlier, it is not the better for it.

BISHOP HALL.

Answer to a Child's Question.

O you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and the thrush say "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I do not know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

O forth in the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win—
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds
meet;

They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with cheerful grace—
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plow, adze, spindle, and pen;
Work for the hands and the brain.

The Mother's Sacrafice.

HE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow:
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
'Oh God!" she cried in accents wild,
'If I must perish, save my child,!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale.
He moved the robes from off the child,—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

The Serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy, Temptations without and within; And spirits of evil, in robes as fair As the holiest angels in Heaven wear, Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breast-plate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield
In the cause of Right and Truth.

And go to the Battle of Life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before High Heaven do the best you can
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the Kingdom and crown of God.

LIMMLE BOOMS.

OT those I sadly laid away,
With little stockings soft and gay,
That sunless, heart-sick, saddest day,
I passed beneath the rod;
I wipe from them the gathering mould,
I wonder at their growing old,
Then think how long the streets of gold
My little one has trod!

To-day a little larger pair
Are traversing the hall and stair,
Or somersaulting in the air,
Are never, never still:
Down at the heel! Out at the toes!
Mud-covered! Every mother knows
How "in-and-out" her dear boy goes,
Oft chide him as she will.

But life and strength and glowing health,
Come through those little boots by stealth,
And willing errands, loves sweet wealth
At bidding bring us joy.
Bear with the little boots, I pray;
Soon into life they'll walk away,
And, sitting lone, your heart will say,

Where is my little boy?

MRS. L. R. JONES.



THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

H! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the day fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of night.

And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there— Though never a word could his small lips speak—

With his toothless gums and his vacant stare, And his helpless limbs so frail and weak, Till I cried, in a voice of stern command, "Go up thou baldhead from No-man's-land!"

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture, they'd rend me
there,

The while they worshipped with bended knee This ruthless wretch with the missing hair; For he rules them all with relentless hand, This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.

"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim,
"I'll take the tyrant under my care;

Watch what my hour-glass does to him. The veriest humbug that ever was planned Is this same bald-head from No-man's-land."

Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell

And sad tears fall as I see him yield.

Could I stay the touch of that shriveled hand,
I would keep the bald-head from No-man'sland.

For the loss of Peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals, I've learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair
And hurried along without a tooth,
And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

MARY R. VANDYNE.



The period of childhood is ye happiest.



A Mother to Her New-Born Child.

WEET cry! as sacred as the blessed Hymn Sung at Christ's birth by joyful Seraphim! Exhausted nigh to death by that dread pain, That voice salutes me to dear life again. Ah, God! my child; my first, my loving child! I have been dreaming of a thing like thee Ere since, a babe, upon the mountains wild I nursed my mimic babe upon my knee.

In girlhood I had visions of thee; love
Came to my riper youth, and still I clove
Unto thine image, born within my brain
So like! as even there thy germ had lain!
My blood! my voice! my thought! my dream
achieved!

Oh, till this double life, I have not lived!

THOMAS WADE.

BABY LOUISE.

C+5-0-5+0

M in love with you, Baby Louise!

With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies,
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.



When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
W h a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer.
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in Love with you, Baby Louise!
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight to hear the word said,
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?

I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And—you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise.

-MARGARET EYTINGE.



WILLIE'S PRAYER.

NE sweet morning little Willie,
Springing from his trundle-bed,
Bounded to the vine-wreathed window
And put out his sunny head.

It was in the joyous spring-time, When the sky was soft and fair, And the blue-bird and the robin Warbled sweetly everywhere.

In the field the lambs were playing,
Where the babbling brook ran clear
To and fro, in leafy tree-tops,
Squirrels frisked without a fear.

In his ear his baby-brother
Baby-wonders tried to speak,
And the kiss of a fond mother
Rested on his dimpled cheek.

Zephyrs from the fragrant lilacs
Fanned his little rosy face,
And the heart's ease, gemmed with dewdrops,
Smiled at him with gentle grace.

Gliding back with fairy footsteps, Willie, dropping on his knees, Softly prayed "Dear God, I love you! Make it always happy, please!"

In the Hicture of a "Child Jired of Hlay."

TIRED of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day!
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up the steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,
Twilight gathers, and day is done—
How hast thou spent it, restless one!

Playing? But what hast thou done beside To tell thy mother at eventide? What promise of morn is left unbroken? What kind word to thy playmate spoken? Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven? How with thy faults has duty striven? What hast thou learn'd by field and hill, By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day, That will find thee tired—but not of play! And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now, With drooping limbs and aching brow, And wish the shadows would faster creep. And long to go to thy quiet sleep. Well were it then if thine aching brow Were as free from sin and shame as now! Well for thee if thy lip could tell A tale like this, of a day spent well. If thine open hand has relieved distress— If thy pity has sprung to wretchedness— If thou hast forgiven the sore offence. And humbled thy heart with penitence-If Nature's voices have spoken with thee With her holy meanings eloquently— If every creature hath won thy love, From the creeping worm to the brooding dove-If never a sad, low-spoken word Hath plead with thy human heart unheard-Then, when the night steals on, as now It will bring relief to thine aching brow And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest, Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

N. P. WILLIS.

A MOTHER'S JOYS.

'VE gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love is a crown to me.

The joys, the dear delights they bring, I'm sure I'd not agree To change for every worldly good That could be given to me.

Let others flaunt in fashion's ring,
Seek rank and high degree;
I wish them joy with all my heart,
They're envied not by me.
I would not give those loving looks,
The heaven of those smiles,
To bear the proudest name—to be
The Queen of Britain's isles.

My sons are like their father dear,
And all the neighbors tell
That my young blue-eyed daughter's just
The picture of mysel'.
Oh, blessings on my darlings all!
They're dear as summers shine,
My heart runs o'er with happiness
To think that they are mine.

At evening, morning, every hour
I've an unchanging prayer,
That Heaven would my bairnies bless,
My hope, my joy, my care.
I've gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three.
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love a crown to me.

WILLIAM FERGUSON.



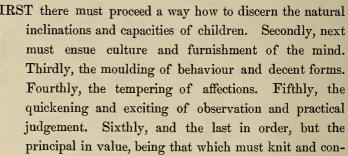
THE GOLDEN AGE.

Where children are there is the Golden Age.
NOVALIS.

THE SPORTIVE BOY.

HILE childhood reigns, the sportive boy Learns only prettily to toy, And while he roves from play to play, The wanton trifles life away.

What Education Comprises.



solidate all the rest, is the timely instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The Education of Children.

N anxious mother asked Mrs. Barbauld at what age she should begin to teach her child to read? "I should much prefer that a child should not be able to read before five years of age," was the reply. Why then have you written books for children of three? "Because if young Mammas will be over busy, they had better teach in a good way than a bad one." I have known clever precocious children at three years dunces at twelve, and dunces at six particularly clever at sixteen. One of the most popular authoresses of the present day could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said, that as everybody did learn to read with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen this apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work, and before thirty had published thirty volumes.

Children pick up words as pigeons peas: And utter them again as God shall please.

Pow to Pring Tp Shildren.

RING thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance, according to thy ability; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations.

LORD BURLEIGH.

Good Life, Long Life.

I N small proportion we just beauties see, And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

- LITTLE HOME BODY. &-

ITTLE Home-body is mother's wee pet,
Fairest and sweetest of Housekeepers yet;
Up when the roses in golden light peep,
Helping her mother to sew and and to sweep.
Tidy and prim in her apron and gown,
Brightest of eyes, of the bonniest brown;
Tiniest fingers, and needles so fleet,
Pattern of womanhood, down at my feet!

Little home-body is grave and demure,
Weeps when you speak of the wretched and the poor,
Though she can laugh in the merriest way
While you are telling a tale that is gay.
Lily that blooms in some lone, leafy nook;
Sly little hide-away, moss-sided brook;
Fairies are fine, where the silver dews fall;
Home fairies—these are the best of them all!



GEORGE COOPER.



∭hat **J**oes Little Hirdie Say?

FROM "SEA DREAMS,"

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger,
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say, In her bed at peep of day? Baby says, like little birdie, Let me rise and fly away. Baby sleep a little longer, Till the little limbs are stronger, If she sleeps a little longer, Baby too shall fly away.

ADVICE TO CHILDREN.



O no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle, Christ is pure and true, And his little children Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil
And the good to do.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

CHILDREN,

HO can look at this exquisite little creature seated on its cushion, and not acknowledge its prerogative of life

—that mysterious influence which in spite of the stubborn understanding masters the

mind, sending it back to days long past, when care was but a dream, and its most serious business, a childish frolic? But we no longer think of childhood as the past, still less as an abstraction, we see it embodied before us in all its mirth, and fun, and

glee, and the grave man becomes a child, to feel as a child, and to follow the little enchanter through all its wiles and never ending labyrinth of pranks. What can be real if that is not which so takes us out of our present selves that the weight of years fall from us as a garment; that the freshness of life seems to begin anew, and the heart and the fancy, resuming the first joyous consciousness, to launch again into this moving world, as on a sunny sea whose pliant waves yield to the touch, sparkling and buoyant, carry them onward in their merry gambols? Where all the purposes of reality are answered, if there be no philosophy in admitting, we see no wisdom in disputing it.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.



THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

Come they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neither spoke nor moved. Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face,
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.



OUR WEE WHITE ROSE



LL in our marriage garden
Grew smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suckt the green warmth of the sod;
O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles of sunshine,
On tears for daintier dew:
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled;
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where winged hopes might build!
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast,
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,
Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing,
"Another bud of infancy
With holy dews impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scare could think so small a thing Could leave a loss so large; Her little light such shadow fling From dawn to sunset's marge. In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.

SWEET BABE.

SWEET babe!
She glanced into our world to see
A sample of our misery;
Then turned away her languid eye,
To drop a tear or two—and die.

Sweet babe!
She tastes of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the portion up;
But turned her little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste and died.

Sweet babe!
She listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs; then turned her ear
To angel harps and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial—sighed and died.

Sweet babe no more, but seraph now; Before the throne behold her bow; To heavenly joys her spirit flies, Blest in the triumph of the skies;

Adores the grace that brought her there, Without a wish without a care, That washed her soul in Calvary's stream, That shortened life's distressing dream.

Short pain, short grief, dear babe were thine; Now joys eternal and divine; Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing: Thine infant spirit soars on angel-wing; Our dark affection might have hoped thy stay The voice of God has called this child away. Like Samuel early in the temple found, Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground, Oh! more than Samuel blest to thee is given, The God he served on earth to serve in heaven.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

~ ANGEL * CMARLIE. ▷

E came—a beauteous vision,
Then vanished from my sight;
His wing one moment cleaving
The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
Then, sweeping by, he stole
The dew-drop that his coming
Had cherished in my soul.

Oh, he had been my solace
When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night-watches
'Twas ever by my side.

He came; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah, me! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word!
My boy, when in strange night-dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred;
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, is it thou?

I know by one sweet token
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clue he left me
As on his track he sped;
Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

Oh, by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given;
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to heaven;
By dreams that throng my night-sleep,
By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm erring,
By promptings when I pray;—

I know this life so cherished,
Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
So beautiful a part;
This precious, winsome creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
And warbles lays of love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,
My glorious angel-boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
Rare bird of light and joy!
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
Still gathering in my eyes;
Blest—oh how blest!—in adding
A seraph to the skies!

-EMILY C. JUDSON.

Hy the Alma River.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;
Let it drop that soldier toy:
Look where father's picture stands,—
Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since—father kind,
Who this night may—Never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
Call aloud that He may hear
Who is God of battles,—say,
"Oh, keep father safe this day
By the Alma River."

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations or of creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work:
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol!
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word!
Stands—God sure the child's prayer heard—
By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day.
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
For the many swept away—
Hundreds—thousands! Let us weep,
We, who need not—just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning comes again;
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and fell
By the Alma River.

Come, we 'll lay us down, my child;
Poor the bed is,—poor and hard;
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home:
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs' out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark!—
Where he buries those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep;
God will keep us, O my boy;
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—Child, say thy prayer
Once again,—a different one,—
Say, "O God, thy will be done
By the Alma River."

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

MY BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BEAUTIFUL child! by thy mother's knee, In the golden future what wilt thou be? Angel or demon, or god sublime, Upas of evil, or flower of time? Dashing, flashing, madly down,
Weaving of horror a fairy crown;
Or, gliding on in a shining track,
Like the kingly sun that ne'er looks back?
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled!
What wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child! in my garden bowers, Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers; Crystal and pure as the sparkling stream, Goodness and truth in thy features beam.

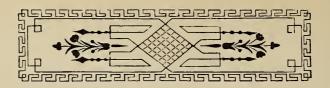
Brighter, whiter soul than thine
Never was seen in a mortal shrine.
My heart thou hast gladdened two sweet years
With rainbows of hope suffused my tears;
Wherever thy sunny smile doth fall,
The glory of God beams over all.

Beautiful child! to thy look is given
A purity less of earth than heaven,
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
I wish thou couldst ever thus be young.
Tripping, skipping, humming bird,
Everywhere thy voice is heard;
In the garden nooks thou oft art found,
With flowers thy bosom and neck around;
And when at thy prayers, with figure quaint,
Oh! how I love thee, my infant saint!

Beautiful child! what thy fate shall be
Is wisely hidden, perchance, from me.
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side,
And sorrow and shame may thee betide:
Shivering, quivering, through the street,
Wretched, down-trampled, cursed and beat;
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die,
No home, no friend, and a frowning sky.
Merciful Father! my brain grows wild;
Good angels guard my beautiful child!

Beautiful child! thou may'st soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love;
A wave on eternity's mighty sea;
A blossom on life's immortal tree;
Flowering, towering, evermore,
'Mid vernal airs of the golden shore.
Oh! as I gaze on thy sinless bloom,
And thy radiant face that laughs at gloom,
I pray God keep thee thus undefiled;
I pray Heaven bless my beautiful child.

W. A. H. SIGOURNEY.



HNNIE.

VE a sweet little pet; she is up with the lark,
And at eve she's asleep when the valleys are dark,
And she chatters and dances the blessed day long,
Now laughing in gladness, now singing a song.
She never is silent; the whole summer day
She is off on the green with the blossoms at play;
Now seeking a buttercup, plucking a rose,
Or laughing aloud at the thistle she blows.

She never is still; now at some merry elf
You'll smile as you watch her, in spite of yourself;
You may chide her in vain, for those eyes, full of fun,
Are smiling in mirth at the mischief she's done;
And whatever you do, that same thing, without doubt,
Must the mischievous Annie be busied about;
She's as brown as a nut, but a beauty to me,
And there's nothing her keen little eyes cannot see.

She dances and sings, and has many sweet airs; And to infant accomplishments adding her prayers, I have told everything that the darling can do, For 'twas only last summer her years numbered two. She's the picture of health, and a southern-born thing Just as ready to weep as she's ready to sing, And I fain would be foe to the lip that hath smiled At this wee bit of song of the dear little child.







GHILDHOOD.

The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught As only weakness can; God has his small interpreters; The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years, Our eyes of faith grow dim; But he is freshest from His hands And nearest unto Him! And haply, pleading long with Him For sin-sick hearts and cold, The angles of our childhood still The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom! Teach thus us, Oh Master most divine, To feel the deep significance Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty feet of power shall fail Where meekness surely goes; No cunning find the key of heaven, No strength its gates unclose.



Alone to guilelessness and love
Those gates shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



The Comfort of a Child.

ALL not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells---even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the hightest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal eye.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

OUR DEAR ONES.



OD gives us ministers of love,
Which we regard not being near;
Death takes them from us, then we feel
That angels have been with us here!



JAMES ALDRICH.



THE CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

BETSEY'S got another baby!
Charming, precious little type!
Grandma says—and she knows surely—
That you never saw its like.
Isn't it a beaming beauty,
Lying there so sweet and snug?
Mrs. Jones, pray stop your scandal,
Darling's nose is not a pug!

Some one says 'tis Pa all over,
Whereat Pa turns rather red,
And, to scan his features, quickly
To the looking-glass has fled;
But recovers his composure,
When he hears the nurse's story,
Who admits that of all babies
This indeed's the crowning glory!

Aunt Lucretia says she guesses—Says, indeed, she knows it, pos, That 't will prove to be a greater Man than e'er its father was; Proving thus the modern thesis Held by reverend doctors sage, That in babies, as in wisdom, This is a "progressive" age.

Uncle Henry looks and wonders
At so great a prodigy;
Close and closer still he presses
Thinking something brave to see.
Up they hold the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring,
But, alas! the staggered uncle
Vainly tries his praise to sing.

As he stares, the lovely infant,
Nestling by its mother's side,
Opes its little mouth, and singing,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.
Uncle tries to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stumbles blindly o'er the cradle,
And upsets the startled cat.

Why, Oh why such awkward blunders?
Better far have stayed away,
Nor have thrust yourself where woman
Holds an undisputed sway;
Do you think that now they'll name it,
As they mean to, after you?
Wretched mortal! let me answer,
You're deluded if you do!

Round about the noisy women
Pass the helpless stranger now,
Raptured with each nascent feature,
Chin and mouth, and eye and brow;
And for this young bud of promise
All neglect the rose in bloom,
Eldest born, who, quite forgotten,
Pouts within her lonely room.

Sound the stage-horn! ring the cow-bell!

That the waiting world may know;

Publish it through all our borders,

Even unto Mexico.

Seize your pen, Oh dreaming poet!

And in numbers smooth as may be,

Spread afar the joyful tidings,

Betsey's got another baby!

-KNICKERBOCKER.

"Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmity."

WEARILY from stair to stair, Slowly climb the little feet, Dress awry and tangled hair, Pouting lips as berries sweet.

"I'se so tired, don't 'ou see?

Dess I never 'll det up-stairs.

Dranpa, won't 'ou tarry me,

So as I tan say my prayers?"

LITTLENESS.

Light the burden that I bore,
Nestling softly on my breast;
Arms that hugged me o'er and o'er,
Tiny form at perfect rest.

And the midget softly said,
"Ain't you glad I'se small? 'Ou see,
When I have to go to bed,
'Ou tan always tarry me."

Glad I clasped the maiden close, Warm the beating of my heart; Love which every parent knows, Made the happy tear-drops start.

Ah! I thought my weary feet,
Toiling painfully life's stair,
Often find it passing sweet
When I meet my Father there.

Weak and sinful, poor and blind, Glad I seek his sheltering arm; Joyful welcome there I find, Calm security from harm.

Whispering prattle faint and low,
In his ever open ear,
Words whose meaning I scarce know,
Yet he loves to pause and hear.

Does there ever o'er Him fall
That glad thrill of holy glee—
Gladness that I am so small
He can safely carry me?

M. E. WINSLOW,



To a Child During Sickness.

My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness;
Thy thanks to all that aid;
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,—
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light where'er I go;
My bird, when prison-bound;
My hand-in-hand companion—No,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—is gone,
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on,—
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while,—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile;
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

RANDMA told me all about it,

Told me so I couldn't doubt it,

How she danced—my grandma danced—

Long ago.

How she held her pretty head, How her dainty skirt she spread, How she turned her little toes— Smiling little human rose!—

Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny; Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny! Really quite a pretty girl, Long ago.

Bless her! why she wears a cap, Grandma does, and takes a nap Every single day; and yet Grandma danced the minuet

Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking, Always knitting grandpa's stocking— (Every girl was taught to knit

Long ago),
Yet her figure is so neat.
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping, Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping, Would have shocked the gentle folk Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace, Everything in proper place, Gliding slowly forward, then Slowly courtesying back again, Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming, Grandma says; but boys were charming— Girls and boys I mean, of course— Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—What if all of us should try

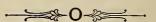
Just to feel like those who met In the graceful minuet Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion, Who could fly into a passion? All would wear the calm they wore

Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance
Should tell my grandehild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way
Long ago.

MRS. MARY M. DODGE.



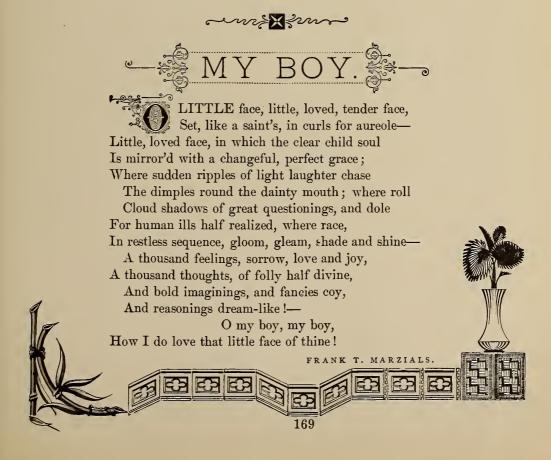
WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN?

IN company one evening, when the song, "Would I were a boy again," was called for, a gray-headed "old boy" discoursed thus:

A boy again! Who would be a boy again, if he could? To have measles, itch, and mumps; to get licked by bigger boys and scolded by older brothers; to stub toes; to slip up on the ice; to do chores; to get your ears boxed; to get whaled by a thick-headed sehoolmaster; to be made to stand up as the dunce for the amusement of the whole school, and be told how miserable, weak, and stupid you were when you were born, and to have the master ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in life if your parents had not been so patient with and so kind to you; to eat at the second table when company comes; to set out cabbage plants and thin corn because you are little, and consequently it wouldn't make your back ache so much; to be made to go to school when you don't want

WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN.

to; to lose your marbles; to have your sled broken; to get hit in the eyes with frozen apples and soggy snow balls; to cut your finger; to lose your knife; to have a hole in your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you; to be called a coward at school if you don't fight; to be whaled at home if you do fight; to be struck after a little girl and dare not tell her; to have a boy too big for you to lick to tell you that your sweetheart squints; to have your sweetheart cut you dead and affiliate with that boy John Smith, whom you hate particularly, because he set your nose out of joint the week before; to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy; to have no fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas; to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled; to be kept from the circus when it comes to town, and when all other boys go; to get pounded for stealing roasting ears; to get run by bull-dogs for trying to nip watermelons; to have the canker rash, catechism, stone bruises; to be called up to kiss old women that visit your mother; to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own sister; to be told of a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like George Washington; to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school ma'am on the sly, and wish you were big so you could kiss her too, and-and-why who'd be a boy again?



The Little Clothes in the Drawer.

In many a mother's heart these pathetic words, all the more tender and touching from the quaint Scotch brogue, will awaken an echo, that comes again and again, and never entirely dies away, assuring the sorrowing heart that the echo itself comes from the far-away land.

UT in the drawer-my heart can bear nae mair; Row up the paper wi' my dawty's hair; I ken, I ken, it but renews my waes-I ken I sudna' touch my lassie's claes; But when the past comes crowdin' through my brain I canna let her bits o' things alane. Sin' e'er she dee'd I wauken wi' a start, An' O, there's something saer comes ower my heart; Then thochts like lightnin' minds me o' her death, An' for a while I scarce can draw my breath. I dream'd a dream before she took her bed, An' O! wae's me, it's been ower truly read; An' whan the cock began to craw at night, I bodit aye that something wasna' richt; An' whan the window shook frae head to fit, I thocht my very heart lap aff the bit. Nae mair 'hint the door I'll see her keek, Nae mair to mine she'll lay her dimpled cheek! An' never mair me roun' the neck she'll tak', Nor dook her bonnie headie in my lap! Weel she was likit by ilk neebor wean, An' unco blythe they keepit my hearth-stane: The dorty ares she'd pleasure sae auldfarran-Wad let them see the "man that broke the barn" Wad mak' doo's dookits wi' her fingers sma', An' raise a lauch that wad delight them a'; Syne let them see, upon the auld kist head, Hoo "Robie Salmon selt his gingerbread;" Wad cock her head and gie siek pawkie looks-Her tongueie gaed as it wad clippit cloots, But when my wee drap tea I set agaun, My wee bit lassie sune was at my han'; A drappie i' the saucer aye she gat, An' syne contentit at my fit she sat. But noo when I set down I scarce break bread, I scarce can lift the saucer to my head. Ah! never mair at nippit cakes I'll growl, Nor catch her fingers i' the sugar bowl! I ken, I ken she's in a bright warl' noo, Among the flowers that death can never poo I ken, O! weel I ken, we're born to part— But if I didna greet I'd break my heart!"



→ BOYHOOD. ←



A R E N T S
should remember that the children of today, and especially those born in cities, are peculiarly

exposed to temptation. The opportunities which came to many of us from the old home life in the country, with its crisp atmosphere of Puritan government, its habits of honesty and honorable industry, its conservative customs, and its simple reverent faith in God, all centered around one spot, all hallowing one locality, will not come to our children, because the causes and incentives which operated to establish them in us, do not operate to establish them in the rising generation. A boyhood passed in the city is a far different thing from one passed in the country. The sights and sounds and surroundings of metropolitan life force the growth of the young, and at a time, too, when the physical and sensuous preponderate in the nature. These beget a looseness of thought and freedom of conduct before the judgement is sufficiently matured by experience to check them. These educate one into necessities faster than individual effort can earn the means of supplying them; and foster that worst of all habits of the young man -eating, and wearing, and spending what he has not earned. We do not say, parents; that these evil tendencies cannot be lessened or wholly counterbalanced, but we do say that they call for the utmost effort on your part, and make anxiety reasonable. They may achieve what the world calls success, although even this will be hazarded. But they will never lead

that life of piety and holiness which can alone commend them in their character and conduct to the favor of God. They will live and labor as those whose lives end at the grave. The line of pure selfishness will circumscribe their lives, and shame and confusion of face will cover them when they appear to render their account before God.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.



BE GENTLE.



E ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove

them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." I once heard a kind father say: "Yes, they are good boys; I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes: there is not one child in the circle round the table. healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

ELIHU BURRITT.

The Mother to her Child.

HEY tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steep'd in the blue of its remember'd home;
And while thou sleep'st come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I see

Upon thy baby lips that smile of heaven.

And what is thy far errand, my fair child? Why away, wandering from a home of bliss, To find thy way through darkness home again? Wert thou an untried dweller in the sky? Is there, betwixt the cherub that thou wert, The cherub and the angel thou mayst be, A life's probation in this sadder world? Art thou with memory of two things only, Music and light, left upon earth astray And, by the watchers at the gate of heaven, Look'd for with fear and trembling?

God! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering—leave not me
To bring her to the gates of heaven, alone!
I feel my feebleness. Let these stay on—
The angels who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow till in death
The closed eyes look upon Thy face once more!
And let the light and music, which the world
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her steps unto Thee!

N. P. WILLIS.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.





ger growth. How often do

HE child is father of the man. we meet this array of words! Yet how Men are but children of a lar- insensible we are to the profound philosophy they enwrap. Sublime and astonishing truths! Uttered every day in our hearing, set before our eyes at every step of our journey through life, written over all the monuments of earth, upon the pages and banners of all History, upon the temples and the pyramids, the palaces and the sepulchres of departed Nations, upon all the doings of the Past and Present, as with unextinguishable fire, and sounding forever and ever in the unapproachable solitudes of the Future! Yet heard with indifference, read without emotion, and repeated from mouth to mouth, day after day and year after year, without a suspicion of their deep meaning, of their transcendent importance, of their imperishable beauty. And why? The language is too familiar, the apparent signification too simple and natural for the excited understandings of the multitude. There is no curtain to be lifted, no veil to be rent as with the hands of giants, no zone to be loosened, no mystery to be expounded afar off, as in the language of another world, nothing to be guessed at, or deciphered, nothing but what anybody might understand if he would, and, therefore, nothing to be remembered or cared for.

But, in simple truth, a more sublime interrogation could not be propounded than that which may appear to be answered by the language referred to, What are children? Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose; and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows; and there, another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly, as to attract everybody's attention; while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs, for a trip to the islands. Look at

them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it, as it deserves to to be answered. What are children? To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation perhaps,—"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined"; or, "Men are but children of a larger growth"; or, peradventure, "The child is father of the man." And then, perhaps, you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having "plucked out the heart of the mystery," and uttered, without knowing it, a string of glorious truths,—pearls of great price.

But instead of answering you as another might, instead of saying, Very true, what if I were to call you back to the window with words like these: Do you know what you have said? do you know the meaning of the language you have employed? or, in other words, do you know your own meaning? What would you think of me? That I was playing the philosopher, perhaps, that I wanted to puzzle you with a childish question, that I thought I was thinking, or at best that I was a little out of my senses. Yet, if you were a man of understanding, I should have paid you a high compliment; a searcher after truth, I should have done you a great favor; a statesman, a law-giver, a philanthropist, a patriot, or a father, I should have laid you under everlasting obligations, I should have opened a boundless treasury underneath your feet, I should have translated you instantly to a new world, carried you up into a high mountain, as it were, and set before you all the kingdoms of the earth, with all their revolutions and changes, all future history, the march of armies, the growth of conquerors, the waxing and the waning of empire, the changes of opinion, the apparition of thrones dashing against thrones, the overthrow of systems, and the revolution of ages.

Among the children who are now playing together,—like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air; happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters; among those who are now idling together on that slope, or hunting butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses,-you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be lamented of another age, but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. The child is father of the man.

Among them and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future—the mothers of nations—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices, of another age and of another world, and all playing together! Men are but children of a larger growth.

Pursuing the search you would go forth among the little creatures, as among the types of another and a loftier language, the mystery whereof has just been revealed to you,—a language to become universal hereafter, types in which the

autobiography of the Future was written ages ago. Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called children, you would see warriors, with their garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golden harps and illuminated eyes, historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers; here a grave-digger flying his kite with his future customers, there a physician playing at marbles with his; here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighborhood; there a Cromwell or a Cæsar, a Napoleon or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the "Old Parr" of another generation sitting apart in the sunshine, and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. Yet we are told that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Hereafter is made up of the shreds and patches of Heretofore. If "Men are but children of a larger growth," then what are children? Men of a smaller growth. And this happens to be the truth, not only in the world of imagination, but in the world of realities; not only among poets, but among lawyers. At law, children are men,-little children murderers. A boy of nine, and others of ten and eleven, have been put to death in England, two for murder, and a third for "cunningly and maliciously firing" two barns. Of the little murderers, one killed his playmate and the other his bedfellow. And therefore, said the judges, they knew they had done wrong, --- they could distinguish between good and evil; and therefore they ordered both to be strangled. And they were strangled accordingly. As if a child who is old enough to know

that he has done wrong, is therefore old enough to know that he deserves death! So with regard to children of the other sex. At law babies are women, women babies. The same law which classes our mothers and our wives, our sisters and our daughters, with infants, lunatics, idiots and "persons beyond sea," allows a child to be betrothed at seven, to be endowed of her husband's future estate at nine, and to agree or disagree to a previous marriage at twelve. And what is law in England is law here.

Such are children. Corrupted they are fountains of bitterness for ages. Would you plant for the skies? Plant in the live soil of the warm and generous and youthful; pour all your treasures into the hearts of children. Would you look into the future as with the spirit of prophecy, and read as with a telescope the history and character of our country, and of other countries? You have but to watch the eyes of children at play.

What children are, neighborhoods are, communities are, states, empires, worlds! They are the elements of Hereafter made visible.

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets they are only the flowers and blossoms. the dew-drops or the playthings of earth. Yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better: to Him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world,indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world,

whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops? They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love, Playthings! God!---if the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing. What would be our feelings to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold asleep in our bosom? A Catharine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Benthan, a Napoleon or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums? Cuvier laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his playfellows' gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenborg, Madam de Stael? or playing bo-peep with Murat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday? or pusspuss in the corner with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakespeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Mrs. Clark, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps of the people no better than we are. But if they had appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while playing together! What a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! How their fingers would

have tingled! Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery, a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery. And I have an idea that if we only had a name for the study, it might be found as attractive and as popular, and perhaps,though I would not go too far-perhaps about as advantageous in the long run to the future fathers and mothers of mankind, as the study of shrubs and flowers, or that of birds and fishes. And why not? They are the cryptogamia of another world, --- the infusoria of the skies.

Then why not pursue the study for yourselves? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for, along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare. They flourish bravely in snow storms, in the dust of the trampled highway, where the drums are beating and colors flying---in the roar of cities. They love the sounding sea-breeze and the open air, and may always be found about the wharves, and rejoicing before the windows of toy-shops. They love the blaze of fireworks and the smell of gunpowder; and where that is, they are to a dead certainty.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour in pleasant weather, or to throw open your doors or windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live anywhere in the neigh-

borhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot, with here and there a patch of green, or a dry place in it, and steal behind the curtains, draw the blinds, and let the fresh wind blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and lo! you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, knock-up-and-catch.

JOHN NEAL.

A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue
The shadow of my heart will always pass;—
A heart that, from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her. But, oh God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burden; and if thou hast given
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,
Take Thou its love, I pray Thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!—
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child!
And link us close, oh God, when near to heaven!

N. P. WILLIS.



THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.



HE droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The sun comes up from the lea,
As he who will never come more
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furled her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily, "Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie! Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The sun goes down in the sea,
As he who will never go more,
Went down that last day from her door,
When the ship set her sails from the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily, "Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!" Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The year comes glad o'er the lea,
As he who will never come more,
Never, ah never!
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furled her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.
Never, ah never!
He who will come again, never!

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily, "Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!" Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The year goes sad to the sea,
As he who will never go more
For ever went down from her door,
Ever, for ever!
When the ship set her sails by the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.
Ever, for ever!
For ever went down from her door.



THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily, "Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!" Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"



A gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay!
High and low, low and high in the sun,
There's a boat, a boat on the bay!
High and low, low and high, in the sun,
All as she saw it that day,
When he came who shall never come more,
And the ship furled her sails by the shore.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily, "Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!" Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

All as she saw it that day,
With a gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay,
And they run, and they ride, and they run,
Merry, merry, down the merry highway;
To the boat high and low in the sun.

Nearer and nearer she hears the rolling drum,
Clearer and clearer she hears the cry, "They come."
Far and near runs the cheer to her ear once so dear,
Merry, merry, merry, up the merry highway,
As it ran when he came that day
And said, "Wilt thou be my dearie?
Oh, wilt thou be my dearie?
My boat is dry in the bay,
And I'll love till thou be weary!"
And she could not say him nay,
For his bonny eyes o' blue,
And never was true-love so true,
To never so kind a dearie,
As he who will never love more,
When the ship furls her sails by the shore.



Then she shakes like a wind-stricken lily, "Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie! Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

SYDNEY DOBELL.



LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

OLDENHAIR climbed up on grandpapa's knee;

Dear little Goldenhair! tired was she, All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light, Out with the birds and butterflies bright. Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head. "What has my baby been doing," he said, "Since she arose, with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one; 'I cannot tell so much things I have done,—Played with my dolly and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope, And I made out of some water and soap, Bufitle worlds! mama's castles of Hope.

"And I have readed in my picture-book, And little Bella and I went to look For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home and eated my tea, And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee, I jes as tired as tired can be."

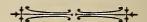
Lower and lower the little head pressed, Until it drooped upon grandpapa's breast; Dear little Goldenhair! sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do Are as sports of a babe to the infinite view That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way And we shall be called to account for our day, He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's play!

And O, when aweary may we be so blest As to sink like the innocent child to our rest, And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast! The real orphan is not he who has lost his father, but he whose father gave him no education.

ORIENTALE.



SEVEN TIMES ONE.

HERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,

There's no rain left in heaven.

I've said my "seven times" over and over— Seven times one are seven.

I am old,—so old I can write a letter; My birthday lessons are done.

The lambs play always,—they know no better; They are only one times one.

Oh Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing And shining so round and low.

You were bright—ah bright—but your light is failing;

You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven, And shine again in your place.

Oh velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,—You've powdered your legs with gold.

Oh brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow, Give me your money to hold!

Oh Columbine! open your folded wrapper, Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!

Oh Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it,—

I will not steal them away;

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet! I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

EPRIND; BOYS:

7 OU are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fist.

HORACE MANN.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"HAVE brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the kettle,
And lifted its shining lid.

"There is not any pie or pudding; So I will give you this;" And upon his toil-worn forehead She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,

While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging, Merrily trudged away, Stopping at sight of a squirrel, Catching some wild bird's lay, O, I thought, how many a shadow Of life and fate we would miss, If always our frugal dinners Were seasoned with a kiss!

Sad Hemembrances of Childhood.

THE dreams of childhood—its airy fables; its graceful, beautiful humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the stony ways of this world, wherein it was better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly-wise—what had she to do with these? Remembrances of how she had journeyed to the little that she knew, by the enchanted roads of what she and millions of innocent creatures had hoped and imagined; and how first coming upon Reason through the tender light of Fancy, she had seen it a beneficent god, deferring to gods as great as itself; not a grim Idol, cruel and cold, with its victims bound hand and foot, and its big dumb shape set up with a sightless stare, never to be moved by anything but so many calculated tons of leverage—what had she to do with these? Her remembrances of home and childhood were remembrances of the drying up of every spring and fountain in her young heart as it gushed out. The golden waters were not there. They were flowing for the fertilization of the land where grapes are gathered from thorns, and figs from thistles. CHARLES DICKENS.

EARLY DAYS.

EARLY DAYS.

H! enviable early days, When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,

To care to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!

ROBERT BURNS.

Children of the Rich and Poor Contrasted.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares,—
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble share

A breath may burst his bubble shares; And soft white hands could hardly earn A living that would serve his turn: A heritage, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit? Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,

A hardy frame, a hardier spirit; King of two hands he does his part In every useful toil and art: A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee.

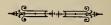
What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:

A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last,
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By records of a well-fill'd past:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

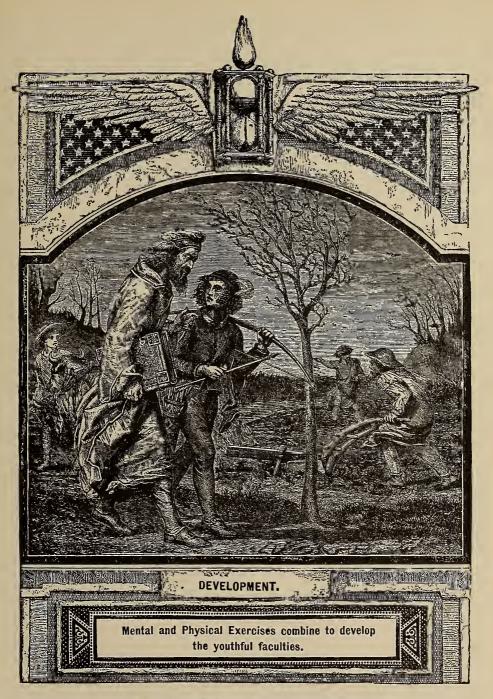
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



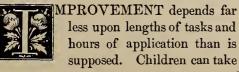
— The Nursery. —

HE nursery anticipates the school and the church; it sows the first seed and in that little home the atmosphere of the world first comes into close contact with the child's moral and immortal nature. Looked at in its true light, what is the nursery but just the next age in its bud and blossom? An enlightened regard, therefore, for the highest good of our children should make us deeply concerned for that of our domestics; for in contributing to their knowledge of God, we are helping to purify the moral atmosphere in which our whole household shall live and move, and laying down deeper, by every such effort, the foundations of our domestic happiness, and through this, in our share promoting the true prosperity and stability of the commonwealth. It has been justly said, "Families are the nurseries both for the state and for the church; the springs which, from their retirements, send forth the tributary streams, which by their confluence make up the majestic flow of national greatness and prosperity.

DR. A. THOMPSON.



CAPACITY OF CHILDREN.



in but a little each day; they are like a vase with a narrow neck; you may pour little or pour much, but much will not enter at a time.

MICHELET.

A MOLOGH OF A BABY.



NOTHER little boy—the biggest there, but still little—was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was

supposed by a fiction that obtains sometimes in sanguine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare, over his unconscious shoulder!

It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. Tetterby's baby was as well known in the neighborhood as the postman or the pot-boy. It roved from doorstep to door-step in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the tumblers or the monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for everything that was attractive, from Monday morning till Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Whenever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily

persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England; and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to any body, and could never be delivered anywhere.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BOYISH HABITS.

HAVE sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket-ball to negotiating a treaty with the Emperor of China. Men who will give themselves entirely to business and despise (which is their tendency) trifles, may be very able in their general conception of the great outline of a plan, but they feel a want of knowledge, which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which its successful execution may depend.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

TWO things are absolutely necessary to young people: Exercise to render them robust, and discipline to make them good and wise.

PLATO.

The boy who best learns all he can Will best succeed when he's a man.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

HE wind blew wide the casement, and within— It was the loveliest picture!—a sweet child Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life, In pauses, from the fountain,—the white round Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark, Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower, Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh:— And such alone are beautiful. Its eye, A full blue gem, most exquisitely set, Looked archly on its world,—the little imp, As if it knew even then that such a wreath Were not for all; and with its playful hands It drew aside the robe that hid its realm, And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys, And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek,— Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring The sunlight after. They were tears of joy; And the true heart of that young mother then Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously The silliest ballad-song that ever yet Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

CHILDREN A LOAN.

OOD Christian people! here lies for you an inestimable loan: take all heed thereof; in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

FROM "THE HANGING OF THE CRANE."

EATED I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware, With face as round as is the moon; A royal guest with flaxen hair. Who, through upon his lofty chair, Drums on the table with his spoon, Then drops it careless on the floor, To grasp at things unseen before. Are these celestial manners? these The ways that win, the arts that please Ah, yes; consider well the guest, And whatsoe'er he does seems best, He ruleth by the right divine Of helplessness, so lately born

In purple chambers of the morn, As sovereign over thee and thine. He speaketh not, and yet there lies A conversation in his eyes; The golden silence of the Greek, The gravest wisdom of the wise, Not spoken in language, but in looks More legible than printed books, As if he could but would not speak. And now, O monarch absolute Thy power is put to proof; for lo! Resistless, fathomless, and slow, The nurse comes rustling like the sea, And pushes back the chair and thee, And so good night to King Canute.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



HY mother's joy, thy father's hope thou bright, Bright pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep their gladness; Thou little potentate of love, who comest With solemn sweet dominion to the old, Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged With the grave embassage of that dear past, When they were young like thee, thou vindication Of God, thou living witness against all men Who have been babies, thou everlasting promise Which no man keeps, thou portrait of our nature, Which in despair and pride, we scorn and worship Thou household God, whom no iconoclast Hath broken!

SYDNEY DOBELL.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

A Child's First Impression of a Star.

HE had been told that God made all the stars

That twinkled up in heaven, and now

at twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood

Watching the coming of the twilight on, As if it were a new and perfect world, And this were its first eve. She stood alone By the low window, with the silken lash Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth Half parted, with the new and strange delight Of beauty that she could not comprehend, And had not seen before. The purple folds Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky That look'd so still and delicate above, Fill'd her young heart with gladness, and the

Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still Stood looking at the west with that half smile, As if a pleasant thought were at her heart. Presently, in the edge of the last tint Of sunset, where the blue was melted in To the faint golden mellowness, a star Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands, Her simple thought broke forth expressively—"Father! dear father! God has made a star!"

∰hat the Christ-Spirit Said to Children.

N. P. WILLIS.

ITTLE children, love each other,
Never give mother pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other,

Never mar another's rest,

Strive to make each other happy,

And you will yourselves be blest.

ON WITNESSING A BAPTISM.

HE stood up in the meekness of a heart Resting on God, and held her fair young child

Upon her bosom, with its gentle eyes Folded in sleep, as if its soul had gone To whisper the baptismal vow in heaven. The prayer went up devoutly, and the lips
Of the good man glow'd fervently with faith
That it would be, even as he had pray'd,
And the sweet child be gather'd to the fold
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on
Her lips moved silently, and tears, fast tears,
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon
The forehead of the beautiful child lay soft
With the baptismal water. Then I thought
That, to the eye of God, that mother's tears
Would be a deeper covenant—which sin
And the temptations of the world, and death,
Would leave unbroken—and that she would
know

In the clear light of heaven, how very strong The prayer which press'd them from her heart had been

In leading its young spirit up to God.

N. P. WILLIS.

Under My Window.

NDER my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:—
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,

And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes nought amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

T. WESTWOOD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD.



E it a weakness, it deserves some praise;

We love the play-place of our early days:

The scene is touching, and the heart is stone

That feels not at that sight,

and feels at none.

The wall on which we tried our graving

The very name we carved existing still! The bench on which we sat while deep employed,

Tho' mangled, hack'd and hew'd, not yet destroyed;

The little ones unbuttoned glowing hot, Playing our games, and on the very spot; As happy as we once, to kneel and draw The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw: To pitch the ball into the grounded hat, Or drive it devious with dextrous pat. The pleasing spectacle at once excites Such recollection of our own delights, That, viewing it, we seem almost t'obtain Our innocent, sweet, simple years again. This fond attachment to the well-known place,

When first we started into life's long race, Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,

We feel it even in age, at our latest day. WM. COWPER.

DAISY AMONG THE DAISIES.



OOR little Daisy! So tired was she! Mamma was busy as busy could be,-For house-cleaning time had arrived, you must know,

And troublesome Daisy was brim-full of woe; She tripped over this,—she stumbled in that.— And over a big roll of carpet fell flat; She bumped her small nose

Till 'twas red as a rose; And, to crown her mishaps,

Nursie trod on her toes:

"Then, please, miss, just keep yourself out of the way,"

Growled nurse. Oh, wretched, uncomfortable day!

Poor Daisy! her questions unheeded,

Her proffered assistance not needed, Scolded for nothing (she thought in her heart), Allowed in the wondrous commotion no part,— What wonder, at last,

That she ran away fast

To the beautiful fields, where all troubles were

To the beautiful meadows, where daisies were growing,

And where the tall grasses the soft wind was blowing?

There were bright yellow buttercups, brim-fuli of butter,

And gayly-winged butterflies, all in a flutter; And sweet clover-blossoms, that tempted the

To steal all the honey their bee-ships might please;

And, right in the midst of these pleasures, The sunshine fell down

Like a soft, golden crown,

To rest on the field full of treasures, And kiss little Daisy, who sat in the grass, To talk to the butterflies-sweet little lass!

"O, dear Mr. Butterf'y, what do you think? My house isn't pleasant to-day;

For everyone's cross, and the cartips are up, And nurse said to 'get out of ze way.'

So I've come to your house, and I'll be just as dood

As a little dirl ever can be-

O, dear Mr. Butterf'y, zat ain't polite,

When I'm talking, to fly off from me!" But off o'er the meadow the butterfly soared, Unheeding his wee little guest, truth to tell; And Daisy decided to visit awhile

The little white 'f'owers' she liked so well. So, where the fair daisies kept house together, Half hidden 'mongst grasses as high as her head,

Our dear little Daisy, so tired, grew sleepy, And borrowed a part of the wild flowers' bed.

And there, while the sunshine was stealing about

Her sweet sleeping-place, with a peep in and out,-

DAISY AMONG THE DAISIES.

Now leaving a kiss on the soft, yellow hair, Now trying to brown the dimpled cheeks fair,— Little Daisy all drowsily talked to the flowers, While minutes were hastening to make up the hours:

"How funny it is, I think, don't you? That I'm a daisy, and you are, too! But then, I'm mamma's daisy, and so I don't live in the grass and grow. I don't know where I came from, though; Maybe I used to be a little thing, All yellow in the middle, with a little wing, Growing out all wound, and just as white As yours!" Here Daisy laid a finger light Upon the soft white leaves beside her cheek. "O, little bit of f'ower-daisy, speak To me! Tell me, do you know If you, some day, a little dirl will gwow? Maybe a mamma'll come and get you, And, if the sunshine-mother'll let you, Go away from all the others,-All your f'ower sisters and brothers; And then you 'll be a little live dirl, And maybe your hair will twist and turl, And make you cry when nursie combs it, jus' As I do cry, and, nurse says, 'mate a fuss.' Mamma don't love her girl-daisy to-day, And that is why I runned so fast away. I wish a birdie please would sing a song, I'm just as sleepy as—as—" Ah! ere long The tired evelids, over tired eves, Fell softly down, beneath the summer skies.

MARY D. BRINE.

THE RAUGHTY BAIRN.

HE bairnie sat on the hillock hard,
The bright little brook beside,
With a world of care on his bonnie
face,

And the tears on his cheeks scarce dried.

A naughty boy the bairn had been,
He had strayed from school away,
For the lessons were hard, and he could
not learn,
And he longed, oh, he longed to play.

He put his books in his satchel worn,
And kissed the mother good-bye;
And smiled at her caution to walk in the
road,

For the grass was scarcely dry.

The naughty bairn! he had in his mind How merry it would be To go and sit by the babbling brook, And the pebbles and flowers see.

He could not bear to think of the school,
And the long, long, tiresome day;
So he laid his satchel 'neath the old stone
wall,
And hied to the brook away.

He tossed the pebbles in the waters bright, And plucked the sweet wild flowers; And thought what a merry way this was To spend the morning hours.

So he merrily played till the sun went down, In a sea of crimson fire;

And he saw o'er the meadows slowly creep The shadow of the village spire.

And then he remembered he must go home, And he thought of his mother's frown; And then first he saw his mud-soiled hands, And the stains on his best school gown.

And somehow the brook as it rippled along, Sang a quaint and a sad, sad lay; It sang to the bairn of the stolen hours, And the lost and wasted day.

And home through the gloaming the bairnie strayed,

But the smile of the day was gone; For, child as he was, he felt the grief That always follows wrong.

Though the doing wrong may seem merry and light,

The mem'ry is cold and chill; And the only pleasure we can truly know Is doing the Father's will.

The School Boy.

W E bought him a box for his books and things,

And a cricket-bag for his bat; And he looked the brightest and best of kings

Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and
rain

Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see The sign of a sorrowful heart;

But he only shouldered his bat with glee And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore, For the boy was tender and kind;

But his was a world that was all before, And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold, For the child was loyal and true;

And the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower Which only groweth down;

And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour

As we drove back through the town.

"Hare and Hounds."

"HAT shall we do?" the children said,

By the spirit of frolic and mischief led,

Frank and Lulu and Carrie, three
As full of nonsense as they could be:
Who never were known any fun to stop
Until they were just about ready to drop.
Frank, whose "knowledge-box" surely
abounds

With games, spoke up for "Hare and Hounds."

"Down the cellar or up the stair, Here and there, and everywhere, You must follow, for I'm the Hare!"
Lulu and Carrie gave quick consent,
And at cutting their papers and capers went,
For the stairs were steep, and they must not
fail

To have enough for a good long trail.

Away went the Hare Right up the stair,

And away went the Hounds, a laughing pair;

And Tony, who sat Near Kitty, the cat,

And was really a dog worth looking at, With a queer grimace

Soon joined the race, And followed the game at a lively pace!

Then puss, who knew
A thing or two,

Prepared to follow the noisy crew, And never before or since, I ween, Was ever beheld such a hunting scene!

The Hare was swift; and the papers went This way and that, to confuse the scent; But Tony, keeping his nose in air,

In a very few moments betrayed the Hare, Which the children told him was hardly fair.

I can not tell you how long they played, Of the fun they had, or the noise they made;

For the best of things in this world, I think, Can ne'er be written with pen and ink. But Bridget, who went on her daily rounds, Picking up after the "Hare and Hounds," Said she didn't mind hearing their lively capers.

But her back was broke with scraps o' papers.

Carrie, next day, couldn't raise her head; Frank and Lulu were sick in bed;

The dog and the cat were a used-up pair, And all of them needed the doctor's care, The children themselves can hardly fail

To tack a moral upon this trail;

And I guess on rather more level grounds They'll play their next game of "Hare and Hounds."

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



HE clock strikes seven in the hall, The curfew of the children's day, That calls each little pattering foot From dance and song and lively play; Their day that in a wider light Floats like a silver day-moon white, Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift Of children's kisses through the house, And cuckoo notes of sweet "Good night,"

That thoughts of heaven and home arouse, And a soft stir to sense and heart, As when the bee and blossom part; And little feet that patter slower, Like the last droppings of a shower.

But sets within a golden west.

And in the children's room aloft, What blossom shapes do gaily slip Their daily sheaths, and rosy run From clasping hand and kissing lip, A naked sweetness to the eye-Blossom and babe and butterfly In witching one, so dear a sight ' An ecstasy of life and light.

Then lily-drest, in angel white, To mother's knee they trooping come. The soft palms fold like kissing shells, And they and we go singing home-Their bright heads bowed and worshiping, As though some glory of the spring, Some daffodil that mocks the day, Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of paradise swing wide A moment's space in soft accord, And those dread angels, Life and Death, A moment veil the flaming sword, As o'er this weary world forlorn From Eden's secret heart is borne That breath of Paradise most fair, Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down, As fragrant white as clover'd sod, And all the upper floors grow hushed With children's sleep, and dews of God. And as our stars their beams do hide, The stars of twilight, opening wide, Take up the heavenly tale at even, And light us on to God and heaven.

JANE ELLIS HOPKINS.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

OW mournful seems, in broken dreams, The memory of the day, When icy Death hath seal'd the breath Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved, The face we thought so fair, And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold Once charm'd away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel For hopes that come no more, Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word. "Not lost, but gone before."

Oh sadly yet with vain regret The widow's heart must yearn; And mothers weep their babes asleep In the sunlights's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part From the one through childhood known; And the orphan's tears lament for years A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife, Beat wild on this world's shore, And all our calm is in that balm, "Not lost, but gone before."

Oh! world wherein nor death, nor sin, Nor weary warfare dwells; Their blessed home we parted from With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake Our own with tears grow dim, And faint accords of dying words Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn;

Oh! there at last, life's trials past, We'll meet our loved once more, Whose feet have trod the path to God-"Not lost, but gone before."

HON. MRS. NORTON.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

PORTING through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side,
Wandering o'er the heather fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child.

In the rich man's house so wide,
By the poor man's snug fireside,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers which spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!

In the fair isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they, in me, Move a kindly sympathy, With their wishes, hopes, and fears, With their laughter and their tears, With their wonders, so intense, And their small experience.

Little children not alone On the spacious earth are known, 'Mid its labors and its cares, 'Mid its sufferings and its snares;

Free from sorrow, free from strife, In the world of love and life, Where no sinful thing hath trod— In the presence of our God, Spotless, blameless, glorified, Little children there abide!

MARY HOWITT.

The Lost Little One.

E miss her footfall on the floor,
Amidst the nursery din,
Her tip-tap at our bedroom door,
Her bright face peeping in.

And when to Heaven's high court above Ascends our social prayer, Though there are voices that we love, One sweet voice is not there.

And dreary seem the hours, and lone,
That drag themselves along,
Now from our board her smile is gone,
And from our hearth her song.

We miss that farewell laugh of hers,
With its light joyous sound,
And the kiss between the balusters,
When goodnight time comes round.

And empty is her little bed,
And on her pillow there
Must never rest that cherub head
With its soft silken hair.

But often as we wake and weep,
Our midnight thoughts will roam,
To visit her cold, dreamless sleep,
In her last narrow home.

Then, then it is Faith's tear-dimm'd eyes
See through ethereal space,
Amidst the angel-crowded skies,
That dear, that well-known face.

With beckoning hand she seems to say, "Though, all her sufferings o'er, Your little one is borne away

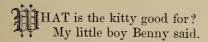
To the celestial shore,

Doubt not she longs to welcome you
To her glad, bright abode,
There happy endless ages through
To live with her and God."



BENNY'S QUESTIONS.





To catch the mice in the pantry When they nibble mamma's bread, To sit on the rug in the sunshine, To play with her little toes, And if kitty is good for anything else, It is more than mamma knows.

What is the mooly cow good for, Mamma? I'd like to know.

To eat green grass in the pastures Where the meadow-lilies grow, To give us sweet golden butter, Rich milk, and yellow cream, And a great many more good presents Than Benny could even dream.

What are the busy bees good for— To sting little boys? asked he.

There is many a lesson my boy could learn From even a busy bee. For he works all day in the summer Laying sweet treasures by For the long cold days that are coming, When roses and violets die.

What is old Rover good for? I'm sure I can not see.

To teach my Benny how patient Even a brute can be; To watch papa's house at midnight, When the lamps are all out in the street, So, Benny, take care of good Rover, And give him enough to eat.

What is my mamma good for? The little rogue laughing said.

Oh, Benny, my boy, I answered, As I pillowed his sunshiny head, Your mamma is good for nothing If she can not teach her child To follow the Infant Saviour, So loving, tender, and mild.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

OH, sun! so far up in the blue sky; Oh, clovers! so white and so sweet; Oh, little brook! shining like silver, And running so fast past my feet,—

You don't know what strange thing has happened

Since sunset and star-shine last night; Since the four-o'clocks closed their red petals

To wake up so early and bright.

Say, what will you think when I tell you What my dear mamma whispered to me, When she kissed me on each cheek twice over?

You don't know what a man you may see!

Sweet-clover, stand still; do not blow so: I shall whisper way down in your ear, I was four years old early this morning! Would you think so, to see me, my dear?

Do you notice my pants and two pockets? I'm so old, I must dress like a man; I must learn to read books and write letters, And I'll write one to you when I can.

My pretty gold butterflies flying,
Little birds, and my busy brown bee,
I shall never be too old to love you;
And I hope that you'll always love me!

FANNY BENEDICT.

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"Honor thy father and thy mother."

ATHER and mother! sacred names and dear; The sweetest music to the infant ear, And dearer still to those, a joyous band, Who sport in childhood's bright enchanted land.

And when, as years roll on, night follows day, The young wax old and loved ones pass away, Through mists of time yet holier and more dear, "Father and mother" sound to memory's ear.

The days, the hours, the moments as they speed, Each crowned by loving thought or word or deed, Oh, heart's long-suffering, self-denying! sure Earth holds no love more true, and none so pure.

Thou happy child whom a good God hath given A parents' shelt'ring home, that earthly heaven, Where ceaseless care, where tireless love and true, Nurse thy young life as flowers are nursed by dew,

E'en as the flowers, for the dear debt they owe, Bloom, and sweet odors in rich meed bestow, Let the fair blossoms of thy love and duty Cluster about thy home in fragrant beauty.

Never from eye or lip be seen or heard The sullen glance or the rebellious word, And never wilfully or heedless pain The tender hearts that cannot wound again.

But fond caress, sweet smile and loving tone, Obedience prompt and glad, be thine alone, For filial love, like mercy, is twice blest; While to the parent of earth's joys the best, Richer than treasures of the land or sea, It wins God's blessing, O my child, for thee!



ADGE, wee woman with earnest look, Is head and ears in a fairy book; Rob is a rogue with hair of tow, Last but greatest is Baby Joe.

Fastened down there
In the big arm-chair,
Stiff and angular, strong and square.
He can't get up and he can't slide out;
Nothing to do but to wriggle about,
Suck his thumbs and his rubber ring,
And wonder vaguely about his shoes
(Shiny and small such as babies use),
How they ever came on his feet.
If they're made to look at, or only to eat?
Thinks quite strongly of making a spring
In the hope of breaking the naughty thing
That holds him a prisoner snug and tight
In that tiresome chair from morning till
night.

But here comes Rob with a funny face, Baby looks up and takes heart of grace; All his sorrows and griefs are past; Here is something to do at last.

He gurgles and crows
And wrinkles his nose,
With one little dimple that comes and

He stretches an arm with a doubled-up fist.

Soft and rosy from elbow to wrist,
For Rob has been puffing his red cheeks

Till they look like big apples he's holding there,

Ripe and shining and smooth and fair.

Baby Joe strikes hard with his fist of pink

At the puckered-up lips, then quicker than

wink

Rob jumps to his feet with a laugh and a shout,

And capers and dances and whirls about. But the best of the play is, that when it is

They can play it all over again, Such fun!

CARRIE M. THOMPSON.

GASA WAPPY.*

Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we meet our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,

To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight—
A type of heaven!
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,

Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This moon beheld thee blythe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

CASA WAPPY.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride, Earth's undefiled, Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,

Our dear, sweet child!

Humbly we bow to Fate's decrec; Yet had we hoped that Time should see Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,

Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will, Thou meet'st my sight;

There dost thou glide before me still—A form of light!

I feel thy breath upon my cheek— I see thee smile, I hear thee speak— Till oh! my heart is like to break,

Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now, With glance of stealth;

The hair thrown back from thy full brow In buoyant health;

I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek carnation bright—
Thy clasping arms so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall, Thy bat—thy bow—

Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball; But where art thou?

A corner holds thine empty chair; Thy playthings, idly scattered there, But speak to us of our despair,

Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word— To glad—to grieve—

Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird On Summer's eve;

In outward beauty undecayed, Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade, And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,

Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night The chamber fills;

We pine for thee, when morn's first light Reddens the hills;

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea— Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee, Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam Of casual mirth,

It doth not own, whate'er may seem, An inward birth; We miss thy small step on the stair;— We miss thee at thine evening prayer; All day we miss thee—everywhere— Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go, In life's spring-bloom,

Down to the appointed house below— The silent tomb.

But now the green leaves of the tree, The cuckoo, and "the busy bee," Return—but with them bring not thee,

Casa Wappy!
"T is so; but can it be—while flowers
Revive again—

Man's doom, in death that we and ours For aye remain?

Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so Thus man could die,

Life were a mockery—thought were woe—
And truth a lie;—

Heaven were a coinage of the brain—Religion frenzy—virtue vain—And all our hopes to meet again,

Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!.

With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!

Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod The skyward path, the seraph's road, That led thee back from man to God,

Casa Wappy!
Yet, 't is sweet balm to our despair,

Fond, fairest boy,

That Heaven is God's, and thou art there, With him in joy;

There past are death and all its woes; There beauty's stream for ever flows; And pleasure's day no sunset knows, Casa Wappy!

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—Pride of my heart!

It cannot be that long we dwell, Thus torn apart.

Time's shadows like the shuttle flee; And, dark howe'er life's night may be, Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee,

Cassy Wappy!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

MY CHILD.

CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair:
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet.
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not
there!

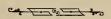
When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer:
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.



Dirge for a Young Girl.



NDERNEATH the sod low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here

Yes! they're ever bending o'er her
Eyes that weep,
Forms that to the cold grave bore her
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining, Soft and fair, Friends she loved, in tears are twining

Friends she loved, in tears are twining Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above!
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

IAMES T. FIELDS.

The Open Window.

HE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows Wide open to the air; But the faces of the children, They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens, They played not in the hall; But shadow, and silence, and sadness Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!
H. W. LONGFELLOW.



SHE CAME AND WENT.

S a twig trembles, which a bird Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,

So is my memory thrilled and stirred;— I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul, held that moment's heaven;
I only know she came and went.

As at one bound our swift Spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim, And when the oil is nearly spent, One gush of light these eyes will brim, Only to think she came and went.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Baby's Shoes.

Those shoes that no little feet use.

Oh the price were high

That those shoes would buy,

Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept, So hushed, how the mother has kept,

With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore Of a patter along the floor; And blue eyes she sees

Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there, There babbles from chair to chair A little sweet face

That's a gleam in the place, With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart From all else would rather part

> Than those tiny blue shoes That no little feet use,

And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.



eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trowsers, buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask ques-

tions; was accompanied by a small, black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant here! Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing under foot, no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper upon the floor, of tumble-down card-houses, of wooden sheep and cattle, of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks, and trumpery. I want to see boats a rigging, and kites a making, crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candymaking and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once.

They say, "How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains, and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet, for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of

drums, fifes, and tin trumpets; yet these things made me nervous once.

They say, "Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper, for a cent to buy a slate pencil or pea-nuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or main-sails, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house, teasing for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once.

They say, "Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty to go to concerts, lectures, and parties! No confinement for you."

But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud-stains, fruit-stains, molasses-stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed that mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I; has thick, black whiskers, and wears a frock-coat, bosomed shirt, and cravat. He has just come from

college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says that he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with gay stripes at the sides, and asks if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boys' militia. He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat, to show the red strip on the sail (it was the end of the piece,) and the name on the stern-"Lucy Low"-a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the name on the boat! Oh! I see it all, as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days—that now is the time to really enjoy their children, I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one.

Loss and Cain.

WHEN the baby died, we said, With a sudden, secret dread: "Death, be merciful, and pass;—Leave the other!"—but alas!

While we watched he waited there, One foot on the golden stair, One hand beckoning at the gate, Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so, Clothed in innocence to go;" Say, to ease the parting pain, That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this! But remember more the kiss From the little rose-red lips; And the print of finger-tips.

Left upon the broken toy, Will remind them how the boy And his sister charmed the days With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief:
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

NORA PERRY.

LET no fond sire a boy's ambition trust To make him study, let him see he must.

CRABBE.

I T is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected of them in the future.

DEMOPHILUS.







USH, my dear! Lie still and slumber!

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Holy angels guard thy bed! Heavenly blessings without number,

Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,

House and home, thy friends provide;

All without thy care or payment, All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended Than the son of God could be, When from heaven He descended, And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features,—
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger Cursed sinners could afford, To receive the heavenly stranger? Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee, Though my song might sound too hard; 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee, And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story.

How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing; Lovely Infant, how He smiled! When He wept, His mother's blessing Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child. Lo, He slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed:—
Peace, my darling, here's no danger:
There's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame, Bitter groans and endless crying, That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him, Trust and love Him all thy days, Then go dwell for ever near Him; See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses! Hoping what I most desire, Not a mother's fondest wishes Can to greater joys aspire!

ISAAC WATTS.

GOLDEN-TRESSED ADELAIDE.

A SONG FOR A CHILD.

ING, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad nor very long:
It is for a little maid,
Golden tressed Adelaide!
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear!

Let it be a merry strain,

Mother dear!
Shunning e'en the thought of pain:
For our gentle child will weep
If the theme be dark and deep;
And we will not draw a single, single tear,

Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,

Mother dear!

And like an endless summer shine;

Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,

Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:

Therefore bid thy song be merry:—dost
thou hear,

Mother dear?

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

TWO SCHOOL BOYS.

WO school-boys on their way to school
I day by day was meeting;
Yet though I met them day by day,
We each and all pursued our way,
Nor exchanged a friendly greeting.

At last I got to nod and smile,
To smile they, too, were willing;
And then I used to stop and stand,
And often shake them by the hand,
And sometimes tip a shilling.

Till it became a daily treat

To meet these morning scholars:
I loved to see their merry looks,
Though schoolward bound, with bag of books,
Bright cheeks, and shining collars.

Soon came the summer holidays,
And when they were half over,
I took a trip to Germany,
And three months passed away ere I
Recrossed the straits of Dover.

Again I took that old, old walk—
What time the leaves were yellow,
The autumn day was very still—
Just at the bottom of the hill
I met one little fellow.

He hailed me with a joyful cry
Of joyfullest delectation:
I laughed to see him laughing so.
"But where's our friend?" "What! don't
you know?
He died in the vacation."

How was it that I turned aside,
With rough, abruptest bearing?
No matter; on the instant I
Turned off, nor even said, "Good-bye,"
And left the youngster staring.

THE MORNING SONG.

Sing me your morning song,
Thanking our Father for His love
And care the whole night long.

Sing out with cheerful heart,
Sing out with cheerful voice;
The tones of gratitude to God
Will make my heart rejoice.

Thank Him for parents dear,
Thy father and thy mother;
Thank Him for little sister Bess,
Thank Him for little brother.

Thank Him for pleasant home, Thank Him for many a friend, For mercies which we can not count For mercies without end.

Thank Him for health and strength,
Thank Him for clothes and food,
Thank Him for light and the fresh air,
Thank Him for every good.

Thank Him for pleasant days,
For sunshine and for showers,
For the green grass and lofty trees,
And for the fair wild flowers.

Thank Him, oh, most of all,
For His most Holy Word,
Wherein we read the wondrous love
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Thank Him that Christ has died That we might die to sin; Thank Him that Christ is risen again, That we His heaven may win.

Sing, little daughter, sing;
Sing forth with heart and voice,
Thanking the Lord for all His gifts;
Rejoice, my child, rejoice.

The Boy & Love.

Y boy, do you know the boy I love?
I fancy I see him now;
His forehead bare in the sweet spring air,

With the wind of hope in his waving hair, With sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height, may be,
And just about your years;
Timid as you; but his will is strong,
And his love of right and his hate of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth,

The trail that he must bear;
The peril, the ghost that frights him most,
He faces boldly, and like a ghost
It vanishes in air.

As wild-fowl take, by river and lake,
The sunshine and the rain,
With cheerful, constant hardihood,
He meets the bad luck and the good,
The pleasure and the pain.

Come friends in need? With heart and deed He gives himself to them.

He has the grace which reverence lends— Reverence, the crowning flower that bends, The upright lily-stem.

Though deep and strong his sense of wrong,
Fiery his blood and young,
His spirit is gentle, his heart is great,
He is swift to pardon and slow to hate,
And master of his tongue.

Fond of his sports? No merrier lad's Sweet laughter ever rang!
But he is so generous and so frank,
His wildest wit, or his maddest prank,
Can never cause a pang.

His own sweet ease, all things that please,
He loves, like any boy;
But fosters a prudent fortitude;
Nor will he squander a future good
To buy a fleeting joy.

Face brown or fair? I little care
Whatever the hue may be,
Or whether his eyes are dark or light;
If his tongue be true and his honor bright,
He is still the boy for me.

Where does he dwell? I can not tell;
Nor do I know his name.
Or poor or rich? I don't mind which;
Or learning Latin, or digging ditch,
I love him all the the same.

With high, brave heart, perform your part,
Be noble and kind as he;
Then, some fair morning, when you pass,
Fresh from glad dreams, before your glass,
His likeness you may see.

You are puzzled? What! you think there is not

A boy like him—surmise
That he is only a bright ideal?
But you have power to make him real,
And clothe him to our eyes.

You have rightly guessed: in each pure breast

Is his abiding-place.
Then let your own true life portray
His beauty, and blossom day by day
With something of his grace.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHILDHOOD.

N my poor mind it is most sweet to muse Upon the days gone by; to act in thought Past seasons o'er, and be again a child; To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope Down which the child would roll; to pluck

gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her

head.

PATCHWORK.



ITTLE Miss Margery sits and sews;

Painfully creaking her needle goes,

As the moist little fingers push it through. Such a long stint she has got to do? "What is the good," she says with a sigh, "Of making more quilts to just lay by?

"Up in the press lies row on row; Who are they for? I should like to know, 'You'll be glad some day,' says Aunt Pauline,

'That you made so many.' What can she mean?

Pretty white spreads, I think, look best; And, anyway, little girls want some rest."

The small brass thimble gleefully rolled (Margery likes to play 'tis gold). Scissors and spool with a clatter fell; Solemn old clock, now don't you tell! Over the sill see Margery lean, Heedless of patchwork and Aunt Pauline.

Clover-heads with their horns of honcy, Daisies with gold and silver money, Strings of strawberries yet to be, Yellow butterflies, gay and free, Sun and wind, and a chance to play,—All these scarcely a rod away.

She knows she could find a four-leaved clover

Before she has hunted the field half over; And, oh! by the way that sparrow flew, She must have a nest there, certain true! Only a thin white wall between!— When suddenly in walked Aunt Pauline.

The high-backed chair grew straighter still,
The clock began to tick with a will,
Even the foolish half-moon face
Checked itself in a broad grimace,
While a vagrant bee who was buzzzing
through
Out of the window quickly flew.

Guilty Margery, quite aghast, Straightens up and sews very fast, But all in vain, however she tries, To cheat for a moment those keen eyes Under their spectacles looking through Body and soul—and patchwork, too.

"What is the matter," she asks, "to-day? You want to go out in the field and play? If I were so silly I wouldn't have told—A great big girl nearly twelve years old. Let me see your work. Well, I do declare, 'T would disgrace a baby, Margery Ware!

"It must all come out. Here, take this pin; Sit beside me, while you begin.
Remember you must not leave your seat Until it is done all true and neat.
You'll be thankful yet that you learned to sew,"

With a glance at Margery's face of woe.

"When I was a girl," says Aunt Pauline,
"An idle minute was seldom seen;
You've no idea of the pains we'd take,
Our beautiful patchwork squares to make.
For prints were precious and thread was
high,

And little enough could our parents buy.

"You could sew if you only tried; What in the world do you see outside? Grass wants cutting; the corn looks dry; Signs of rain, I think, in the sky. Carefully, child, don't hurry so, Set your stitches exact and slow."

Margery swings her restless feet, Clover blossoms do smell so sweet; Smooth little finger-tips grow rough, Won't she ever have done enough? Well, she must bear it while she's small; Grown-up folks needn't sew at all.

LUCY D. WIGGIN.



H PLEA FOR THE BOY.

HE boy is an offence in himself. He must have something to do, and as his hands are idle, the proverbial provider of occupation for idle hands is always ready with instructions for him. A boy makes noise in utter defiance of the laws of acoustics. Shoe

him in velvet, and carpet your house as

you will, your boy shall make such hubbub with his heels as no watchman's rattle ever gave forth. Doors in his hands always shut with a violence which jars the whole house, and he is certain to acquire each day the art of screaming or whistling in some wholly new and excruciating way. Loving his mother so violently that his caresses derange her attire and seriously endanger her bones, ready to die in her defence if need be, he nevertheless torments her from morning to night, and allows her no possible peace until slumber closes his throat and eyelids, and deprives his hands and feet of their demoniac cunning.

In public your boy is equally a nuisance. Collectively or individually he offends the public in the streets. Whatever he does is sure to be wrong. He monopolizes space and takes to himself all the air there is for acoustical purposes. Your personal peculiarities interest him, and with all the frankness of his soul he comments upon your appearance, addressing his remarks to his fellow on the next block.

Nevertheless the boy has his uses. is the material out of which men are to be made for the next generation. not a bad fellow,—that is to say, he is not intentionally or consciously bad. There are springs in his limbs which keep him in perpetual motion, and the devil of uproar of which he is possessed utters the ear-piercing sounds which annoy his elders, but the utterances of which he can no more restrain than he can keep his boots or trousers from wearing out. In a ten-acre lot, well away from the house, the boy is a picturesque and agreeable person; it is only when one must come into closer contact with him that his presence causes suffering and suggests a statue to King Herod. It is in cities that the boy makes himself felt most disagreeably, and we fancy that the fault is not altogether his. As the steam which bursts boilers would be a perfectly harmless vapor, but for the sharp restraint that is put upon it, so the effervescent boy becomes dangerous to social order only when he is confined, when an effort is made to compress him into smaller space than the law of his expansive being absolutely requires. We send him upon the war-path by encroaching upon his hunting-grounds; we drive him into hostility by treating him as a public enemy.

In most of our dealings with him in cities our effort is to suppress him, and it is an unwise system. If his ball-playing in the streets becomes an annoyance, we simply forbid ball-playing in the streets, and it is an inevitable consequence that, deprived of his ball, he will throw stones at street lamps or at policemen. What else is he to do?

In Brooklyn, for example, whose streets are long and wide, there was thought to be room enough for boys, and the inspiring rumble of the velocipede was heard there until somebody objected, when straightway the policemen were directed to arrest all machines of that character, whether with two, three, or four wheels, found upon sidewalks. Now this order we hold was not only cruel, but it was unwise as well. Without a doubt the velocipedes were a source of serious annovance in crowded thoroughfares, but they are not so in streets in which pedestrians are few, as they are in fully onehalf of Brooklyn's thoroughfares. Velocipede riding might have been forbidden in the main thoroughfares, and permitted in less frequented ones, and the boy would have been content; to forbid it where it offends nobody-merely for the sake of preventing it where it does offend -is illogical and unjust, and, worse still, it is unwise. The boy cannot be banished or confined, and, lacking his velocipede, he will resort to something more annoying still. What it will be we do not pretend to guess, but for its capacity to annoy we may safely trust to the boy's ingenuity.

Speaking in all seriousness, it is not well to suppress the sports of boys from which they derive strength and health and manly vigor of body. We may and must regulate these things; but mere suppression is a crude and tyrannical



THE THREE ULSTER BOYS.

method of dealing with them. In Boston, a city of notions, whose notions are sometimes surprisingly wise and good, care is taken to give the boy room. A sport which becomes annoying is not suppressed, but is given ample room in places where it will annoy least; and when, for example, certain streets are publicly set apart for coasting, as they are in Boston every winter, the police have no difficulty in preventing coasting elsewhere. The boy who may ride his sled or velocipede to his heart's content in one street, will not care to intrude upon another. We need to adopt a like system in our larger cities. The boys must have room in which to exercise and grow. If we do not give it to them in one place they will take it in another, to our sore inconvenience.

N. Y. EVENING POST.

THE LESSON.

[A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl; when her class at school was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?"—"Wait a wee, and dinna weary."]

A VILLAGE school-room—this the scene—
Aglow with a slant sun cheery:
A dominie there, of youthful mien,
With the sun of his spirit sharp and keen,
And a class of girls in serried row,
Some taller, and some of stature low:
And some like the morning sun, afire
To reach the summit of brave desire;
And, as aye, some unco' dreary!

"I canna an' winna teach, and ye
Sae stupid the while I query—
Nae vision for ocht but vanity!"
With thundering rap the dominie
Out-blurted, chafed by a listless girl,
Whose only care seemed to smooth and
twirl

Her apron streamers. "Will onie lass Mak' answer in a' this glaikit class?"

The dominie sighed aweary.

"Oh, ay," said a little one, "I can tell."
"Weel, out wi't, then, my dearie"—
And the frown from the master's forehead
fell,

For the sweetest girl in school was Nell—"I wan't ye to show me the meaning plain O' patience; sin' ow'r and ow'r again I've put it this day!" Then the little maid. With a roguish twinkle, soberly said,

"Wait a wee' and dinna weary,"

MARY B. DODGE.

The Gambols of Children.



OWN the dimpled green-sward dancing,

Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing, Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit.
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY.

EDUCATION.

'TIS granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest

years;

The mind, impressible and soft, with ease Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,

And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue

That education gives her, false or true.

SEASON divine, the first-born of the year—Past is thy father, Winter, to his rest;
Resplendent thou, in Nature's beauteous year,
Inheritest the land thou makest blest.
Now let sweet song the blissful tidings sing—God once more smileth on the new-born Spring.

FK. AUGS. LEWIS.



E sang so wildly, did the boy,
That you could never tell
If 't was a madman's voice you heard,
Or if the spirit of a bird
Within his heart did dwell—
A bird that dallies with his voice
Among the matted branches;
Or on the free blue air his note,
To pierce, and fall, and rise, and float,
With bolder utterance launches.
None ever was so sweet as he,
The boy that wildly sang to me;
Though toilsome was the way and long,
He led me, not to lose the song.

But when again we stood below
The unhidden sky, his feet
Grew slacker, and his note more slow,
But more than doubly sweet.
He led me then a little way
Athwart the barren moor,
And there he stayed, and bade me stay,
Beside a cottage door;
I could have stayed of my own will,
In truth, my eye and heart to fill
With the sweet sight which I saw there,
At the dwelling of the cottager.

A little in the doorway sitting,
The mother plied her busy knitting;
And her cheek so softly smiled,
You might be sure, although her gaze
Was on the meshes of the lace,
Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice, As o'er her work she did rejoice, His became silent altogether; And slyly creeping by the wall, He seized a single plume, let fall By some wild bird of longest feather; And all a-tremble with his freak, He touched her lightly on the cheek.

Oh what a loveliness her eyes
Gather in that one moment's space,
While peeping round the post she spies
Her darling's laughing face!
Oh mother's love is glorifying,
On the cheek like sunset lying;
In the eyes a moistened light,
Softer than the moon at night!

THOMAS BURBIDGE.



- FOR * CHARLIE'S * SAKE ▷

THE night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
'The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's
sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain, And gives it to the night again, Fitted with words of lowly praise, And patience learned of mournful days, And memories of the dead child's ways.

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FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor—this slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not—
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddlar's gold,
Or fairy hobbling to the door,
Red-clothed and weird, banned and poor,

To bless the good child's gracious eyes, The good child's wistful charities, And crippled changeling's hunch to make Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'Tis well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunammite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like her's; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird's caressed,
That death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.



The Reconciliation.



And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

-miso THE DEAF & CHILD Do some

HE is my only girl:

I ask'd for her as some most precious thing,

For all unfinish'd was love's jewel'd ring Till set with this soft pearl:

The shade that time brought forth I could not

How pure, how perfect, seem'd the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft, old tune I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear, And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near

Lest she might wake too soon, And hush'd her brothers' laughter while she

Ah, needless care! I might have let them

'Twas long ere I believed

That this one daughter might not speak to me:

Waited and watch'd. God knows how patiently!

How willingly deceived!

Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,

And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh if she could but hear

For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach

To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those seal'd lips never may be stirr'd
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers, at their evening prayer.
Or lift those earnest eyes

To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,—

Then move her own, as she were speaking too;

I've watch'd her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope

The struggling soul would burst its binding cords.

And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,

Are wasted melody

To her; the world of sound a nameless void, While even Silence hath its charms destroy'd.

Her face is very fair:

Her blue eyes beautiful: of finest mould The soft, white brow, o'er which in waves of gold

Ripples her shining hair.

Alas! this lovely temple closed must be; For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within

Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free, E'en that His still small voice and step might be

Heard at its inner shrine,

Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?

Then should I grieve? Oh murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a sense Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play. She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,

Whose voiceless eloquence Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!

And when his sons are playing merrily,

She comes and leans her head upon his knee,

Oh, at such times I know, By his full eye and tones subdued and mild, How his heart yearns over his *silent* child.

Not of all gifts bereft,

Even now. How could I say she did not speak?

What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him who left

Unto her soul yet open avenues For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own:
And we a deeper tenderness have known.

Through that for which we grieve. Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear, Yes, and my voice shall fill it—but not here

When that new sense is given, What rapture will its first experience be, That never woke to meaner melody

Than the rich songs of Heaven—
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstacies of sound!

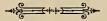
The Origin of Bimples.

Y mischief-loving maiden Bell!
Sit here and and listen while I tell—
Awhile your saucy tongue to tame—

A pretty tale without a name, Save this, of "How the Dimples Came."

A merry girl, the story goes, With eyes of violet, cheeks of rose, One day, with feet that noiseless stepp'd Behind her lover, tiptoe crept; And peep'd with many a bow and bend, While he, all unsuspecting, penn'd A timorous sonnet to the maid, Which doubted, hoped, despaired and prayed. She peep'd and read, too pleased by half, And smiled, and smiled, but durst not laugh; And so a strange event occurred; It happen'd thus as I have heard; The dainty mouth, too small, I doubt, To let so much of smiling out, Became a prison most secure, And held the loving legions sure. Wearied, at length, of durance vile, Impatient grew each captive smile; Still, fain some outlet new to seek, They wreathed and coil'd in either cheek, Still at the ruby portals fast, Vainly sought exit, and at last Grown desperate, so the story closes, Cleft a new passage through the roses!

Love's kiss half heal'd the tender harm, And gave the wound its dearest charm; Since not unthankful, Beauty keeps Her cheek less sacred than her lips, And while they smile their prudent "No," So fair the deepening dimples show, That Love, reminded of his claim, May take the guerdon without blame; And this is how the dimples came.



GRANDFATHERS' BARN.

H, don't you remember our grandfather's barn,

Where our cousins and we met to play:
How we climbed on the beams and the scaffolds high,

Or tumbled at will on the hay?

How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw, And riddles and witch stories told,

While the sunshine came in through the cracks of the south,

And turned all the dust into gold?

How we played hide-and-seek in each cranny and nook,

Wherever a child could be stowed;

Then we made us a coach of a hogshead of rye, And on it to "Boston" we rode?

And then we kept store, and sold barley and oats,

And corn by the bushel or bin;

And straw for our sisters to braid into hats,
And flax, for our mothers to spin.

Then we played we were biddies, and cackled and crowed,

Till grandmother in haste came to see
If the weasles were killing the old speckled hen,

Or whatever the matter might be;

How she patted our heads when she saw her mistake,

And called us her sweet "chicken-dears!" While a tear dimmed her eye as the picture

The scenes of her own vanished years.

How we tittered and swung, and played meeting and school,

And Indian, and soldier, and bear!

While up on the rafters the swallows kept house,

Or sailed through the soft summer air.

How we longed to peep into their curious nests!

But they were too far overhead;

So we wished we were giants, or winged like the birds,

And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we made When selling at auction the hay;

And how we wound up with a keel-over leap From the scaffold down into the bay?

When we went in to supper, our grandfather said.

If he had not once been a boy,

He should thought that the Hessians were sacking the town,

Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

N MONHER BUT NO CHILLO

OUR arms are folded tight about your little boy,
His golden head leans close upon your breast.

A smile is on the lips that softly sing Your baby to his rest.

Thy arms are empty quite, one lonely hand Clasps tightly round its dreary, dreary mate, My bosom heaves at no soft baby touch; It only throbs against a bitter fate.

Yet, as you dream and brood o'er future goods, O'er honors bright and golden joys, My heart goes planning on in self same mood The glowing future of my boys.

For in my mother's heart they live alway.

Daily I hear the patter of their feet,

Daily I hear them laugh and shout at play,

Nightly I hear them a sweet name repeat

That no red lips have spoken to me
Outside this heart-world of my own.
"Mamma" the babies lisp, and then "My
Mother"
Comes proudly from the larger grown.

I softly smile when mothers proud about me Toss forward glowing visions of my very Gold-haired, dark-eyed, red-cheeked, gay darlings—

I smile and inwardly rejoice.

"My boys," I calmly say, "will never know the sorrow,

Will never fight the fight as yours must do; Will never strive, despair in that vain conflict That we who live on earth pass through.

"The children of our dreams are ever as we wish them,

Forever happy, safe from sins and harms. Them only can we shield and keep forever, Held safely in our tender mother-arms."

These are my daily thoughts; but now 'tis even-time.

And one great tear drops slowly in the night;
For lonely are these hands, this throbbing
breast.

My mother-arms, alas! are empty quite.

W. M. MASON.

OU shall never light upon an illnatured man who was not an illnatured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so, to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason.

DR. SOUTH.

Whom the Gods Love Die Young.



boys-

"WHOM the gods love die young," was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this;
The death of friends and that which slays even more,
The death of Friendship, Love, Youth, all that is
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old Archer's arrow, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

LORD BYRON.

A PORTRAIT

"One name is Elizabeth."-Ben Johnson,

WILL paint her as I see her,

Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly, Which a trail of golden hair Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,—
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled, Frank, obedient,—waiting still On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things, As young birds, or early wheat, When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure,—
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
Which come softly,—just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks,—
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,

He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her.

He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,

He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him That same picture) would exclaim, "'T is my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her In the street even, smileth stilly, Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her Soften, sleeken every word, As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover

The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"—
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

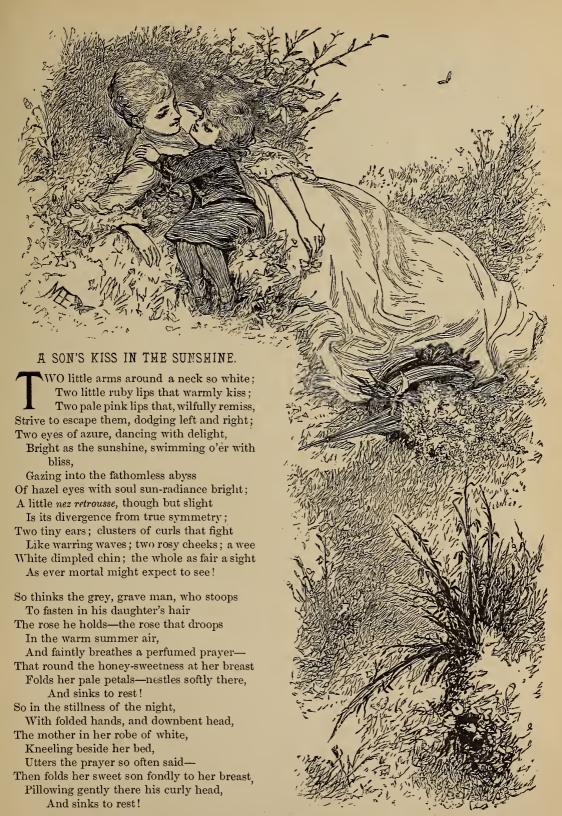


WHEN the child is christened, you may have godfathers enough. When a man's need is supplied, or his necessities over, people are ready to offer their services.

SPANISH PROVERB.

FOR if youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter.

ROGER ASCHAM.





MR. MEEK'S BABY. «



HE voice of nature cries aloud in behalf of Augustus George, my infant son. It is for him that I wish to utter a few household words. I am not at

plaintive household words. I am not at all angry; I am mild—but miserable.

I wish to know why when my child, Augustus George, was expected in our circle, a provision of pins was made, as if the little stranger was a criminal who was to be put to the torture immediately on his arrival, instead of a holy babe? I wish to know why haste was made to stick those pins all over his innocent form, in every direction? I wish to know why light and air are excluded from Augustus George, like poison? Why, I ask, is my unoffending infant so hedged into a basket bedstead, with dimity and calico, with miniature sheets and blankets, that I can only hear him snuffle (and no wonder) deep down under the pink hood of a little bathing-machine, and can never peruse even so much of his lineaments as his nose. Was I expected to be the father of a French roll, that the brushes of all nations were laid in, to rasp Augustus George? Am I to be told that this sensitive skin was ever intended by nature to have rashes brought out upon it, by the premature and incessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a nutmeg, that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the parent of a muslin boy, that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small-plaited? Or is my child composed of paper or of linen, that impressions of the finer getting-up art, practised by the laundress, are to be printed off all over his soft arms and legs, as I constantly observe them? The starch enters his

soul; who can wonder that he cries? Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be born a torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then, why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up? Am I to be told that there is any analogy between Augustus George Meek and Jack Shepherd? Analyze castor oil at any institution of chemistry that may be agreed upon, and inform me what resemblance in taste it bears to that natural provision which it is at once the pride and duty of Maria Jane to administer to Augustus George? Yet I charge Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with systematically forcing castor oil on my innocent son, from the first hour of his birth. When that medicine, in its efficient action, causes internal disturbance to Augustus George, I charge Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with insanely and inconsistently administering opium to allay the storm she has raised! What is the meaning of this?

If the days of Egyptian mummies are past, how dare Mrs. Prodgit require for the use of my son an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this agonizing sight. I beheld my son—Augustus George—in Mrs. Prodgit's hands, and on Mrs. Prodgit's knee, being dressed. He was at the moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature, having nothing on but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments. Trailing from Mrs. Prodgit's lap, on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage —I should say of several yards in extent.

In this I saw Mrs. Prodgit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upwards, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it and smile?

I fear I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Anybody? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. not complain of being made of no account. I do not want to be of any account. Augustus George is a production of nature (I cannot think otherwise), and I claim that he should be treated with some remote reference to nature. In my opinion Mrs. Prodgit is from first to last a convention and a superstition.

CHARLES DICKENS.



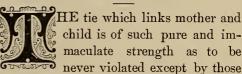
The Higher Purpose of Children.

ELL me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good Germans have it, "the flytraps always hang straight on the wall"; tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another

purpose than merely to keep up the race; to enlarge the hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties, to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

MARY HOWITT.

MOTHER AND CHILD.



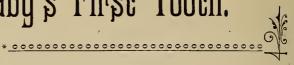
whose feelings are withered by the refining of vitiated society. Holy, simple and beautiful in its construction, the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth, is the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the very grave, where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, she is our friend; let the world forsake us, she is still by our side; if we sin, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger, nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget we are her child.

→⊩ THE INFANT,

ATURE'S best picture newly drawn, which time and much handling dims and defaces. Whose soul's white paper is yet unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. Who yet knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. All the language he speaks is tears, and they serve well to express his necessity.

POOLE'S PARNASSUS.

The Baby's First Tooth.



R. and Mrs.
Jones had just finished their breakfast. Mr.
Jones had pushed back his chair, and

under the lounge looking boots. Mrs. Jones sat at his table, holding the infant Jones, and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!" Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "Oh Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Aramathea?" said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby!" she gasped. Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat. "Baby! O—O—O Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothey, oh! oh!" "No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin, and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. "Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody;

that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump of sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a momeut Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head, and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary material, and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning, and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.

Books and Reading.

-wyx zm



REALLY am in doubt whether or not the young folks ought to be congratulated in consequence of the great number of juvenile books which are being placed before them about this time. An excellent book is certainly excellent company; but

there is a limit to all things; and so we may have too many books, taking it for granted that all are good ones.

You all know, that, as a general rule, people in America read too much, and think too little. Reading is a benefit to us only when it leads to reflection. It is useless when it leaves no lasting impression on the mind; it is worse than useless if the lesson it conveys be not a really good one.

Suppose you sit down to a well-furnished table at a hotel to eat your dinner. The waiter hands you a bill of fare, upon which is printed a long list of good and wholesome dishes, and then quietly waits until you order what you wish. You are not expected to eat of every one, however attractive they may be, but rather to select what you like best,—enough to make a modest meal,—and let that suffice.

But the selection is not all. If you expect to gain health and strength by your dinner, you must eat it in a proper manner; that is, slowly. Otherwise nature's work will be imperfectly done, and your food become a source of bodily harm, instead of a benefit.

Now, it is precisely so with the food of the mind, which comes to you through books. You are not expected to read everything which comes within your reach. You should rather select the best, and, having done so, read them slowly and carefully. You may read too much as well as eat too much; and while the one will injure your body, the other will as certainly harm your mind.

One of the worst evils which too much reading leads to is a habit of reading to forget. You know what a bad habit is, how it clings to us, when once contracted, and how hard it is to be shaken off. Some boys and girls read a book entirely through in a single evening, and the next day are eagerly at work on another, to be as quickly mastered. No mind, however strong, can stand such a strain. You see at once that it would be absolutely impossible for them to remember what they read. And so they read for a momentary enjoyment, and gradually fall into the habit I have spoken of-reading to forget. I need not tell you that such a habit is fatal to any very high position in life.

How often we hear parents boast that their children are "great readers," just as if their intelligence should, in their opinion, be measured by the number of books and papers which they had read! Need I say, that, on the contrary, they are objects of pity?

But how much may we read with profit? That is a question not always easy to answer. Some can read a great deal more than others. Yet, if young people read slowly, and think a great deal about the subject, there is very little danger of their reading too much, provided they select only good books; because good books are

BOOKS AND READING.

very scarce—much more so in proportion to the number printed than they were twenty years ago; and there are very few young persons who have too great a supply of good works placed within their reach.

I have mentioned one evil which results from too much reading, and will only briefly allude to another equally important. Children who attend school have no time to devote to worthless books. Their studies consume many hours. If, aside from the time which should be devoted to play, to their meals, and the various duties of home, they will read a useless book every day or two, their health is sure to suffer. The evil consequences may not be at once apparent, but in later years the penalty will certainly have to be paid. This reflection alone, if there were no other reason, should induce the young to discard all useless books, and read only such as shall have a tendency to make them wiser and better.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

E were crowded in the cabin, Not a soul would dare to sleep,-It was midnight on the waters And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in Winter To be shattered by the blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,— For the stoutest held his breath, While the hungry sea was roaring, And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness, Each one busy in his prayers, "We are lost!" the captain shouted As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered, As she took his icy hand: "Is n't God upon the ocean Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden, And we spoke in better cheer, And we anchored safe in harbor When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

WE ARE SEVEN.

SIMPLE child. That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl: She was eight years old she said, Her hair was thick with many a curl That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air, And she was wildly clad; Her eyes were fair, and very fair;-Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?" "How many? Seven in all," she said, And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell." She answered: "Seven are we; And two of us at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie, My sister and my brother; And, in the churchyard cottage, I Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea, Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell, Sweet maid, how this may be."

WE ARE SEVEN.

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid; Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the churchyard laid, Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door, And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit, My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit, And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Annie in the Graverard.

HE bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside, And her eyes were glittering bright; Her hair was blown aside, And her little hands spread wide, With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word That registers the dead; She spelt the lettered word, And her busy thoughts were stirred With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf Left fluttering on a rose, She stopped and culled a leaf, Sweet monument of grief, That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile— 'T was near her sister's mound: She culled it with a smile, And played with it awhile, Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart, Nor turn its gush to tears; I did not chill her heart, Oh, bitter drops will start Full soon in coming years.

CAROLINE GILMAN.



TO A CHILD.

Written in her album.

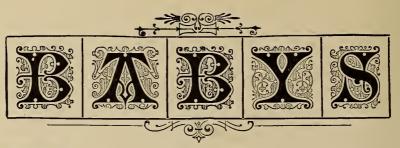
MALL service is true service while it lasts:

Of humblest friends, bright creature!

scorn not one:

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts, Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.





ABIES i luv with all mi heart. They krawl into me and nestle by the side ov mi soul like a kitten under a cook-stove.

I hav raized babies miself,

and kno what i am talking about.

I hav got grand-children, and they are wuss than the fust krop tew riot amung the feelings.

If i could hav mi way, i would change all the human beings now on the face ov the earth back into babys at once, and keep them thare, and make this footstool one grand nussery; but what i should do for wet-nusses i don't kno, nor don't care.

I would like tew hav 15 babys now on mi lap, and mi lap ain't the handyest lap in the world for babys, neither.

Mi lap iz long enuff, but not the widest kind ov a lap.

I am a good deal ov a man, but i konsist ov length principally; and when i make a lap ov miself, it iz not a mattress, but more like a couple ov rails with a jint in them.

I can hold more babys in mi lap at once than any man in Ameriki, without spilling one, but it hurts the babys.

I never saw a baby in mi life that i didn't want tew kiss.

I am wuss than an old maid in this respekt.

I hav seen babys that i hav refused tew kiss until they had been washt; but the baby want tew blame for this, neither waz i.

There are folks in this world who say they don't luv babys, but yu kan depend upon it, when they waz babys sumboddy luved them.

Babys luv me, too. I kan take them out ov their mothers' arms just az easy az i kan an unfledged bird out ov his nest. They luv me bekauze i luv them.

And here let me say, for the comfort and consolashun ov all mothers, that whenever they see me on the cars or on the steambote, out ov a job; they needn't hesitate a minnit tew drop a clean, fat baby into mi lap. I will hold it, and kiss it, and be thankful besides.

Perhaps thare iz people who don't envy me all this; but it is one ov the sharp-cut, well-defined joys ov mi life—my luv for babys and their luv for me.

Perhaps there is people who will call it a weakness. I don't kare what they call it—bring on the babys. Unkle Josh has always a kind word and a kiss for the babys.

I luv babys for the truth thare iz in 'em. I ain't afraid their kiss will betray me—thare iz no frauds, ded beats, nor counterfits amung them.

I wish i waz a baby, not only once more, but for evermore.





HEN sets the sun, and day is done, And peaceful eve hides all our care, When screech-owls cry and brown bats fly

Through the flow'r-fragrant evening air; When the purple hills grow dark Far over the dusky moor, And the noisy sheep-dogs bark By the vine-hung cottage door-Then, tenderly, oh, tenderly,

While the faint lights fade and die, Mother, sitting baby nigh, Softly sings her lullaby.

Watches her with sleepless eye.

When black is night and stars shine bright, And wolves are howling round the fold, Where all asleep lie lambs and sheep, And winds are blowing chill and cold: When nought in the world is awake But the little tinkling rill, Babbling through bush and brake, Dancing down from the hill-Then wearily, oh, wearily, While the lands in slumber lie, Mother, sitting baby nigh,

When darkness dies from all the skies, And streaks of amber paint the east. When ripples wake along the lake, And e'en the cricket's chirp has ceased: When the white moon fades from view, And over the hills afar, In the slowly brightening blue, Wanes the dim sweet morning star-Then lovingly, oh, lovingly, While the dawn breaks o'er the sky, Mother, sitting baby by, Rocks the cradle carefully.

When full day breaks, and earth awakes, And all the birds burst into song, And deep and clear, past pool and mere, The little streamlet flows along, Amber, and crimson, and gold, Flood all the morning sky; The lambs awake in the fold, The sparrows chirp and fly; While happily, oh, happily, As the morning wind floats by, Mother watches baby's eye Open slowly, drowsily.

LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.

ANCIENT MARINER.

SIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray:

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way, What's your name?" quoth he—

"What's your name? Oh stop and straight unfold,

Pretty maid with showery curls of gold,"—
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks— Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks— "Bonny bird," quoth she,

"Sing me your best song before I go."

"Here 's the very finest song I know, Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard Half so gay a song from any bird— Full of quips and wiles,

Now so round and rich, now soft and slow, All for love of that sweet face below, Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade,

Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade, And from out the tree

Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,—

While bold blackbird piped that all might hear—

"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return—
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes—
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,

In the little lap, dropped one by one— Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun! "Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade— "Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid, Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel eager for his fare— Down came bonny blackbird I declare; Little Bell gave each his honest share—

Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,

'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day, Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray— Very calm and clear

Rose the praying voice to where, unseen, In blue heaven, an angel shape serene Paused awhile to hear—

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft, Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft, "Bell, dear Bell?" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care; Child, thy bed shall be

Folded safe from harm—Love deep and kind, Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,

Little Bell, for thee!"

T. WESTWOOD.

Little Baggage.

AITING at a wayside station

For a weary hour's duration,

Lost in anxious cogitation,

Over this and that;

LITTLE BAGGAGE.

In there tripped a little maiden, Box and bag and basket laden, And beside me sat.

Little baggage! rich in treasure; Youth and hope, and heart for pleasure, Sweet contentment without measure,

All I once possessed.

Small, fair fingers, folded quaintly,
Blue eyes very calm and saintly,

Very full of rest.

Little dove of peace, I thought her, Bless the happy stars that brought her! To my care-worn heart I caught her,

Though she never knew.

And the dark cloud of repining
Sudden showed its silver lining
Bright against the blue.

Oh, the charm of childhood's graces! Changing earth's most desert places Into such a fair oasis,

Fresh with morning dew;
That the world, grown old and dreary,
Seems less work-a-day and weary,
And hope wakes anew.

Sooner can their freshness free us From the cares that years decree us, Than the fabled child of Zeus

Could to youth restore.

Happy who the myth believing,
And the nectar cup receiving,
Lives a child once more.

EMMA SMULLER.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

An Inverary correspondent writes: "Thom gave me the following narrative as to the origin of 'The Mitherless Bairn': I quote his own words. 'When I was livin' in Aberdeen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam a big dame, bellowin', "Ye hussie, will ye lick a mitherless bairn!" I hobbled up the stair and wrote the sang afore sleepin'."

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame

By aunty, or cousin, or freeky grand-dame, Whastands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'? 'T is the puir doited loonie,—the mitherless bairn! The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed; Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head:

His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn, An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,

O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;

But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,

That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

You sister that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;

The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn, An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth, Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;

Recording in heaven the blessings they earn Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O, speak him na harshly,—he trembles the while,

He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;

In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn

That God deals the blow, for the mitherless bairn!

WILLIAM THOM.

The Good-Night Kiss.

LWAYS send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds; and welling up in the heart will rise the thought: "My father, my mother—loved me!" Lips parched with fever will become dewy again at this thrill of useful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

The Shepherd Boy.

IKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy:
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what thou hast not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming—
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip, bending
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone;
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

TO A CHILD.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind;—

As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river;—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be forever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echoes of the mountain streams,
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of men,
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 't is not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth,
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,

The prattle kind and free
Thou utter'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.



LITTLE TODDIE.

Toddie dear;
Is there nowhere any sadness,
Toddie dear;

In that land of pleasant mountains, Crystal rivers, silver fountains, In that home to which you hastened From the home by sorrow chastened, Joyless here?

LITTLE TODDIE.

Do the seraph-bands surround you, Toddie boy?

Do the angels gather round you, Toddie boy?

Do they keep your heart from grieving
For the mother you are leaving,
For the mother who is groaning
With a broken-hearted moaning
For her boy?

Yes, we know that love upholds you, Toddie dear;

That a wondrous love enfolds you, Toddie dear,

With an infinite sweet pity.
In that shining golden city
Little ones are crowned with blessing,
All the Saviour's care possessing,
There as here.

But we loved you very dearly, Toddie boy;

And we held you very nearly, Toddie boy!

Many, many tender mothers, Little sisters, little brothers, Would be sorely grieved in spirit, But they know that you inherit

Peace and joy.

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

WHEN the corn-fields and meadows
Are pearled with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

Oh the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling
In musical strife;

A winding and weaving
In flowers and in trees,
A floating and heaving
In sunlight and breeze;

A striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows

Of lambs at their play,

Where the kine scent the meadows

With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn;
And he weeps, he rejoices,
He prays; nor in vain,
For soft loving voices
Will answer again;
And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,

And kind fairy faces

Watch little Boy Blue.



Deathlessness of the Innocent and Good.

HERE is nothing, no, nothing innocent and good that dies, and
is forgotten: let us hold to that
faith, or none. An infant, a prattling
child, dying in the cradle, will live again
in the better thoughts of those who loved
it; and play its part through them, in the
redeeming actions of the world, though
its body be burned to ashes, or drowned
in the deep sea. Forgotten! Oh if the
deeds of human creatures could be traced
to their source, how beautiful would even
death appear; for how much charity,
mercy and purified affection would be seen
to have their growth in dusty graves.

CHARLES DICKENS.



THE PET NAME.



"The name
Which from THEIR lips seemed a caress."
Miss Mittord's Dramatic Scenes.

1

HAVE a name, a little name,
Uncadenced for the ear,
Unhonored by ancestral claim,
Unsanctified by prayer and psalm
The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove
For gay romance, belong.
It never dedicate did move
As "Sacharissa," unto love,—
"Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read
Upon the leaves of none,
And afterward, when I am dead,
Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,
Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call Perhaps your smile may win.

Nay, do not smile! mine eyelids fall Over mine eyes, and feel withal The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
Where summer meadows bloom,
But gathereth the winter snows,
And changeth to the hue of those,
If lasting till they come?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me When we were children twain,— When names acquired baptismally Were hard to utter, as to see That life had any pain. No shade was on us then, save one
Of chestnuts from the hill,—
And through the word our laugh did run
As part thereof. The mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile! I hear in it
What none of you can hear,—
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,
My sisters' woodland glee,—
My father's praise I did not miss,
When, stooping down, he cared to kiss
The poet at his knee,—

And voices which, to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping,—
To some I nevermore can say
An answer, till God wipes away
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears;
No murmurs cross my mind.
Now God be thanked for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought With love which softens yet.

Now God be thanked for every thought Which is so tender it has caught Earth's guerdon of regret.

Earth saddens, never shall remove,
Affections purely given;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And heighted it with Heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

MAMMA'S KISSES.



KISS when I awake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my finger,

A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses,
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle, A kiss when I pull her hair; She covered me over with kisses The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
For her own little baby boy.

A. E. FABERS.



ITH frolicsome freaks,
And rosy, red cheeks,
My baby lies waiting for me;
He thinks not of crying,
But ever is trying
To sing a glad song in his glee.

His parted lips show
Three teeth in a row,
As white and as precious as pearls:
And his soft, silken hair
O'er his forehead so fair
Falls in dark, thick-clustering curls.

His eyes, like two stars,
Peep out from the bars
Of his crib, as he watches for me,
And his pink little toes,
Down under the clothes,
Are kicking about to be free.

I'm coming, my boy!
My treasure, my joy!
You shall wait no longer for me;
But we'll up and away,
And be merry and gay,
Out under the old maple tree.

ELIZABETH OLMIS.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.



OVE thy mother, little one!

Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in
vain.

Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,

And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs

To meet them when they cannot see.

Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray—
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

BEFORE AND AFTER SCHOOL.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

UARTER to nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?" "One more buckwheat, then-Be quick, mother dear, Where is my luncheon-box?"— "Under the shelf, Just in the place You left it yourself!" "I can't say my table!"— "Oh, find me my cap!" "One kiss for mamma, And sweet Sis in her lap." "Be good, dear!"—"I'll try." "9 times 9's 81." "Take your mittens!"—"All right."— "Hurry up, Bill; let's run." With a slam of the door They are off, girls and boys, And the mother draws breath In the lull of their noise.

AFTER SCHOOL.

"Don't wake up the baby!
Come gently, my dear!"
Oh, mother, I've torn my
New dress, just look here!
I'm sorry, I only was
Climbing the wall."
"Oh, mother, my map
Was the nicest of all!"
"And Nelly, in spelling,
Went up to the head!"
"Oh, say! can I go out

On the hill with my sled?"
"I've got such a toothache."—
"The teacher's unfair!"

"Is dinner most ready?
I'm just like a bear!"

Be patient, worn mother
They're growing up fast,
These nursery whirlwinds,
Not long do they last;
A still, lonely house would be
Far worse than noise;
Rejoice and be glad in
Your brave girls and boys!
R. I. SCHOOLMASTER



Baby's First Step.

9 WAS a very simple lesson,
So simple—yet deep and sweet.
'Twas taught by our year-old baby,
Whose wee little dancing feet
Were tottering on the threshold
Of the open nursery door,
His bright eyes intently watching
A new toy upon the floor.

All untried and untested
Were those tiny, active feet;
Never one step had they taken
In nursery or on the street;
But the toy lay far beyond them,
And our baby's eager eyes
Danced, and he crowed in his gladness
As he saw the glittering prize.

"Come, little boy; come and take it;
Father will not let you fall."
He lifted his face and listened,
As he heard the gentle call;
Turned his sweet blue eyes, and seeing
A strong hand on either eide,
Gathered all his faith and courage,
And his first weak footstep tried.



The Pther Side of the Moon.



HE turns her great grave eyes toward mine,
While I stroke her soft hair's gold;

While I stroke her soft hair's gold; We watched the moon through the window shine;

She is only six years old.

"Is it true," she asks, with her guileless mien,

And her voice in tender tune, "That nobody ever yet has seen The other side of the moon?"

I smile at her question, answering "Yes;"
And then, by a strange thought stirred,
I murmur, half in forgetfulness

That she listens to every word:

"There are treasures on earth so rich and fair

That they can not stay with us here, And the other side of the moon is where They go when they disappear!

"There are hopes that the spirit hardly names,

And songs that it mutely sings;
There are good resolves, and exalted aims
There are longings for nobler things;
There are sounds and visions that haunt

our lot,

Ere they vanish, or seem to die,

And the other side of the moon (why not?)

"We could guess how that realm were passing sweet,

Is the far bourne where they fly!

And of strangely precious worth,
If its distant reaches enshrined complete
The incompleteness of earth!
If there we could find, like a living dream,

What here we but mourn and miss, Oh, the other side of the moon must beam With a glory unknown in this!" "Are you talking of Heaven?" she whispers now,

While she nestles against my knees.
And I say, as I kiss her white wide brow,
"You may call it so, if you please....
For whatever that wondrous land may be,

Should we journey there, late or soon, Perhaps we may look down from Heaven

and see—
The other side of the moon!"

EDGAR FAUCETT.

The Wee Bit Shoon.

THE wee bit shoon she used to wear
They gav me aften greet;
At gloamin' time could I aince mair
But haud those pink-white feet.

But haud those feet within my han's,
An' hear her ripplin' glee,
A warl' o' houses an' o' lan's,
Hoo empty wad they be.

Those tiny palms, could I but taste, Sae aft to me stretched out, The earth wad be nae mair a waste, My heid nae whirl about.

The curls, hauf-grown, that graced her broo,
The glintin' o' her een,
The tremblin' o' her matchless mou',
Still haunt me, though unseen.

Wad death gie back, for ane short hour,
The lapfu' that was mine;
But, ah! but, ah! I'd hae nae power
The treasure to resign.

J. C. RANKIN, D. D.

Father at Play.

UCH fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us
play!

We made a ship and hoisted sail, And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—

But we hadn't sailed into London town, When captain and crew and vessel went down.

Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar, And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stair, And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she'd be p'liceman now, And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how!

Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar, Till we chased him out of the nursery door;

And then he turned to a pony gay, And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, lickity, hickity ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!

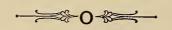
Till we tumbled off and he cantered on, Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he Which was Charlie and which was me,

Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix You'd think three people had turned to six.

Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door; He wouldn't hurrah with us any more.

And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet, And told us a story to break up the riot.



SOWING IN TEARS.

**CTRAIGHT and still the baby lies, No more smiling in his eyes, Neither tears nor wailing cries.

Smiles and tears alike are done; He has need of neither one— Only, I must weep alone. Tiny fingers, all too slight, Hold within their grasping tight, Waxen berries scarce more white.

Nights and days of weary pain, I have held them close—in vain; Now I never shall again.

Crossed upon a silent breast, By no suffering distressed, Here they lie in marble rest;

They shall ne'er unfolded be, Never more in agony Cling so pleadingly to me.

Never! Oh, the hopeless sound To my heart so closely wound All his little being round!

I forget the shining crown, Glad exchange for cross laid down, Now his baby brows upon.

Yearning sore, I only know I am very full of woe—And I want my baby so!

Selfish heart, that thou shouldst prove So unworthy of the love Which thine idol doth remove!

Blinded eyes, that cannot see Past the present misery, Joy and comfort full and free!

O! my Father, loving Lord! I am ashamed at my own word; Strength and patience me afford.

I will yield me to thy will; Now thy purposes fulfil; Only help me to be still.

Though my mother-heart shall ache, I believe that for thy sake It shall not entirely break.

And I know I yet shall own, For my seeds of sorrow sown, Sheaves of joy around thy throne!

OVE with your whole soul,—father mother and sister,—for these loves shall die! -Not indeed in thought,-God be thanked! Nor yet in tears,—for he is merciful! But they shall die, as the leaves die,-die, as Spring dies into the heat and ripeness of Summer, and as boyhood dies into the elasticity and ambition of youth. Death, Distance, and Time shall each one of them dig graves for your affections; but this you do not know, nor can know till the story of your life is ended.

The dreams of riches, of love, of voyage, of learning that light up the boy age with splendor, will pass on and over into the hotter dreams of youth. Spring buds and blossoms, under the glowing sun of April, nurture at their heart those firstlings of fruit which the heat of summer shall ripen.

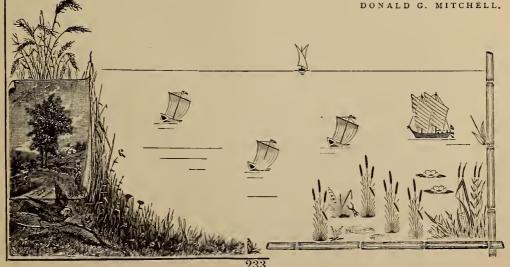
You little know—and for this you may well thank Heaven—that you are leaving the Spring of life, and you are floating fast

from the shady sources of your years into heat, bustle, and storm. Your dreams are now faint, flickering shadows, that play like fire-flies in the coppices of leafy June. They have no rule but the rule of infantile desire; they have no joys to promise greater than joys that belong to your pussing life; they have no terrors but such terrors as the darkness of a Spring night makes. They do not take hold on your soul as the dreams of youth and manhood will do.

Your highest hope is shadowed in a cheerful, boyish home. You wish no friends but the friends of boyhood; no sister but your fond Nelly; none to love better than the playful Madge.

You forget Clarence that the Spring with you is the Spring with them, and that the storms of summer may chase wide shadows over your path and over theirs. And you forget that Summer is even now lowering with mist, and with its scorching rays, upon the hem of your flowery May.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.







DE&CMILDMOOD.



BOYHOOD.



AIR budding age,

Which next upon life's stage

Passest a fairy dream before the

eves,

High health and bounding limb, Eager and stretching towards the wished-for prize;

Whate'er the passing care that takes thy thought,

I catch the sweet brisk scent of trodden grass When through the golden afternoon Of a long day in June,

Until the twilight dim,

The playfield echoes with the joyous noise Of troops of agile boys,

Who, bare-armed, throw the rapid-bounding ball;

Who shout and race and fall.

I see the warm pool fringed with meadowsweet,

Where stream in summer, with eager feet Through gold of buttercups and crested grass, The gay processions stripping as they pass. I hear the cool and glassy depths divide As the bold fair young bodies, far more fair Than ever sculptured Nereids were, Plunge fearless down, or push, with front or side, Through the caressing wave.

I mark the deadly chill, thro' the young blood, When some young life, snatched from the cruel flood, Looks once upon the flowers, the fields, the sun,—

Looks once, and then is done! Or the grey, frosty field, and the great ball Urged on by flying feet.

Or when the skate rings on the frozen lake, The gliding phantoms fleet,

Rosy with health, and laughing though they fall.

Or by the rapid stream or swirling pool, The fisher, with his pliant wand.

Or by the covert-side, taking his stand,
The shooter, watching patient hour by hour
With that hard youthful heart that young
breasts hold,

Till the fur glances through the brake;

As when our savage sires wandered of old,

Hungering through primal wastes. I see them
all,

The brisk, swift days of youth, which cares for nought

But for the joy of living; scarce a thought
Of Love, or Knowledge, or at best
Such labor as gives zest
To the great joy of living. Oh, blest time!
For which each passing hour rings out a chime

Of joy-bells all the year; ay, tho' through days Of ill thou farest, and unhappy ways; Or whether on the sun-struck lands thy feet Are the young savage hunter's, lithe and fleet,

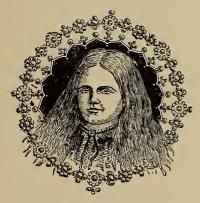
Turning at night-fall to thy father's cot,

ODE OF CHILDHOOD.

Bathed in the full white moonlight; or dost stand

'Mid the hushed plains of some forsaken land;—

Where'er thou art, oh, boyhood! thou art free And fresh as the young breeze in summer born On sun-kissed hills or on the laughing sea, Or gay bird-music breathing of the morn, Or some sweet rose-bud pearled with early dew, As brief and fair as you.



GIRLHOOD.



R in another channel still more sweet,

Life's current flows along,
Ere yet the tide of passion, full
and strong,

Hurries the maiden's feet.

Oh, sweet and early girlish years

Of innocent hopes and fears!

Busied with fancies bright and gay,

Which Love shall chase away,

When, with the flutter of celestial wings,

He stirs the soul forth from its depths, and

brings

Healing from trouble. Oh, deep well Of fairy fancies undefiled! Oh, sweet and innocent child!

Now with thy doll I see thee full of care, Or filled already with the mother's air, Hushing thy child to sleep. And now thyself immersed in slumbers, deep Yet light, I see thee lie.

And now the singer, lifting a clear voice In soaring hymns or carols that rejoice, Or busied with thy seam, or doubly fair For the unconscious rapture of thy look Lost in some simple book. Whate'er the color of thy face, Thou art fulfilled with grace. Oh, little maiden, fair or brown! Thine is the simple beauty which doth crown The dreams of happy fathers, who have past By Love and Passion, and have come To know pure joys of home; And for the hurry and haste of younger years, Have taken the hearth that cheers, And the fair realm of duty, and delight Of innocent faces bright, And the sweet wells of feeling and white love. A daughter's name can move.

In every climb and age I see thee still, Since the rude nomads wandered forth at will Upon the unbounded Aryan pastures wild— There thou wert, oh, fair child! "The milker" 'twas they called thee; all day

long

Tending the browsing herds with high-voiced song;

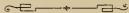
Or on some sun-warmed place
Upon the flower-faced grass,
Watching the old clouds pass,
And weaving wreaths with such wild grace
And sprightly girlish glee
As Proserpine did once in sunny Sicily.

Or maybe by some widowed hearth—
The fairest, saddest sight on earth,
Filled too soon with sweet care,
And bringing back the voice and air
Of thy dead mother; thou art set
An innocent virgin-mother, childlike yet.
Thy baby sisters on thy loving arm
Sleep fast, secure from harm.
Thou hast no time for game or toy,
Or other thought but this;

ODE OF CHILDHOOD.

Who findest thy full reward, thy chiefest joy,
In thy fond father's kiss.
Or under palms to-day,
Thy childhood fleets away;
Or by the broadening shadow hid,
Of tomb or pyramid;
In stainless whiteness; or maybe

Forlorn in haunts of misery;
Thou keepest on thy rounded face
Some unforgotten trace
Of the old primal days unsung,
Of the fresh breezes of pure morn
When the first maiden child was born,
And Time was young.



AIR streams which run as yet

Each in its separate channel from the snows;
Boyhood and girlhood; while Life's banks are set
With blooms that kiss the clear lymph as it flows,
One swift and strong and deep,
One where the lilies sleep;—
Fair streams, which soon some stress of Life and Time
Shall bring together,
Under new magical skies and the strange weather
Of an enchanted clime.





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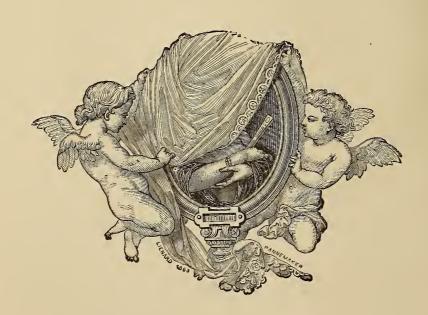
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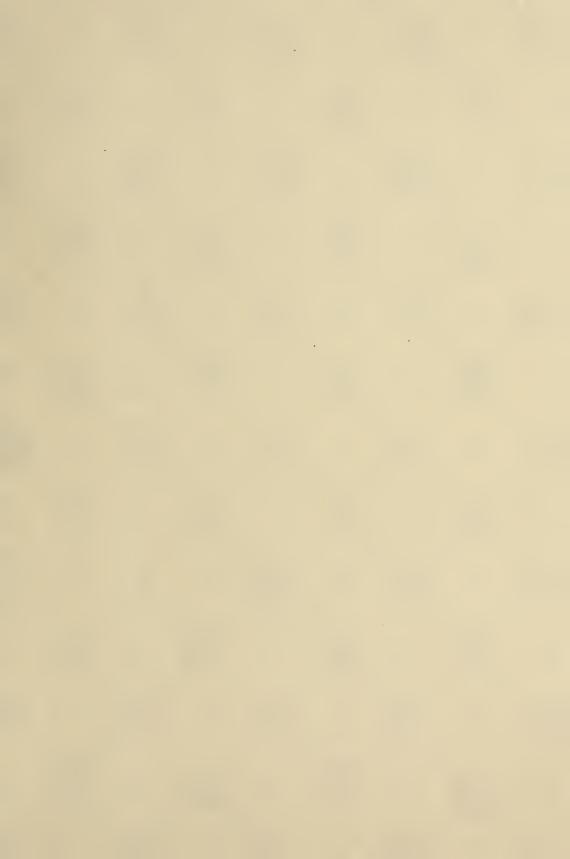
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